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THE NEW YORKER

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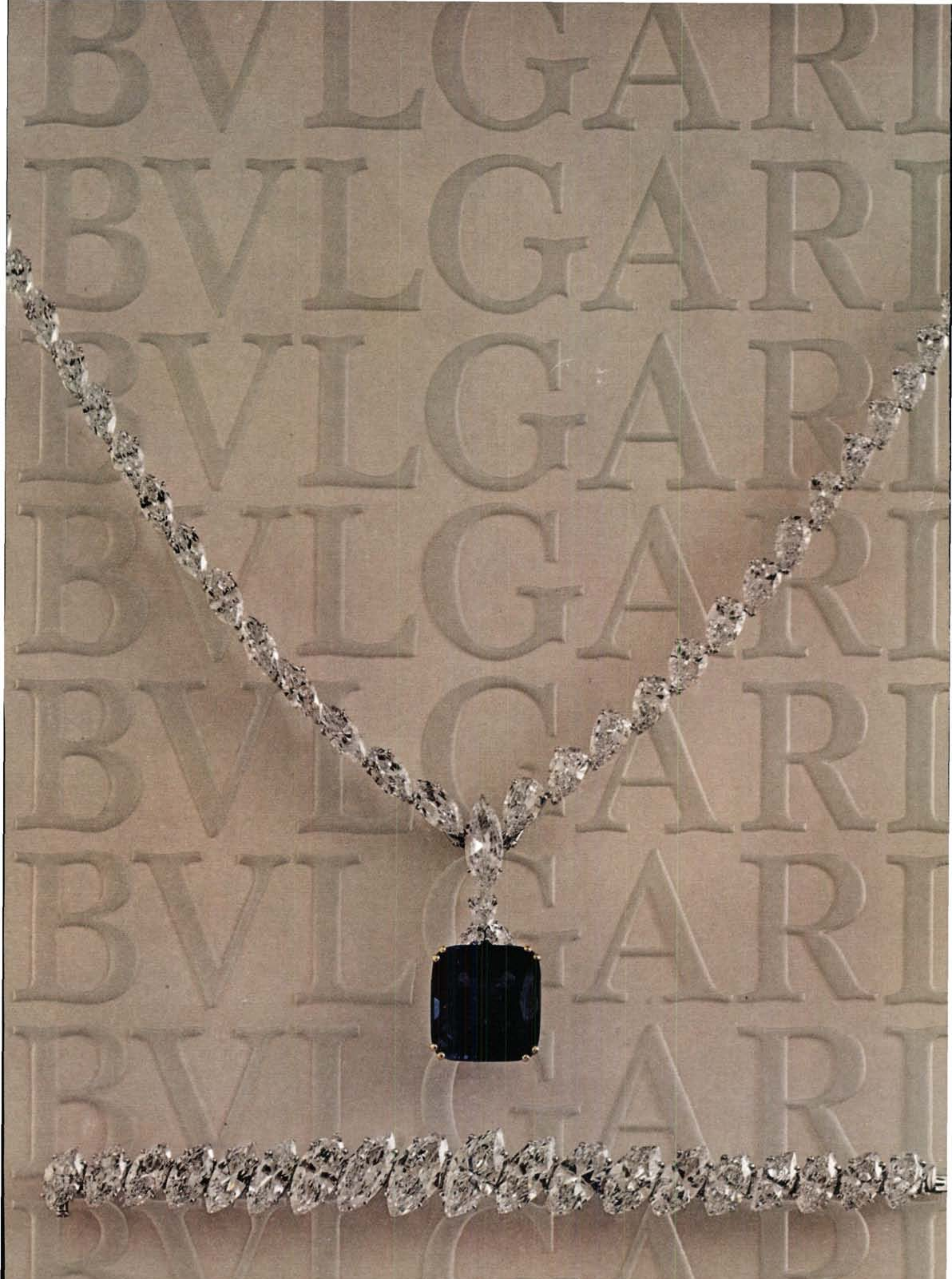

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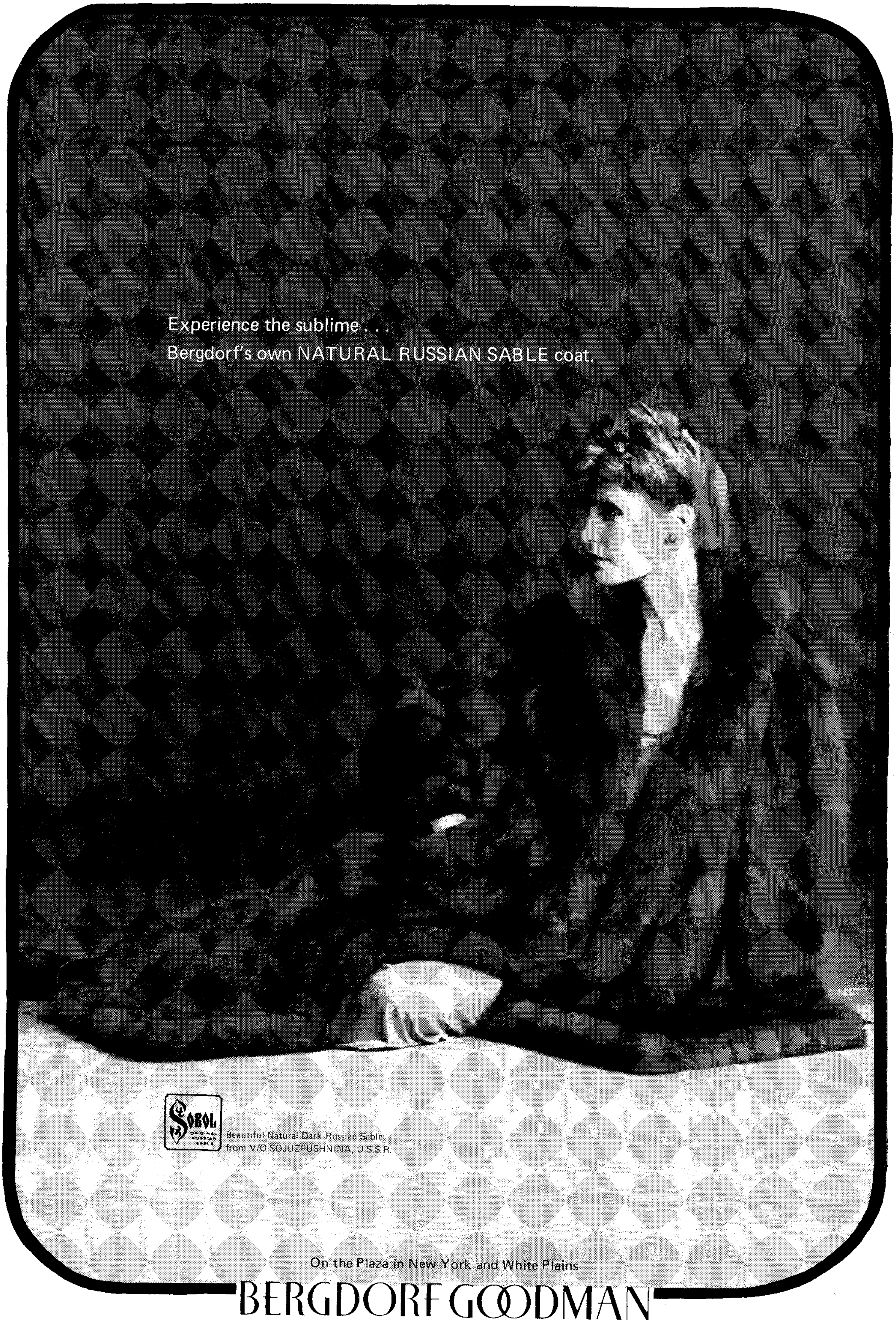
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 23. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'—A delightful tribute, in revue form, to Fats Waller. We hear many of his songs, and many songs written by others which Waller recorded and helped to make famous. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/22/78.) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 22, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée, Friday, Nov. 24.)

AMERICAN DANCE MACHINE—The title of the show is the name of a refreshing young company, whose purpose is to reproduce, as accurately as possible, the best dances from the best musicals in Broadway history. Under the direction of Lee Theodore, the accomplishment matches the enterprise. (7/3/78) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 22, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 24, at 3.)

ANNA LUCASTA—Philip Yordan's play is the first in a series of five black plays from the forties and fifties to be performed by the New Federal Theatre. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 240 E. 3rd St. 766-9334. Thursday through Monday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Monday, Nov. 20.)

ARE YOU NOW OR HAVE YOU EVER BEEN—This rerun of the deplorable interrogation of movie personalities—"the Hollywood Ten"—by the House Un-American Activities Committee in the nineteen-forties and -fifties doesn't make much of a show for a number of reasons, among them that the impersonations by the actors on hand are indifferent, at best. Tammy Grimes (through Sunday, Nov. 19; after that Barbara Baxley) reads Lillian Hellman's well-known letter setting forth her reasons for not testifying. All the words have been taken from the actual transcript and arranged by Eric Bentley. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS—A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (5/1/78) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE CRUCIFER OF BLOOD—Sherlock Holmes again, in a melodrama that pretends to be by A. Conan Doyle and is really by Paul Giovanni. Paxton Whitehead makes a superb Sherlock, and the scenery by John Wulp is sensationally clever. (10/9/78) (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

DA—In Hugh Leonard's entertaining play, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. David Leary is the dramatist, and Barnard Hughes his late Da. (3/27/78) (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

DANCIN'—Bob Fosse's act of homage to show dancing. The young and attractive cast sings and dances with irresistible exuberance and self-confidence. (4/10/78) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DEATHTRAP—A witty and scary thriller by Ira Levin. With John Wood, Marian Seldes, and Richard Woods. Directed by Robert Moore. (3/13/78) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

EMLYN WILLIAMS AS "THE PLAYBOY OF THE WEEKEND WORLD"—Mr. Williams in a one-man show adapted by him from the short stories of H. H. Munro (Saki). Previews Wednesday, Nov. 15. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 16, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 10. (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—A revival of Cole Porter's musical **CAN-CAN**, with a book by Abe Burrows, will be the third in this season's series of eight productions. Preview Wednesday, Nov. 15. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 16, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 10. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

EUBIE!—Twenty-odd songs by Eubie Blake (at ninety-five the oldest pianist and composer around) give a firm foundation to this merry, fast-paced revue. (10/2/78) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 22, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special mati-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

nées Thanksgiving Day and Friday, Nov. 24, at 2.)

Family Business—A wealthy old Jewish manufacturer dies of a heart attack at the end of Act I, and the two remaining acts are given over to his grown sons' squabbles and quarrels over money and other matters. (4/24/78) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

First Monday in October—Henry Fonda, Jane Alexander, and Larry Gates head the large cast of a comedy by Robert E. Lee and Jerome Lawrence. The question asked is, "What happens when the President appoints the first woman Justice to the United States Supreme Court?" The answer is complex and highly amusing. (10/16/78) (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Glorious Morning—A dismal drama about a woman who is dying of cancer at her cottage in the Catskills. (11/6/78) Wednesday through Friday at 8, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 19. . . . ¶ Wednesday through Friday, Nov. 15-17, at 11, after the final curtain of "Glorious Morning," the theatre is given over to a one-act play, "Stargazing," by Tom Cone. Separate admission. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100.)

I'm Getting My Act Together and Taking It On the Road—A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. The musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics)—the remarkable team who wrote "The Last Sweet Days of Isaac" in 1970—is disappointing for a number of reasons, but it has its compensations all the same, among them the tuneful songs and the mockery and self-mockery of some of the words. Word Baker was the capable director. (6/26/78) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

In Praise of Death—Al Carmines—composer, lyricist, librettist, and resident pastor—here presents a "musical play" that encompasses his ideas and feelings about death. Though he himself lately recovered from a serious operation, his melodic invention, his wit, and his sympathy are as vigorous as ever. (Judson Memorial Church, 55 Washington Sq. S. 477-0351. Friday through Monday at 8. Closes Monday, Nov. 20.)

The Inspector General—Gogol's well-nigh perfect comedy (Nabokov called it the best Russian play ever written) has been given a handsome production. Acted with great zest under the direction of Liviu Ciulei. (10/2/78) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 19.)

King of Hearts—A musical fashioned from the Philippe de Broca movie of 1967. The book and music are weak, but the cast is valiant, and the settings, by Santo Loquasto, are spectacular. Ron Field directed. (10/30/78) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 22, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2.)

Laugh a Lifetime—An Israeli-Yiddish musical, with Shimon Dzigan and Ben Bonus. (Norman Thomas Theatre, Park Ave. at 33rd St. 686-3535. Saturdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

The Lesson—A depressing revival of Ionesco's one-acter, preceded by a deeply depressing documentary movie about the Nazi Party in California. (10/30/78) (Harold Clurman Theatre, 412 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Sigmund Romberg's **THE STUDENT PRINCE** is the first in this season's series of fifteen productions. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4. Closes Sunday, Nov. 26.)

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On the Twentieth Century—A musical comedy (book and lyrics by Comden and Green, music by Cy Coleman) based on the old Hecht-MacArthur play "Twentieth Century" and showing its age. John Cullum, Imogene Coca, and Judy Kaye are its stars. (3/6/78) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Pins and Needles—A revival of Harold Rome's 1937 musical revue. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2; special matinée Tuesday, Nov. 21.)

Platinum—Alexis Smith is heroic in a desolate, almost tuneless musical about a middle-aged movie star and a young rock singer who makes her over by taking her to bed. Hmm. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 22, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 24, at 2.)

P. S. Your Cat Is Dead!—A (rewritten) revival of a play by James Kirkwood. (4/3/78) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

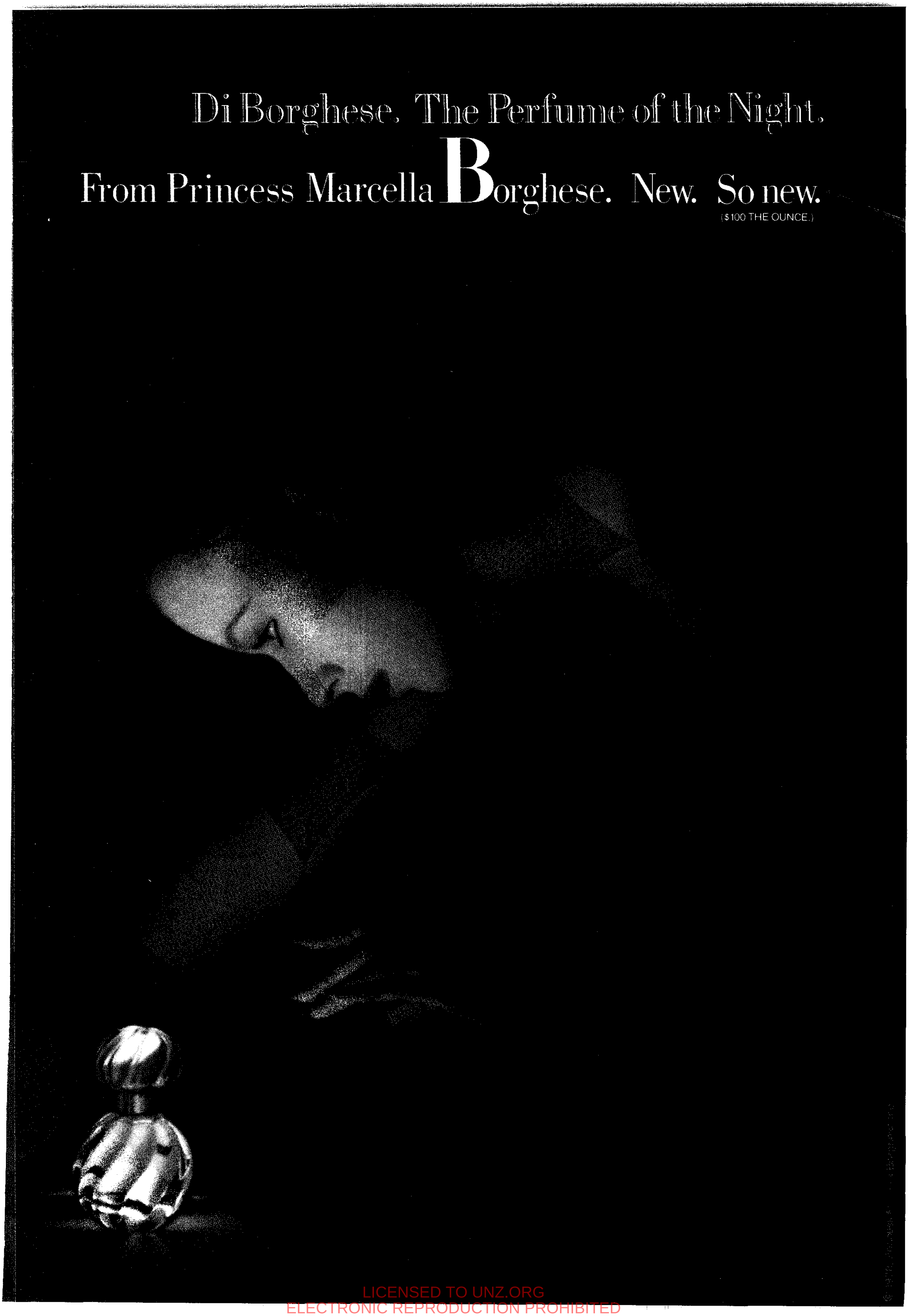
Runaways—Elizabeth Swados' musical about the plight of runaway children in this city is, paradoxically, quite exhilarating. The members of the cast, most of them unknown, range in age from eleven to their early twenties. (3/20/78) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 24, at 3.)

The Tennis Game—An evocation, in words, music, and movement, of the behavior and conversational styles of the smart set during three eras. When George W. S. Trow, the playwright, is at his best he sounds like a fantastical Saki. The production (seen here earlier this year as a work in progress) is exquisite—staging by Timothy S. Mayer and music by William Schimmel. With Linda Hunt, Leora Dana, and Jon Huberth, among other good actors. (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Nov. 26.)

Tribute—Jack Lemmon is superb in this rueful comedy (by Bernard Slade) about a dying man who seeks belatedly to achieve a successful relationship with his son. (6/26/78) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday, Nov. 19, at 7:30.)

Winning Isn't Everything—A play by Lee Kalcheim. Directed by George Abbott. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9847. Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**ANNIE**: An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **CHAPTER TWO**: A writer lacerated by memories of a beloved dead wife and by the presence of a beloved new wife, intensely alive. The author, Neil Simon, makes a lot of jokes in the course of telling this sad story. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 22, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée, Friday, Nov. 24, at 2.). . . **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DRACULA**: Raúl Juliá and a splendid company in a charming adaptation of the Bram Stoker novel. With marvellous sets and costumes by Edward Gorey. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 22, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 24, at 3.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS**: 7,712 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GEMINI**: In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 22, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 24, at 3.). . . **THE GIN GAME**: Maureen Stapleton and E. G. Marshall in a comedy about the horrors of old age. Harsh, but at the same time extremely funny. The playwright is D. L. Coburn. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.). . . **GREASE**: A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 24, at 3.). . . **I LOVE MY WIFE**: A rather simple-minded little study of attempted wife-swapping in Trenton, New Jersey. Some lively songs by Cy Coleman, and some lively performances, by Tom and Dick Smothers, among others. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **THE KING AND I**: The Rodgers and Hammerstein success of twenty-seven years ago. Yul Brynner is better than ever as the King—and what songs! (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE MAGIC SHOW**: A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 22, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2.). . . **MUMMENSCHANZ**: A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 24, at 3.). . . **OH! CALCUTTA!**: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **THE PASSION OF DRACULA**: An unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters. Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Fridays, except Thanksgiving, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2.)... **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving and Friday, Nov. 24, at 8, and Saturdays and Friday, Nov. 24, at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **THE WIZ:** A black musical version of that well-remembered movie "The Wizard of Oz." The stars of the occasion are Tom H. John, who did the sets, and Geoffrey Holder, who did the costumes and also directed the show. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 22, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 24, at 2.)

MISCELLANY

BEATLEMANIA—A multimedia and live-music program about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon, Paul McCartney, and George Harrison. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays—except Nov. 22—Saturdays, and Sundays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

ICEDANCING—A company of thirteen skaters, headed by John Curry and Jo Jo Starbuck, performing works created by, among others, Jean-Pierre Bonnefous, Kenneth MacMillan, Peter Martins, Twyla Tharp, and Mr. Curry himself. Previews Saturday evening, Nov. 18, and Sunday matinée and evening, Nov. 19. Opens officially on Tuesday, Nov. 21, at 7, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 3. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

CIRCUS—The hundred-and-eighth edition of the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey wingding. Opens Wednesday, Nov. 22, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 3. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L. I. 516 794-9100. Wednesday, Nov. 22, at 7:30; Thursday, Nov. 23, at noon; and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 24-25, at 11, 3, and 8.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, Nov. 15: "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," "Donizetti Variations," and "Who Cares?"...¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 16: "Swan Lake," "Square Dance," and "Who Cares?"...¶ Friday evening, Nov. 17: "Coppélia."...¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 18: "Donizetti Variations," "Calcium Light Night," "Duo Concertant," and "Chaconne."...¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 18: "Coppélia." (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 477-4720.)...¶ Sunday matinée, Nov. 19: "Coppélia."...¶ Sunday evening, Nov 19: "Swan Lake," "Square Dance," and "Agon."...¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 21: "Agon," "Calcium Light Night," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Chaconne."...¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 22: "Interplay" and "Harlequinade."...¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 23: "In the Night" and "Harlequinade."...¶ Friday evening, Nov. 24: "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," "In the Night," and "Chaconne."...¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 25: "Interplay" and "Harlequinade."...¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 25: "Jewels." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Feb. 18.)

JOFFREY BALLET—Wednesday, Nov. 15, at 8: "Moves," "Choura" (première), "After Eden," and "Jazz Calendar."...¶ Thursday, Nov. 16, at 8: "Reflections," "Pas de Deux," "The Relativity of Icarus," and "Rodeo."...¶ Friday, Nov. 17, at 8: "Brouillards," "Choura," "Monotones," and "A Wedding Bouquet."...¶ Saturday, Nov. 18, at 8: "Kettentanz," "Pas de Deux," "The Relativity of Icarus," and "Suite Saint-Saëns."...¶ Sunday, Nov. 19, at 2: "Brouillards," "Pas de Deux," "Choura," and "Rodeo."...¶ Sunday, Nov. 19, at 7:30: "Reflections," "Pas de Deux," "Parade," and "The Green Table."...¶ Tuesday, Nov. 21, at 8: "Kettentanz," "Pas de Deux," "Monotones," and "Jazz Calendar."...¶ Wednesday, Nov. 22, at 8: "Trinity," "Chopin Preludes," "Pas de Deux," and "Rodeo."...¶ Thursday, Nov. 23, at 8: "Suite Saint-Saëns," "A Bridegroom Called Death," "Choura," and "Jazz Calendar."...¶ Friday, Nov. 24, at 8: "Moves," "Pas de Deux," "The Relativity of Icarus," and "Trinity."...¶ Saturday, Nov. 25, at 8: "Suite Saint-Saëns," "Pas de Deux," "Touch Me," and "Jazz Calendar." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Through Sunday, Nov. 26.)

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PENNSYLVANIA BALLET—A one-week engagement of "Coppélia." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Tuesday, Nov. 21, at 7; Wednesday, Nov. 22, at 8; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 24-25, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Nov. 26, at 2.)

JOSÉ MOLINA BAILES ESPAÑOLES—A company of twelve dancers, singers, and musicians. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Saturday, Nov. 18, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town....¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALI'S ALLEY, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Your simple, basic, unpretentious ma-and-pa jazz loft. Saxophonist Roland Alexander heads a quintet through Saturday, Nov. 18; on Tuesday, Nov. 21, singer and jazz yodeller **LEON THOMAS** will arrive with his band, Full Circle. On Mondays, pianist **JAKI BYARD** leads the Apollo Stompers, an eighteen-piece band that shakes the room with sheer blow power. Music from about ten.

BALLROOM, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (673-9121)—Singer and actress Portia Nelson and her singing pianist Steve Ross devote themselves to Cole Porter music through Saturday, Nov. 18; on Tuesday, Nov. 21, singer Badomi De Cesare will take over. Shows at eight-thirty and ten-thirty. Dining.

BEEFSTEAK CHARLIE'S, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—Passersby can look past the neon sign that hangs in the picture window of this restaurant and see the musicians at work, and the smart passersby will go in. Bassist Teruo Nakamura and his sextet, the Rising Sun, perform here through Saturday, Nov. 18; Wednesday through Saturday, Nov. 22-25, bassist Frank Tusa will lead a trio. Music from nine-thirty until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Two soul-oriented groups—Kool and the Gang and Kenny Brawner's Raw Sugar—trade sets on Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 15-16; on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 17-18, saxophonist **JOE FARRELL** and Latin percussionist and singer **WILLIE BOBO** will lead their respective bands; Sunday and Monday, Nov. 19-20, will be given over to conga wiz **MONGO SANTAMARIA** and Brazilian guitarist and pianist **EGBERTO GISMONTI**; and on Wednesday, Nov. 22, singer Helen Schneider and comic Richard Belzer will come in for four nights. Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A lot of people like to hang out here, checking everyone at the bar in the overhead mirrors or listening in on the literary gossip. A lot of people also think of Bradley's as piano heaven. Pianist **JOHN BUNCH** works with a bassist through Saturday, Nov. 18; on Monday, Nov. 20, pianist **BOB DOROUGH** will come in with bassist **BILL TAKAS**. Music from ten most nights, from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dining. Closed Thanksgiving Day.

CACHAÇA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—If one cannot fly to Rio, this is the next best thing. Jazz sambas and internationally influential compositions by Jobim, Gilberto, Bonfa, Gil, and others performed by a Brazilian trio and a vocalist. In short, a lovely place to dance or, at least, practice one's Portuguese. Live music Tuesdays through Sundays from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and, best of all, music from Carnival. Dining. Closed Mondays.

CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI**, who can play some of the hottest chord solos around on his full-bodied seven-string guitar, heads up a dance trio from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT**, who pushes a broom for the "I Love a Clean New York" ad campaign, pushes the piano keys and sings in the Café Carlyle Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight....¶ In the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** does some strong piano work through Saturday, Nov. 18. On Monday, Nov. 20, **TOMMY FLANAGAN** (see page 203, this issue) will come in. Music from nine to one.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS** is here, playing the great August Förster piano with driving serenity. He does everything in his power to stay out of the listener's way, and he does everything in his power to swing. Weeknights from eight until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This street is still not ready for the Easter parade, but CBGB's, as it is affectionately called by punk-rock admirers, and a few other restaurants and punk-rock outposts have given new life to the area at night. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from nine-thirty.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER** is not only a legendary blues singer but also a funny, rocking, and altogether charming entertainer. She's present—with pianist Gerald Cook and bassist Jimmy Lewis—singing "Downhearted Blues," which she wrote in 1922, and "I Want a Two-Fisted, Double-Jointed, Rough-and-Ready Man," which she wrote in 1976. Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen. On Sundays from eight to one, **ROSE MURPHY** is at the piano, singing her thirty-odd-year-old hits "I Can't Give You Anything But Chichi" and "Button Up Your Chichichi," with support from bassist Morris Edwards. Dining.

CRAWDADDY, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—In this noisy taste-of-New Orleans restaurant, where the musicians seem to be expected to provide background Bourbon Street tourist music, trombonist **VIC DICKENSON** sneaks in a few swing licks and sings a little bit in a nicely offhanded style. His trio works through Friday, Nov. 17. On Monday, Nov. 20, tenor saxophonist **BUDDY TATE** will bring in *his* trio. Music during dinner Mondays through Fridays. Music from six to eleven. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

DAVID K'S, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**HUGH SHANNON**, the international café-society singer and pianist, is back on Third Avenue. He performs Wednesdays through Sundays from nine to two.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The audiences are largely characterized by coats and ties and cigars, and they come here (and to Jimmy Ryan's, just thirty paces west) to hear traditional small-band jazz. The house band, which begins weeknights after nine-thirty, is a low-keyed, strictly business sextet. On Sunday, Nov. 19, **SCOTT HAMILTON**, a young tenor saxophonist who plays the music of the thirties and forties, will lead a quintet from eight-thirty. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-

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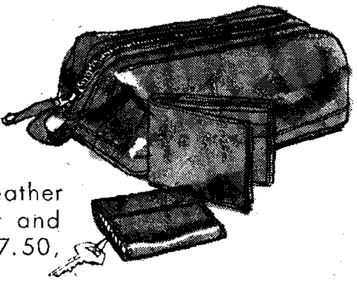
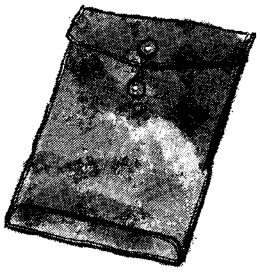
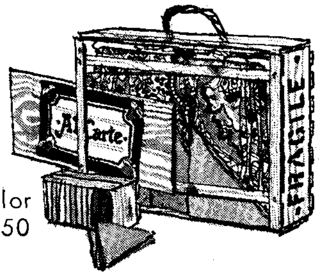


☐ **Travel kit**, 25.00

☐ **Terra cotta** leather for the wallet and key case, 27.50

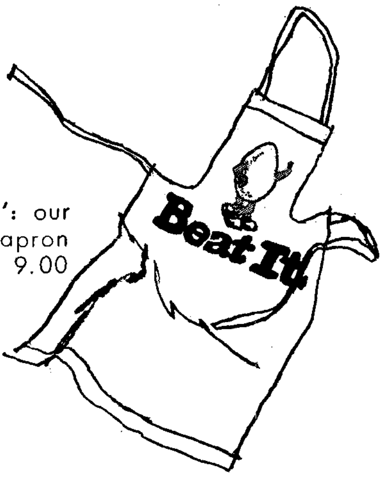


☐ **Executive** mail pouch in burnished leather rates top priority, legal size, 45.00

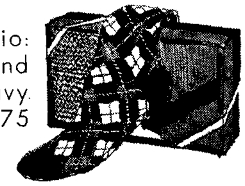


☐ **Crate** of 4 navy paisley placemats and 4 orange napkins, 30.00

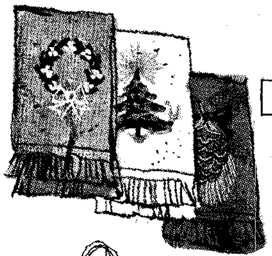
☐ **Dozen** multi-color cocktail napkins, 6.50



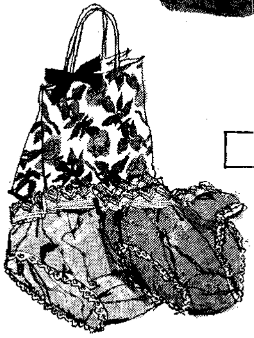
☐ **'Beat It'**: our whimsical apron for the omelet chef, 9.00



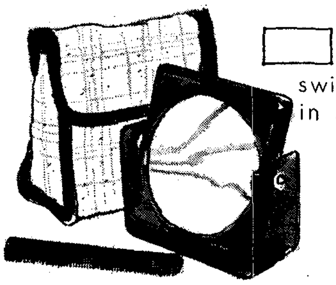
☐ **John Weitz** trio: argyle, tweed and striped socks in navy or black, one size, 7.75



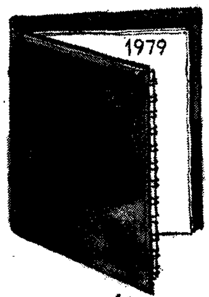
☐ **Towel trio**: white tree, red wreath, green pine cone fingertips, 10.00



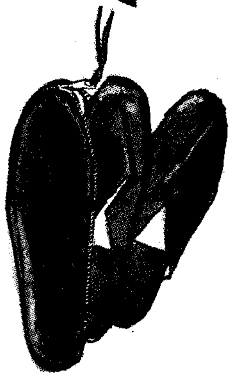
☐ ***Bag of bikinis***: four lace-top or ring style, pastels, size 5, 6, 7, 11.00



☐ **Travel kit**: mock tortoise swivel mirror and comb in khaki canvas case, 12.00



☐ **Anne Klein** 1979 desk calendar and address book in claret leather, 37.50



☐ **Travel slippers** in black leather with zippered pouch, S, M, L, 18.00

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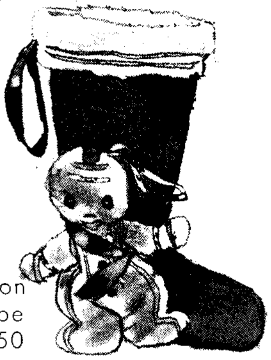
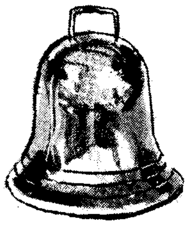
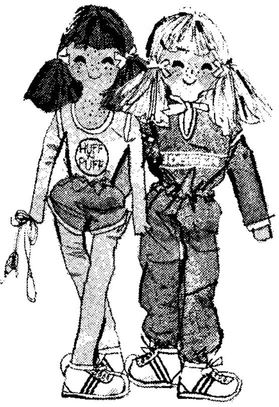


☐ **Gingerbread man** on red stocking, recipe and cookie cutter inside, 17.50

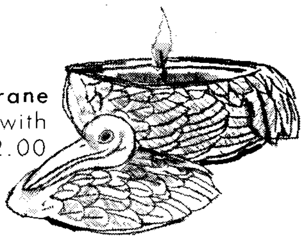


☐ **Sterling** silver bell rings in the New Year, 2¾" tall, 25.00

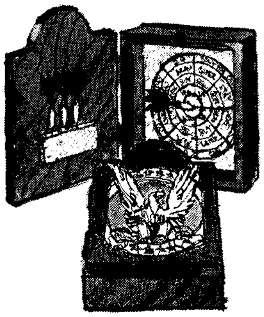


☐ **Huff 'n Puff** doll for active little sports, 16.00

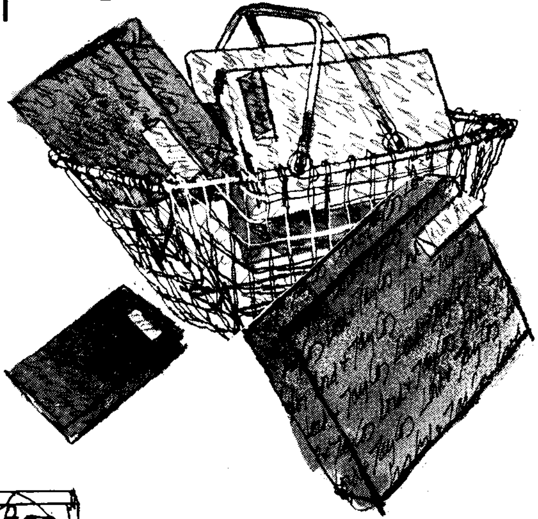
☐ **Jogger** doll, 16.00

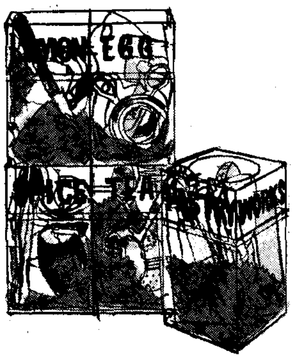


☐ **Porcelain crane** box in cream with vanilla candle inside, 12.00

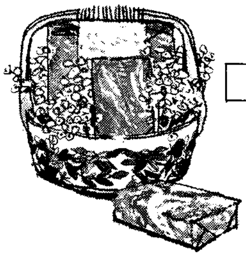


☐ **Decision maker** dart board in eagle motif wooden box, 7.50

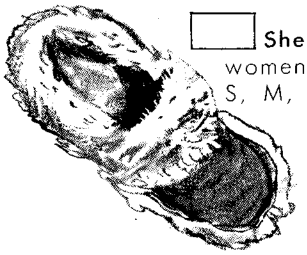




The Works: utensils for preparing ☐ eggs; ☐ lemons; ☐ spices; ☐ tea; ☐ pastry. 14.00 each.



☐ **Porcelain basket** with wicker handle holds loofah and four soaps, 20.00



☐ **Shearling** slippers for women and men, S, M, L, XL (XL for men), 26.00

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

2220)—Pianist **HOD O'BRIEN**, guitarist **JOE PUMA**, and bassist **FRANK LUTHER** play standards and O'Brien compositions, and they also support conscientious vocal work by Alicia Sherman. They're here Wednesdays through Sundays from ten to three. O'Brien and Sherman will show up early—at seven—on Sunday, Nov. 19. Mondays from ten belong to pianist **AL HAIG**, guitarist **AL GAFA**, and bassist **MORRIS EDWARDS**; and Tuesdays to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** and a trio. Weeknights, Loumell Morgan and Morris Edwards hold sessions from seven to ten.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Alto saxophonist **PHIL WOODS** is here with his quartet Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. No music Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is buoyed by five resident Dixieland journeymen Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Pianist and composer **BILLY TAYLOR** is ensconced in this bar and restaurant, which looks like an old-fashioned dining room in an old-fashioned hotel. Taylor and his bassist, **VICTOR GASKIN**, labor Tuesdays through Sundays from ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—To paraphrase Ernest Tubb, the Texas troubadour, "There's a little bit of everything in Texas," and a little bit of Texas in New York. There is also a forty-foot chicken-wire-and-styrofoam sculpture of an iguana on the roof of this club that no doubt makes aficionados of fifties horror movies feel right at home. Another standout: **DOUG SAHM**, the Texas rockabilly recluse, will be back with his bluesy, honky-tonk, T-Bone Walker-inspired band on Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 22-23. Weeknights from nine-fifteen to three, and Sundays from eight-thirty to two.

Manhattan Theatre Club Cabaret, 321 E. 73rd St. (472-0600)—"A Lady Needs a Change," a tribute to Dorothy Fields, with Kelly Bishop, Chip Garnett, Caroline Mignini, Patti Allison, Tyra Ferrek, and Scott Robertson, is being given Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays at eight-fifteen, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-fifteen and ten-thirty.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Freddy Cole sings and plays piano nicely and in a style reminiscent of his older brother Nat Cole. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A crowded and animated upper West Side music bar that draws rhythm-and-blues, jazz-rock, disco-funk, and, sometimes, jazz bands. Music from ten to two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Part of Bleecker Street may be under renovation, but the brick walls here still look the same. **JOHN RENBOURN**, a British folkie, and **STEFAN GROSSMAN**, a ragtime and blues guitar expert, perform on Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 20-21; Wednesday through Saturday, Nov. 22-25, **DAVE VAN RONK**, a bearlike lumberjack of a folksinger, will do affectionate raspy-voiced renditions of songs by Mississippi John Hurt, Jelly Roll Morton, and Joni Mitchell. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays, at nine and midnight.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—**SY OLIVER** and his bouncy septet have the run of this Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one. Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—One of the very few cabarets where the show can be seen from the bar area for the price of a ginger ale. Gotham, a male vocal trio with an act that leans heavily on Boswell Sisters hits from the thirties and similar campy material, goes on at nine and eleven-thirty Tuesdays through Sundays. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A comfortable new upstairs jazz room—one can hear the music in the ground-floor bar, too. So far, the management has lured in fine players. On Wednesday, Nov. 15, Denise Delapenha, a convincing interpreter of Brazilian-jazz standards, sings with a quintet; Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 16-19, flutist and, lately, singer **YUSEF LATEEF** will head up his quartet; and Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 23-26, saxophonist **DAVE LIEBMAN** will lead a quartet. Music from ten. Closed Mondays.

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StoryTowne, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—**GERRY MULLIGAN**, beardless and looking more cheerful than ever, guides a wonderfully enthusiastic thirteen-piece band through old and new arrangements. Nearly everything they play moves along at least at a canter, and the solos are terse, melodic, and not at all self-indulgent. Mulligan and company work Wednesday through Saturday, Nov. 15-18; Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 23-25, drummer **ELVIN JONES** will perform with his quartet. Music from about nine.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Guitarist **JIM HALL** and trombonist **BOB BROOKMEYER**, who played in a wonderfully offbeat, energetic, lilting trio—the third player was Jimmy Giuffre—nearly twenty years ago, are reunited through Saturday, Nov. 18; Sunday and Monday, Nov. 19-20, belong to pianist Armen Donelian and a quartet; and on Tuesday, Nov. 21, flugelhornist **ART FARMER**, who is lately playing crisper, more vigorous solos than he has in some time, will come in with a quartet. Music from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (260-0370)—**STORMIN' NORMAN AND SUZY**, a slapstick rock, blues, and ragtime duo—Norman Zamcheck is the pianist and Suzy Williams sings—will be present on Thursday, Nov. 16, at nine and eleven, and on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 17-18, at ten and midnight.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A record-industry hangout and rock-and-roll showcase for up-and-coming rock bands, although sometimes established performers will drop by, too. Shows nightly, except Sundays, at midnight and two, usually. Dining.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—**JOE PASS**, a guitarist in his late forties who has in the past ten years or so been increasingly revered by jazz and rock guitarists alike—they generally make up a good part of his audiences, too—performs in the Top of the Gate, Friday through Sunday, Nov. 17-19. Pass tends to be a bit hammy on up-tempo, "Flight of the Bumblebee" show-off numbers, but he glows on slow- and medium-tempo songs such as "Have You Met Miss Jones?" and "Here's That Rainy Day"—guitarists' stock-in-trade favorites—playing them in a way that doesn't just let them hang in the air but, instead, really move. Music from nine-thirty. Tuesdays are in the hands of jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio from nine to midnight.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Hard bop in the form of trombonist **SLIDE HAMPTON**, tenor saxophonist **CLIFFORD JORDAN**, and a quintet can be heard through Sunday, Nov. 19; on Tuesday, Nov. 21, South African pianist **DOLLAR BRAND**, who now calls himself Abdullah Ibrahim and has taken up singing and playing soprano saxophone, too, will arrive with his quartet. Monday, Nov. 20, has been reserved for the **TOM HARRELL-SAM JONES** twelve-piece organization. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Mondays through Wednesdays are assigned to pianist Sonelius Smith, who plays "Nature Boy," "Over the Rainbow," Red Garland's version of "Billy Boy," and other selections in a tongue-in-cheek variety of overlapping styles—he can coast like a cocktail pianist or noodle like Keith Jarrett or attack like Cecil Taylor. Armen Donelian usually has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift at the keyboard. Music begins at eight.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, a 113th St. (666-8750)—A hamburger retreat for students and a nightly stage for aging swing musicians who can still swing. Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 15-16, **EDDIE DURHAM**, a trombonist and one of the earliest, if not the first, electric guitarists, leads a quartet; on Saturday, Nov. 18, former Count Basie luminaries trombonist **DICKY WELLS** and saxophonist **EARLE WARREN** will move in with their quintet the **COUNTSMEN**; and every Monday, stride pianist and Ellington admirer **BROOKS KERR**—he's only in his twenties, but he can swing—is in charge. Music from nine. Student food at student prices.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Salute to Great American Songwriters—A series of free concerts. Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 15-16, at 6: Liz Corrigan performing the songs of Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart. . . . ¶ Monday through Wednesday, Nov. 20-22, at 6: Mary Mayo performing the songs of Alec Wilder. (Atrium, Citicorp Center, Lexington Ave. at 53rd St.)

Maynard Ferguson and **Dave Valentin**—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Wednesday, Nov. 15, at 8.

Ashford & Simpson and **Noel Pointer**—Palace Theatre, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Thursday, Nov. 16, at 8; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 17-18, at 8 and 11:30; and Sunday, Nov. 19, at 7:30 and 11.

Doobie Brothers—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Thursday, Nov. 16, at 8, with Arlyn Gale, and Friday, Nov. 17, at 8, with Richard T. Bear. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

Queen—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday and Friday, Nov. 16-17, at 8.

Neil Sedaka and **Paul Davis**—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Friday, Nov. 17, at 8.

Buck White and the Down Home Folks—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq.S. and LaGuardia Pl. Friday, Nov. 17, at 8. For information about tickets, call 427-1488.

Karl Berger Quintet and **Garrett List's A-I Art Band**—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Friday, Nov. 17, at 10:30.

Piano Pinnacle III—The trios of Walter Davis, Jr., Tommy Flanagan, and Barry Harris. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. 582-4090. Saturday, Nov. 18, at 7 and 9:45.)

Carole King and **Navarro**—Palladium. Saturday, Nov. 18, at 8.

Amina Claudine Myers—Top of the Park, Loeb Student Center. 598-3757. Saturday, Nov. 18, at 9.

Joseph Jarman & Don Moye and **Jay Hoggard**—Public Theatre. Saturday, Nov. 18, at 10:30.

Foreigner and **Nick Gilder**—A benefit concert. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday, Nov. 23, at 8:30.)

Aerosmith and **Golden Earring**—Madison Square Garden. Friday, Nov. 24, at 8.

Tom Waits & Leon Redbone—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 24-25, at 8.

Oregon—Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 24, at 8.

10CC and **the Reggie Knighton Band**—Palladium. Friday, Nov. 24, at 8.

John Abercrombie Quartet (with Richard Beirach) and **Bennie Wallace Trio**—Public Theatre. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 24-25, at 10:30.

Jorma Kaukonen—Palladium. Saturday, Nov. 25, at 8 and midnight.

Pete Seeger—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 25, at 8.

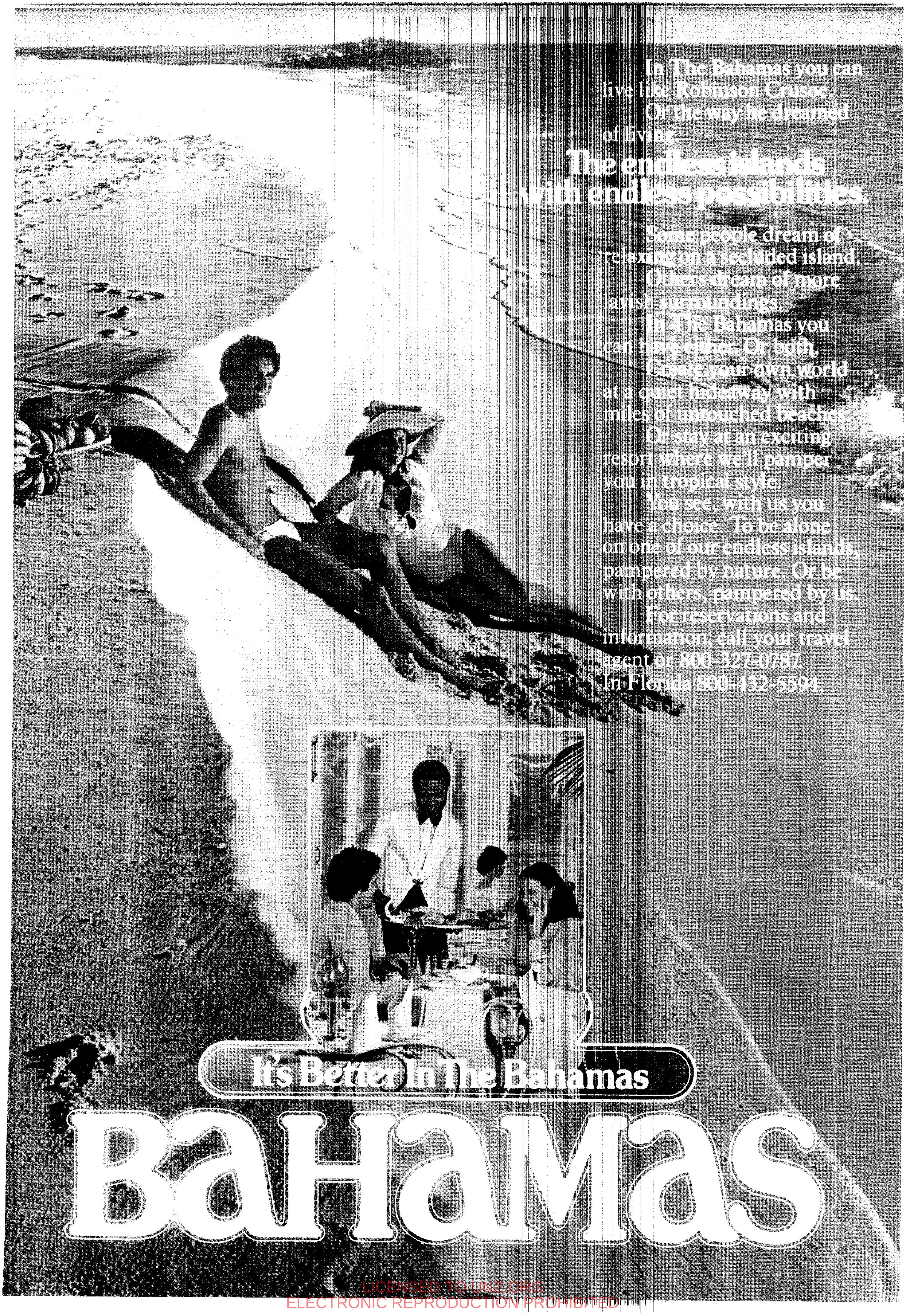
ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Thanksgiving Day.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Horst Antes—Paintings and colored etchings by a German artist whose enigmatic figures evoke the Mayans and Aztecs. Through Saturday, Nov. 18. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Darrel Austin—Paintings done during the sev-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We talked.

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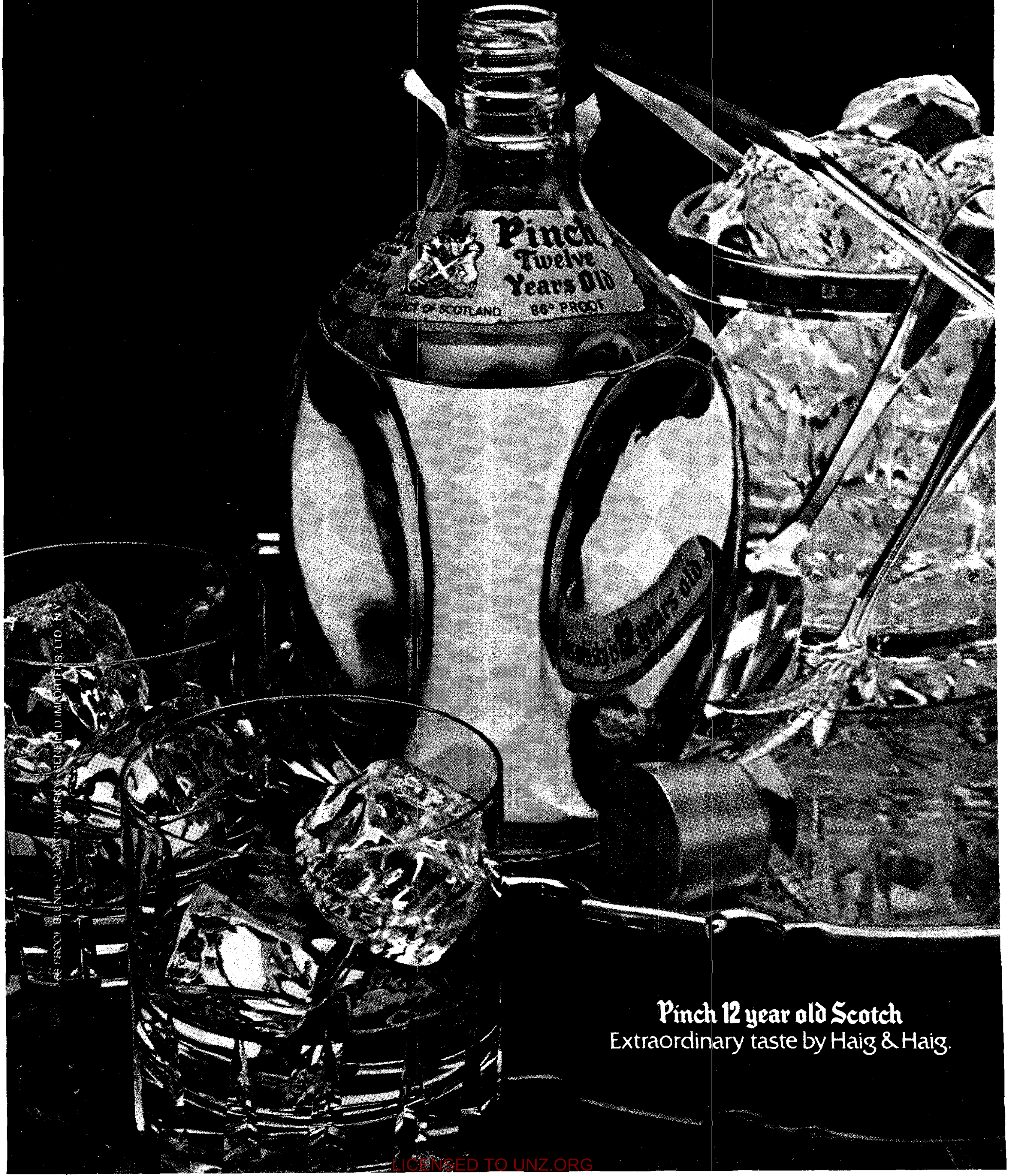
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

enties by this specialist in moonlit, phosphorescent swamps populated by nymphs and tigers. Through Dec. 2. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Willi Baumeister (1889-1955)—Paintings by an early nonobjective artist. Through Dec. 29. (Hutton, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

Romare Bearden—An autobiography conveyed in richly colored collages that take him from the Carolina cotton fields to the mills of Pittsburgh. Through Dec. 16. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Joachim Berthold / Minoru Niizuma—Bronze figures. / Carved-marble sculptures. Through Tuesday, Nov. 21. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Jake Berthot—Eight new abstract paintings, and drawings. Through Dec. 9. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

Bernard Cathelin—An exhibit of landscapes, still-lifes, and portraits dated 1957 to 1978. Through Dec. 9. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

James Chatelain and Michael Luchs—Works by two Detroit artists. The first paints back-alley figures with deliberate crudeness on off-white grounds. The second constructs floor sculptures from chicken wire, iron reinforcing rods, angle irons, and the like. Through Saturday, Nov. 18. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Edgar Degas (1834-1917)—A benefit loan show of fifty-four works, including studies of dancers and horse-racing scenes. Through Dec. 2. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

José de Rivera—This Louisiana-born sculptor, now well into his seventies, is still hammering out by hand the sinuosities he is famous for. In this show, they're made of stainless steel and polished bronze. Through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Otto Dix (1891-1969)—Vivid drawings and watercolors that reflect the social climate in Germany during the First World War and in the twenties. Curiously, this is the first one-man show in New York by this well-known artist. Through Dec. 16. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

William Dole—Geometric collage paintings, covering a twenty-year period, whose printed fragments include ticket stubs, marbleized paper, and Arabic lettering. Through Dec. 9. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Mary Faulconer—Small-scale, exactly painted portraits (S. J. Perelman, Irving Penn), still-lifes (cigar boxes), and building façades (a Paris charcuterie). Through Dec. 2. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

John B. Flannagan (1895-1942)—Animals carved from rough fieldstone, plus other works. Through Nov. 30. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

Meraud Guevara—Oil paintings of women and dogs by a seventy-four-year-old woman who studied under Archipenko and Picabia and now lives and works in Aix-en-Provence. Through Nov. 30. (Salander, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

John F. Kensett (1816-72)—Pencil drawings and watercolor studies by this stalwart of the Hudson River School, who roamed the American wilderness (and Europe) making sketches for later oils. He had a remarkable ability to modulate his pencil line so that foreground objects stood out sharply and those in the background stayed there. Through Nov. 30. (Babcock, in a new location at 20 E. 67th St.)

Käthe Kollwitz (1867-1945)—Drawings, lithographs, woodcuts, and four small sculptures. Through Saturday, Nov. 18. (Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. Tuesdays through Thursdays, 11 to 7; Fridays and Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

Gary Kuehn—Monochromatic paintings. Through Dec. 9. (Cucalón, 145 E. 72nd St. Opens at noon.)

David Levine—Recent watercolors and satirical drawings. Through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Alice Neel—A retrospective of her drawings and watercolors. Through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.) . . . ¶ Drawings. Through Dec. 2. (Summit, 101 W. 57th St. Opens at 12:30.)

Joseph Piccillo—Pencil drawings of mysterious struggling groups of people; also drawings of single human figures and horses. Through Saturday, Nov. 18. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

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Antoine Poncet—Large, graceful free-form whorls of marble or bronze, plus a polished granite specimen nine feet tall that is too big for the gallery and stands outside on the corner. Through Nov. 30. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Larry Poons—A new set of heavily impastoed canvases. Also on exhibit are three large abstract welded-steel sculptures. Through Saturday, Nov. 18. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Larry Rivers—Two large paintings and the studies for them. Through Dec. 2. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

David Roth—Acrylics on canvas, and other works. Through Dec. 6. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

May Stevens—Three wall-size paintings incorporating portraits of her associates and people she admires. The works cover the past six years, and the sequence of events shows, among other things, that some of her friends opted for home and babies and others for feminist politics. Through Nov. 30. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

John Storrs (1885-1956)—Paintings from the thirties by an artist who worked in Purist- and Cubist-derived styles. Through Saturday, Nov. 18. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Jerome Witkin—Expertly painted realist figures—the artist and his friends, mostly. Through Saturday, Nov. 18. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Group Shows—At **davis & long**, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: Small, charming sketches and watercolors of English landscapes and architecture, ships at sea, domestic animals, and genre subjects. Through Saturday, Nov. 25. . . . **gurewitsch**, 55 E. 74th St.: Four artists who move their studios to Provincetown in the summer—Fritz Bultman (paintings), Edward Giobbi and Leo Manso (collages), and Nora Speyer (drawings). Through Dec. 2. (Opens at 1.) . . . **kerr**, 49 E. 82nd St.: Nineteenth-century landscapes by Martin Johnson Heade, Fitz Hugh Lane, John F. Kensett, and others whose light-filled nature scenes have been given the term Luminism. Through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Open Mondays.) . . . **knowlton**, 19 E. 71st St.: Realist landscapes in many mediums by twelve artists, including Carol Anthony, Rackstraw Downes, and Helen Miranda Wilson. Through Nov. 29. . . . **reed**, 120 E. 78th St.: A benefit show of paintings and works on paper by current and former faculty members of the Yale School of Art, among them Josef Albers, Willem de Kooning, Alex Katz, Mel Bochner, and James Rosenquist. Through Saturday, Nov. 18. (Opens at 1.) . . . **stone**, 48 E. 86th St.: "Abstract Expressionism and Its Disciples" contains paintings by de Kooning, Kline, Leslie, Strautmanis, and others, and sculptures by John Chamberlain. Through Dec. 21. . . . **wildenstein**, 19 E. 64th St.: The development of the landscape genre in Europe between the seventeenth century and the early nineteenth century is the basis of a benefit loan exhibit here. The paintings and drawings are by Ruisdael, Corot, Turner, and others. Through Wednesday, Nov. 22. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Enrico Baj—Silk damask is one of the background materials for these portrayals of primitive-looking creatures, some of them rather bawdy, made up of seashells, toy compasses, medals, buttons, and other odds and ends. Through Dec. 9. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

Siri Berg—Two related exhibits: white circle paintings at the Sande, 61 E. 57th St. (open Mondays; through Saturday, Nov. 25), and black circle paintings at the Ward-Nasse, 131 Prince St. (open Sundays; through Wednesday, Nov. 22).

Charles Burchfield (1893-1967) / **Jack Levine**—Paintings from the thirties and forties, the years in which this preëminent watercolorist hit full stride. Several small drawings and a number of oils are also included. Through Saturday, Nov. 25. / A show of graphics which coincides with his retrospective at the Jewish Museum. Through Dec. 2. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Franco Ciarlo—This artist transfers the patterns from frescoes he has made to canvas, and, in the same manner, he has transferred an impression of a wall of an abandoned lower East Side building to a wall in the gallery. Through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

Charles Coiner—Bucks County landscapes, among others. Through Dec. 2. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Dominic L. Di Mare—Small, mystical constructions, less than a foot high, made of hawthorn twigs, silk, and handmade paper by this artist, who lives on the California coast. The works have the look of primitive sacred objects. Through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Duhl, 31 W. 54th St. Opens at noon.)

John Dobbs—Drawings. Through Dec. 2. (Summit, 101 W. 57th St. Opens at 12:30.)

Janet Fish / Juan Hamilton—Outsize paintings and pastels of glassware—goblets, cruets, bottles, and so on—in which the artist catches every beam of reflected light. / Bronzes and ceramics. Through Nov. 30. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Emil Ganso (1895-1941)—Woodcuts, lithographs, and intaglio etchings of nudes, landscapes, and still-lifes. Through Saturday, Nov. 18. (Sumers, 50 W. 57th St.)

Thomas George—A pronounced underwater atmosphere pervades these recent large abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 18. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Rube Goldberg (1883-1970)—Original drawings for political cartoons, and bronzes. Through Dec. 9. (Truman, 38 E. 57th St.)

Arshile Gorky (1904-48)—Paintings and drawings in a show that pays tribute not only to Gorky but to dealer Julien Levy who showed Gorky's works in the same space between 1945 and 1948. Through Nov. 28. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

Susan Hall—Acrylics showing an exceptionally fine line and delicate colors. Through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

Howard Kanovitz—Surreal pastels that use a Photo-Realist technique. Through Dec. 13. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Alfred Leslie—This realist, noted for his heroic figures, has five new paintings, one of them his largest work to date, a triptych containing fourteen larger-than-life-size figures. Through Dec. 7. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Stephen Lorber—Realist gouaches of handwoven baskets. Through Nov. 30. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Henry Moore—A dozen small bronzes, five drawings, and thirty prints. Through Dec. 16. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Reuben Nakian—Thirty-nine pieces of sculpture done within the past nine months by this eighty-one-year-old artist, who uses abstract means to express classical themes. Of special interest are a group of low reliefs incised in wet clay before firing. Through Dec. 30. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Richard Pousette-Dart—Paintings, many with an overall design of geometric symbols, from the last ten years. Through Nov. 30. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Theodore Roszak—A dazzling show of Constructivist sculpture, both free-standing rocket-like pieces and intricate wall boxes, combining metal, plastic, and painted wood, done during the thirties and forties. A brave-new-world feeling radiates from these imaginative works. Through Dec. 2. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Mark Rothko (1903-70)—A group of murals dated 1958-59, done in rich burgundies, reds, oranges, browns. This show is running concurrently with his retrospective at the Guggenheim Museum. Through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

James Tissot (1836-1902)—Etchings and dry-

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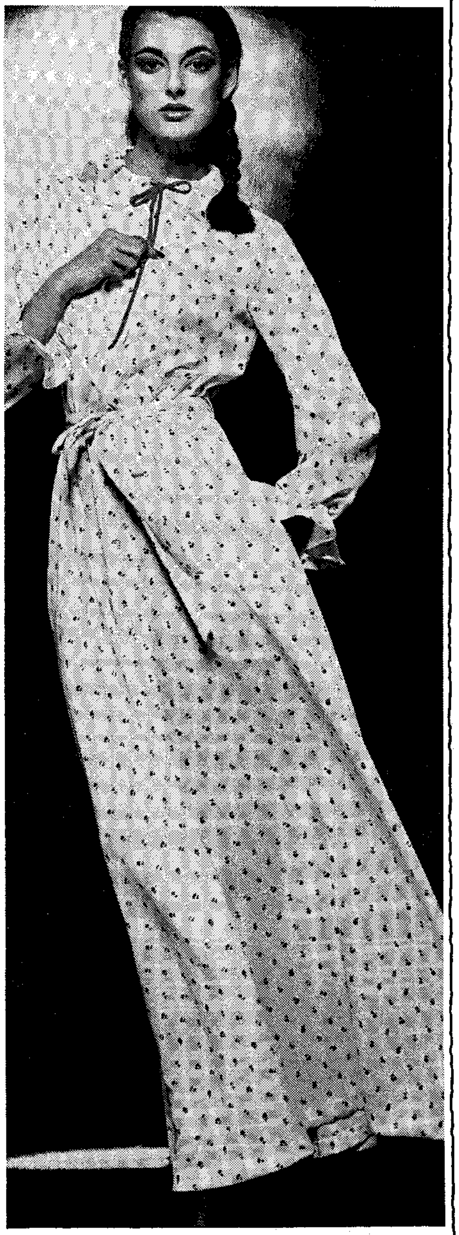

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

points, portraits mostly. Through Wednesday, Nov. 22. (Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St. Open Mondays.)

Alice Valenstein—Landscapes and seasides are implied, and sometimes frankly stated, in these small abstract watercolors. Through Nov. 30. (Alonzo, 30 W. 57th St.)

Charmion von Wiegand—Collages, some using personal items (handkerchiefs, letters), others reflecting an interest in Chinese art. Through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

Lynton Wells—Jagged, unpleasant-looking tree trunks superimposed in black paint on huge photographs of placid Connecticut landscapes which have been printed on photo-sensitized linen and retouched with rubbed-in raw pigment. Through Dec. 2. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Christopher White—This young Harvard man retired to the hills of West Virginia a few years ago, set up a studio in an abandoned schoolhouse, and taught himself to paint, intent on capturing the essence of the mountain scenery in abstractions. He now has a studio near the Fulton Street fish market but he is still painting those sunlit hills, where he returns every summer. Through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W. 57th St.)

Susan Wilmarth—Large canvases on which the artist uses oil and warm wax to achieve the effect of rich fabrics. Through Dec. 2. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Group Show—Works in a variety of styles and mediums by Walkowitz, Goings, Chryssa, and others. Through Dec. 1. (Aaron Berman, 50 W. 57th St.)

Sculpture—Small-scale works by Mary Frank, Kenneth Snelson, George Segal, Phyllis Mark, and others. Through Dec. 2. (Jackson, 521 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Dotty Attie—Four enigmatic stories, told in alternating panels of text and illustrations, displayed on the gallery walls. Through Dec. 6. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

John Baeder / Edward Mayer—The Clarksville, N.J., diner, and others. / Stacked wood-lath sculptures. Through Dec. 2. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Lynda Benglis—New abstract sculptures covered in gold leaf. Through Dec. 9. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Sideo Fromboluti—Paintings of sleeping figures, plus small landscapes of Cape Cod. Through Wednesday, Nov. 22. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Opens at 11:30.)

Mary Ann Gillies—Fibre masks. Through Nov. 29. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

Tina Girouard—Large wall pieces made from sections of ornamental metal ceilings that come ready-made from the big building-supply houses. In this case, the artist has worked them over with power tools, excising a shape here and adding it on there. Through Wednesday, Nov. 22. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Laura Grisi—Color photographs of chessboards that have been marked off in a way to reflect the passage of time, along with working drawings, all assembled into a conceptual installation. Through Saturday, Nov. 18. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Margie Billstein Katz—Knotted and folded pieces of canvas applied directly to the wall. Through Nov. 29. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Jack Lembeck—The brushwork in these abstract paintings gives the illusion of having been done on several planes. Through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Garry Rich—Abstract paintings. Through Dec. 7. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Dorothea Rockburne—The ancient Greek formula called the golden section is at the heart of these compositions made up of colored-pencil arcs drawn on varnished vellum, which is sometimes folded into interior patterns. Through Tuesday, Nov. 21. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

Ernest Shaw—Jumbles of painted-steel pieces, the size and shape of railroad crossties, which look as if they had been frozen in the act of falling. The largest work here is nearly thirty feet long. Through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Sculpture Now, 142 Greene St.)

Michael Singer—A construction fifteen feet long, thirteen feet wide, and about nine feet high, involving thin white-pine strips and bundles of reeds lashed together in nine-foot cylinders. Through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

Sanford Wurmfeld—Acrylic paintings based on a grid. Through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Morris Graves—Works from throughout his career in several mediums, including tempera, wax, ink, and gouache on paper and on Masonite. Through Dec. 8. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, except Nov. 24, from 11 to 4:30.)

Traditional Sculpture from Upper Volta—A show of masks, dolls, chairs, musical instruments, and other objects assembled from twelve collections. (African-American Institute, 833 United Nations Plaza, at 47th St. Open Mondays.)

American Academy in Rome—A show of works done in Rome (and elsewhere) by painters who have spent a year in residence there. The five exhibitors are William Bailey, Lennart Anderson, Gregory Gillespie, Alan Gussow, and Raymond Saunders. Through Nov. 30. (Union Carbide Building, 270 Park Ave., at 48th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4.)

Group Shows—At THE NEW MUSEUM, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: Artists from out of town, among them Tom Hatch of San Francisco, who plays carefully calculated tricks with mirrors and toy furniture; Janis Provisor, also of San Francisco, who paints enigmatic symbols in thick paint against a contrasting background; and Dan Rizzie, of Dallas, who uses simple cutout forms, acrylics, and graphite in his collages. Through Dec. 1. (Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . NEW YORK UNIVERSITY: The Contemporary Arts Gallery, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl., has thirty-eight works by artists who belong to the Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors. The works cover the period from 1940 to 1978 and are by Will Barnet, Louise Nevelson, Chaim Gross, and others. Through Dec. 16. (Weekdays, except Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 23-25, from 9 to 9. Closes at 6:30 on Wednesday, Nov. 22.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Elliott Erwitt—A retrospective that consists of a hundred and fifty prints. Through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Benno Friedman / Joe Maloney—Hand-colored photographs of pyramids in Mexico and Western landscapes. / Color prints of New Jersey, Maine, and Long Island. Through Wednesday, Nov. 22. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Ralph Gibson—Color closeups of, for example, pebbles, the grain of a plywood board, a brick wall. Through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Castelli Uptown, 4 E. 77th St.)

Frank Gohlke—The Museum of Modern Art has mounted a show of his photographs of Midwestern grain elevators—an ongoing series begun six years ago—which are seen as abstractions in the early works but become a part of broad landscapes in the later works. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Erich Hartmann and Jill Lynne—Both photographers are showing experimental works. The former uses laser light, and the latter uses a color copier. Through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Sheila Metzner—Landscapes, portraits, and still-lifes; first solo show in New York. Through Dec. 9. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Duane Michals—Photographs made while on a trip to Egypt, and other works. Through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Joan Myers—Hand-tinted photographs of nudes and landscapes which have the appearance of soft watercolors. Through Dec. 23. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Georgia O'Keeffe: A Portrait by Alfred Stieglitz—Fifty-one photographs (chosen by

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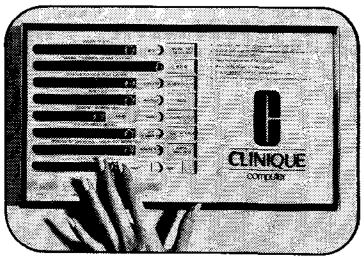
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O'Keeffe from the five hundred or so that Stieglitz took of her between 1917 and 1933) will be on view at the Metropolitan Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Group Show—An exhibition that covers a hundred and twenty-five years of dance photography, with examples by Cecil Beaton, James Van DerZee, George Platt Lynes, Barbara Morgan, and others. Through Jan. 28. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The seven hundred objects on loan from eight Dresden museums represent more than five hundred years of art collecting by patrons in that city. The show contains paintings (by Bellotto, Holbein, Tintoretto, Rembrandt, Rubens, Vermeer), drawings, Meissen and Oriental porcelains, armor, and jewelry. Through Jan. 14. . . . ¶ The reconstructed Temple of Dendur, in a setting recalling its original home on the Nile, is on view in the Sackler Wing, at the north end of the museum. Extra exhibition hours—Thursday evening, Nov. 16, from 5 to 8:45—have been tacked onto the museum's regular schedule. . . . ¶ Fifteenth- and sixteenth-century drawings by North European artists. From the Lehman Collection. Through Jan. 28. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Stieglitz's portraits of Georgia O'Keeffe. Starts Thursday, Nov. 16. (The museum is open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—More than a hundred and seventy works by Matisse, ranging from major paintings to large paper cutouts. From the museum's holdings. Through Jan. 30. . . . ¶ Drawings, paintings, sculptures, photographs, and graphics produced by Russian artists in the years between 1912 and 1930. Through Jan. 2. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** American grain elevators photographed by Frank Gohlke. Through Feb. 4. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings, except Thanksgiving, until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A comprehensive retrospective of Mark Rothko's paintings and works on paper. Through Jan. 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.) A complementary show is at the Pace Gallery, 32 E. 57th St.

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Claes Oldenburg has built two large structures, named the Mouse Museum and Ray Gun Wing, whose interior and exterior shapes are suggested by their titles. Visitors walk inside the darkened structures to view lighted cases filled with the artist's drawings and objects. Through Nov. 26. . . . ¶ An exhibit of early Abstract Expressionist paintings (covering the years 1935 to 1949), by Baziotes, de Kooning, Krasner, Stamos, and others. Through Dec. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Paintings, drawings, posters, photographs, sculptures, and graphics by George Inness, Edward Steichen, Maxfield Parrish, and other artists who worked at the turn of the century and were influenced by the Symbolist movement. Through Dec. 6. (Open Wednesday through Friday, Nov. 15-17, and Monday through Wednesday, Nov. 20-22, from 11 to 3. Closed Thanksgiving. Open Friday, Nov. 24, noon to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A comprehensive show of the arts of ancient Nubia and the Sudan dates from the fourth millennium to the twelfth century A.D. The wide range of objects includes gold jewelry, stone sculptures, ceramics, and a fresco. Through Dec. 31. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibit of nearly sixty color photographs (plus slides) of desert flowers found in the American West. Starts Thursday, Nov. 16. (Open daily except Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—A show of classical Indian sculptures from the Gupta period, fourth to seventh centuries A.D., contains sandstone images of Buddha (Gupta-period sculptors established Buddha's "human" appearance), and Hindu temple sculptures. Through Dec. 3. (Open daily except Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—"Origins of Chinese Ceramics" is a show of fifty-five objects (urns, bowls, jars, the earliest dating back seven thousand years), some of which are painted, and several of which are early examples of hard-glazed stoneware. Through Jan. 28. (Open daily except Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A display of "Ornament in the Twentieth Century" includes many small objects such as belt buckles, jewelry, table settings, as well as the vividly colored Rolls-Royce once owned by the Beatles, and a welded-metal hippopotamus bathtub designed by François-Xavier Lalanne. Through Jan. 7. . . . ¶ The second annual exhibit of postcard designs (both the original designs and the cards printed from them) contains the efforts of Edward Koren, Martha Graham, Betye Saar, David Hockney, and others. Through Dec. 2. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—An exhibition of twenty-two examples of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century English silver and silver gilt, in designs that range from rococo to classical. Nearly half of the pieces (bowls, tea kettles, a wine cooler) are by Huguenot silversmith Paul De Lamerie. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective exhibit of Jack Levine's paintings, drawings, and graphics, bringing together works of varying subject matter—social satire, portraits, religious themes. Through Jan. 28. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.) A complementary show of graphics is at Kennedy Galleries, 40 W. 57th St.

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—More than ninety drawings (in pen, chalk, pencil, and wash) by Giovanni Battista Piranesi. Through Nov. 26. . . . ¶ French medieval and Renaissance illuminated manuscripts. Through Dec. 3. . . . ¶ About forty autograph letters, generally romantic in content, composed by Voltaire, Haydn, Elizabeth I, and others. Through Dec. 3. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—American samplers (by, among others, Ealli Crygier, Ruthey Putnam, Unity Lewis, Desire Ells Daman, Philura Barton, Mahala Marein, and Zelinda Wing) dating from 1678 to 1865, collected by Theodore H. Kapnek. Through Jan. 7. (Open daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 10:30 to 5:30, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—A survey of more than a hundred and thirty works by ceramicist Peter Voulkos. Through Dec. 31. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—Paintings and drawings by Zero Mostel, together with memorabilia from the late actor's career. Through Dec. 30. (Open daily except Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Mondays and Thursdays, 10 to 8; Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 10 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A show of oil paintings and drawings by Bob Thompson (1937-66)—twenty-three works in all. Through Jan. 7. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424, for Carnegie Hall 247-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Nov. 15: "Rigoletto," with Mariana Niculescu, Isola Jones, Ingvar Wixell, Neil Shicoff, and Jerome Hines; conducted by Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 16: "The Bartered Bride" (in English), with Teresa Stratas, Nicolai Gedda, Jon Vickers, and Martti Talvela; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 17: "Aida," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Mignon Dunn, Carlo Bergonzi, Louis Quilico, and Jerome Hines; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 18: "Carmen," with Elena Obraztsova, Leona Mitchell, Carlo Bini, and James Morris; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 18: "The Bartered Bride" (in English), with Teresa Stratas, Nicolai Gedda, Jon Vickers, and Martti Talvela; James Levine. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Nov. 20: "Luisa Miller," with Katia Ricciarelli, Mignon Dunn, José Carreras, Cornell MacNeil, Paul Plishka, and James Morris; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 21: "The Bartered Bride" (in English), with Teresa Stratas, Nicolai Gedda, Jon Vickers, and Martti Talvela; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 22: "Aida," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Mignon Dunn, Guy Chauvet, Louis Quilico, Ezio Flagello, and John Cheek; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 23: "Carmen," with Régine Crespin, Leona Mitchell, Carlo Bini, and Michael Devlin; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 24: "Luisa Miller," with Katia Ricciarelli, Mignon Dunn, José Carreras, Cornell MacNeil, Paul Plishka, and James Morris; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 25: "Aida," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Mignon Dunn, Guy Chauvet, Louis Quilico, Ezio Flagello, and John Cheek; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 25: "The Bartered Bride" (in English), with Patricia Craig, Nicolai Gedda, Jon Vickers, and Martti Talvela; James Levine. (Evenings at 8. Matinées Saturday, Nov. 18, at 1:30, and Saturday, Nov. 25, at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

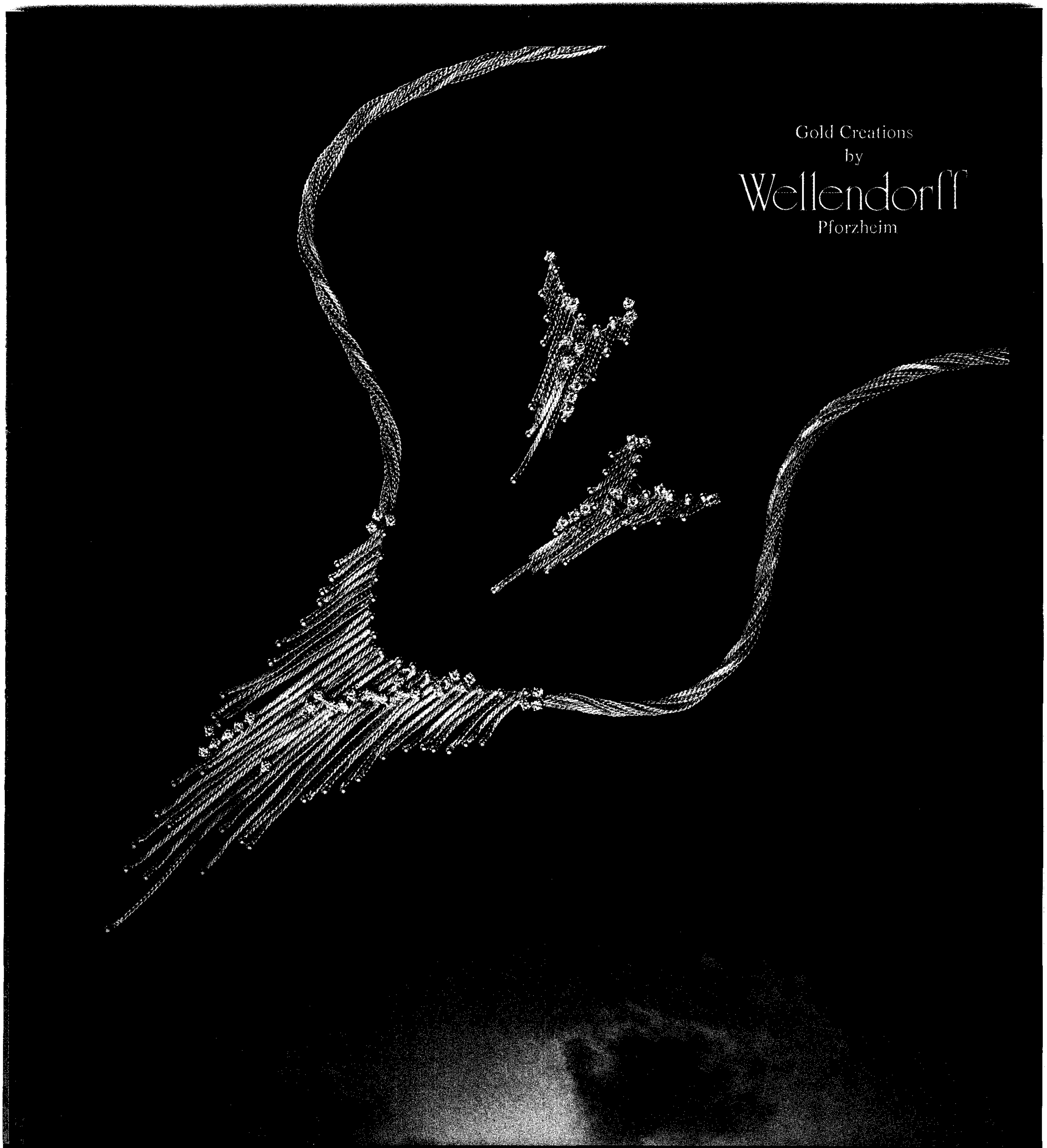
New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting—Thursday, Nov. 16, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 17, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 18, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Nov. 21, at 7:30 (all with Alicia de Larrocha, piano); and Wednesday, Nov. 22, and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 24-25, at 8:30, and Tuesday, Nov. 28, at 7:30 (all with Kathleen Battle, soprano; Beverly Wolff, mezzo-soprano; Seth McCoy, tenor; Simon Estes, bass-baritone; and the Westminster Choir).

Toronto Symphony Orchestra—Andrew Davis conducting, with Arthur Ozolins, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 16, at 8. . . . ¶ Same program; Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Saturday, Nov. 18, at 8.)

English Chamber Orchestra—Vladimir Ashkenazy conducting and acting as piano soloist. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Nov. 19, at 3, and Friday, Nov. 24, at 8.)

Beethoven Society—William Smith conducting the New School of Music Orchestra in an all-Beethoven concert. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Sunday, Nov. 19, at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Group for Contemporary Music—Charles Wuorinen conducting the Manhattan Orchestra in



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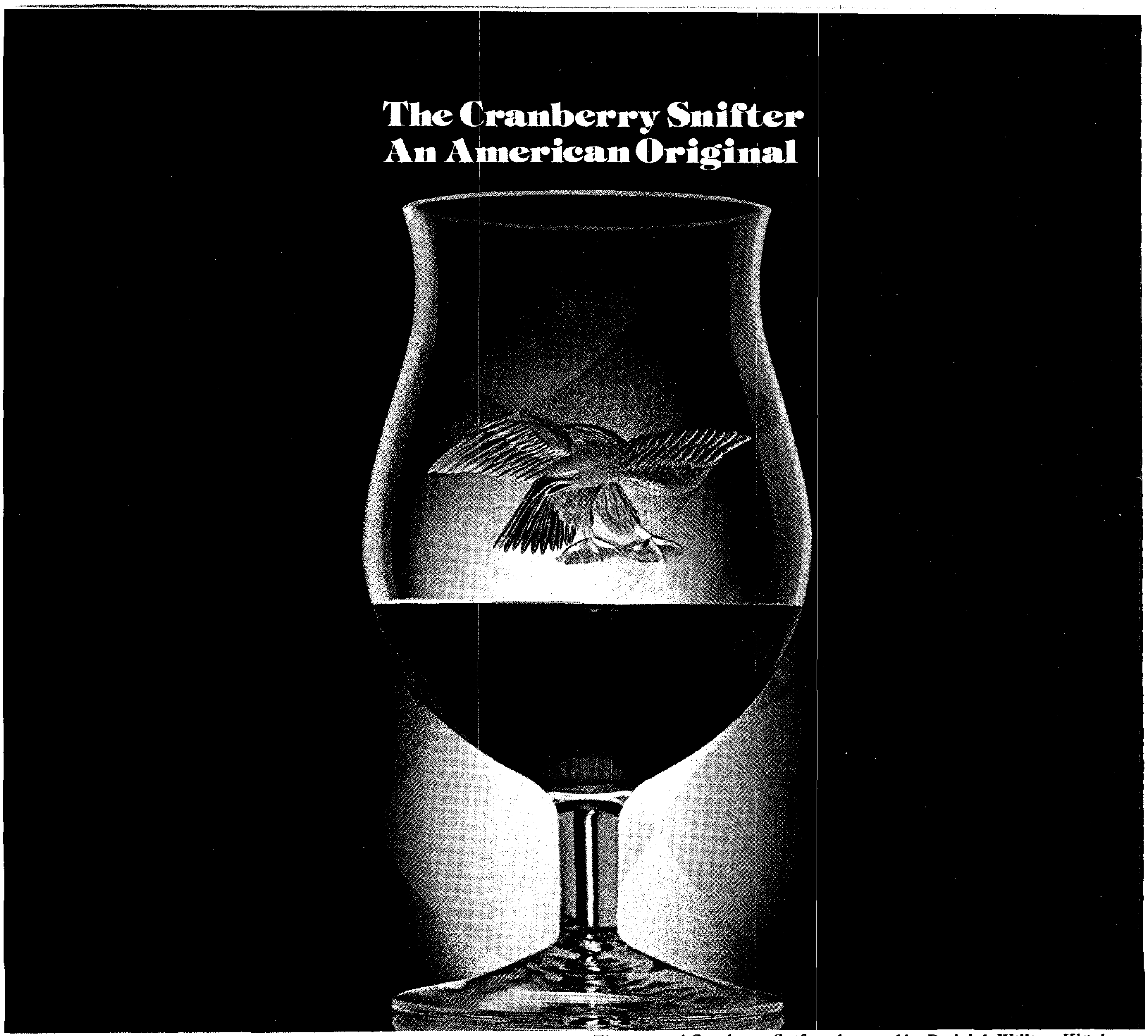
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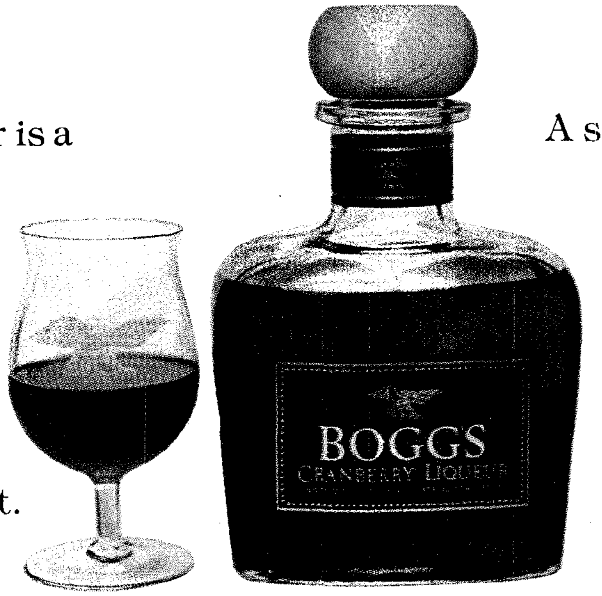
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

a performance of Morton Feldman's opera "Neither," with Lynn Webber, soprano. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Tuesday, Nov. 21, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

MUSICA SACRA—Richard Westenburg directing a performance of Verdi's Requiem, with Johanna Meier, soprano; Katherine Ciesinski, mezzo-soprano; Leo Goeke, tenor; and Malcolm Smith, bass. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 15, at 7:30.)

NEW YORK MOTET CHOIR—Stephen Sturk directing a program entitled "Music for St. Cecilia's Day." (Grace Church, Broadway at 10th St. Saturday, Nov. 18, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

GREGG SMITH SINGERS—Gregg Smith directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Nov. 23, at 8.)

RECITALS

JOSEPH SMITH—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 15, at 8.)

ANDRÉ WATTS—Piano, in the first two in a series of eight all-Schubert recitals. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 15, at 8; and Saturday, Nov. 18, at 8, with Bernard Kruysen, baritone, performing "Die Winterreise.")

CHAMBER MUSIC AT THE Y—Jaime Laredo, violin; Sharon Robinson, 'cello; and Joseph Kalichstein, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Nov. 15, at 8.)

JAN PEERCE—Tenor. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Nov. 16, at 8.)

WAVERLY CONSORT—A program of music of Eastern Europe. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Nov. 16, at 8.)

ROBERT WHITE—Tenor, with Samuel Sanders, piano, and Ani Kavafian, violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Nov. 17, at 8.)

AN ENGLISH MUSIC—The first in a series of five programs of twentieth-century English chamber works, this one performed by Abba Bogin, piano; Esther Lamneck, clarinet; Emanuel Vardi, viola; and others. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Friday, Nov. 17, at 8. For information about tickets, call 628-7000.)

STEVEN MAYER—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Nov. 18, at 2:30.)

JORGE BOLET—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 18, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

RALPH KIRSHBAUM—Cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Nov. 18, at 8.)

FRANZ SCHUBERT ANNIVERSARY—The hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of his death is being memorialized all over town, most extensively at **WALL-TO-WALL SCHUBERT:** a free twelve-hour chamber-music marathon involving Gary Graffman, Gilbert Kalish, Ursula Oppens, and Kenneth Cooper, piano; Joanna Simon, mezzo-soprano; Paul Sperry, tenor; Richard Frisch, baritone; Ani Kavafian, violin; soloists from the American Symphony Orchestra; and others. Amateur singers, pianists or chamber-music players will be invited to perform Schubert works of their choosing, singly or in chamber groups. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Sunday, Nov. 19, from noon to midnight or later.)... **LILI KRAUS:** in an all-Schubert piano recital. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 19, at 3.)... **NEW SCHOOL CONCERTS:** Alexander Schneider and friends in a twelve-hour benefit concert of Schubert's chamber music. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 741-5689. Sunday, Nov. 19, in four parts—at 11, 2, 6, and 9—each followed by a reception with the artists.)

EARLY MUSIC AT THE CATHEDRAL—The third in a series of seven concerts, this one played by Music for a While. (Synod Hall, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 110th St. Sunday, Nov. 19, at 2. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

DANIEL WAITZMAN AND JEAN MANDELBAUM—Flute/recorder and harpsichord. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, Nov. 19, at 4. For information about tickets, call 757-8344.)

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CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER—Michael Tilson Thomas, conductor/piano; Michael Wager, narrator; James Buswell, violin; Gerard Schwarz, trumpet; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 19, at 5, and Tuesday, Nov. 21, at 7:30.)

SYLVIA ZAREMBA—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

STEPHANIE JUTT—Flute. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Nov. 20, at 8.)

NARCISO YEPES—Classical guitarist. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Nov. 20, at 8.)

ALICE ARTZT—Classical guitarist. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, Nov. 21, at 8.)

TAMÁS VÁSÁRY—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Nov. 22, at 8.)

COMPOSERS' GUILD FOR PERFORMANCE—A program of twentieth-century music by Mario Davidovsky and others, performed by Jean Hakes, soprano; Sophie Sollberger, flute; Robert Miller, piano; and others. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Wednesday, Nov. 22, at 8:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

HANNA LACHERT—Violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Nov. 24, at 8.)

ALICE LINDSAY—Viola. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Nov. 24, at 8.)

GRANT JOHANNESEN—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Nov. 25, at 8.)

NEW YORK RENAISSANCE BAND—A program entitled "The Renaissance in France and the Netherlands," with Jane Bryden, soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 25, at 8.)

BERN STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Nov. 25, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

BENEFIT CONCERT—Lance Hayward, jazz piano; Susan Robinson, soprano; Richard Krause, tenor; and Lucy Cross, lute. (Lighthouse Auditorium, 111 E. 59th St. 355-2200. Sunday, Nov. 19, at 3.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Knicks vs. Milwaukee, Saturday, Nov. 18, at 8.... ¶ Knicks vs. Detroit, Tuesday, Nov. 21, at 7:30.... ¶ Knicks vs. New Orleans, Saturday, Nov 25, at 8.... **RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER,** Piscataway, N.J. (all games at 8): Nets vs. Washington, Friday, Nov. 17.... ¶ Nets vs. Golden State, Wednesday, Nov. 22.... ¶ Nets vs. New Orleans, Friday, Nov. 24. (For information about tickets, call 201 935-8888.)

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—**SATURDAY, NOV. 18:** Boston College vs. Syracuse, at Chestnut Hill, at 1:30.... ¶ Columbia vs. Brown, at Baker Field, at 1:30.... ¶ Cornell vs. Pennsylvania, at Ithaca, at 1:30.... ¶ Harvard vs. Yale, at Cambridge, at 1:30.... ¶ Holy Cross vs. Rutgers, at Worcester, at 1.... ¶ Princeton vs. Dartmouth, at Princeton, at 1:30.... **SATURDAY, NOV. 25:** Rutgers vs. Colgate, at New Brunswick, at 1.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Sunday, Nov. 19: Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 1.... ¶ Jets vs. New England Patriots, at Shea Stadium, at 1.

HOCKEY—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN** (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Wednesday, Nov. 15.... ¶ Rangers vs. Atlanta Flames, Sunday, Nov. 19.... ¶ Rangers vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Wednesday, Nov. 22.... **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Saturday, Nov. 18, at 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Sunday, Dec. 31. Post time will be 11 on Thanksgiving Day. The Demoiselle, Saturday, Nov. 18; the Queens County Handicap, Thursday, Nov. 23; and the Remsen, Saturday, Nov. 25.... **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 30.... **LAUREL,** Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, Dec. 30.

SQUASH RACQUETS—Boodles Squash Open—Tournament matches, Friday, Nov. 17, at 6 and 8:30, and Saturday, Nov. 18, at 9:30 and noon.... ¶ Quarterfinals, Saturday, Nov. 18, at 3 and 5:30.... ¶ Semifinals, Sunday, Nov. 19, at 11 A.M.... ¶ Finals, Sunday, Nov. 19, at 6. (Uptown Racquet Club, 151 E. 86th St. For information about tickets, call 860-8630.)

TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Monday, Dec. 11.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

POETRY READINGS—Philip Schultz and Gary Soto reading from their own works. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, Nov. 16, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.)... ¶ Joseph Brodsky reading from his own works, in Russian, with an English translation read by Mark Strand. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Nov. 20, at 8.)

DISCUSSIONS—"Conversations About Architecture," the third of four programs, this one involving Paul Rudolph, Ulrich Franzen, and Jonathan Barnett. (Architectural League of New York, 41 E. 65th St. Tuesday, Nov. 21, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the discussion.)

NATIONAL POSTAGE STAMP SHOW—The thirtieth annual exhibit will feature special showings by the United States Postal Service and fifteen foreign postal administrations. Brand-new issues will be put on sale by Canada on Wednesday, Nov. 15; by the United States and by Ireland on Thursday, Nov. 16; and by the United Nations on Friday, Nov. 17. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Wednesday through Friday, Nov. 15-17, from 11 to 9; Saturday, Nov. 18, from 10 to 6; and Sunday, Nov. 19, from 11 to 5.)

FLOWER SHOWS—Forty varieties are featured in the annual Chrysanthemum Show of the Brooklyn Botanic Garden in the Conservatory. Through Nov. 26. (Tuesdays through Sundays, 10 to 4.)... ¶ "The Treasure of Autumn Gold," at the New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park, includes gradations of yellow and gold chrysanthemums on display in the Enid A. Haupt Conservatory, as well as a profusion of varicolored mums growing outdoors. Through Nov. 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 10 to 4.)

AUCTIONS—At **SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5.) Five sales of property from the American Heritage Society. Thursday, Nov. 16, at 2: Chinese Export porcelains, ceramics, and glass.... Friday, Nov. 17, at 10:15: Silver, pewter, silhouettes, and objects of historical interest.... Friday, Nov. 17, at 2: Paintings, prints, and sculptures.... Saturday, Nov. 18, at 10:15: Folk art, including quilts and coverlets, hooked rugs, and scrimshaw.... Saturday, Nov. 18, at 2: Furniture, clocks, lighting devices, hearth equipment, metalwork, and decorations.... ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 22, at 2: Pre-Columbian art, from several owners. Exhibition starts Friday, Nov. 17.... **CHRISTIE'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5.) Thursday, Nov. 16, at 10:30 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints by such artists as Chagall, Klee, Matisse, and Whistler; from several owners.... ¶ Friday, Nov. 17, at 10:30 and 2:30: Early printed books, manuscripts, literary and historical autographs, natural-history books, Western Americana books, children's books, and private press books and bindings; from the University of California in Los Angeles, Dumbarton Oaks, and other sources.... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 18, at 10:30 and 2: French and other Continental furniture, sculptures, tapestries, and other works of art; the property of Charlotte Ford and others.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 22. FILMS PLAYING AT TIMES SQUARE AND REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6350; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Nov. 15: "The Round Up" and "The Red and the White."
Nov. 16: "Winter Wind" and "Silence and Cry."
Nov. 17: "Red Psalm."
Nov. 18-19: "The Confrontation" and "Agnus Dei."
Nov. 20: Theatre closed.
From Nov. 21: "The Last Supper" and "Memories of Underdevelopment."

ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Bread and Chocolate."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Nov. 16: "Grease" and "Shampoo."
From Nov. 17: "The Big Fix" and "Chinatown."

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Magic."

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Watership Down."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Wiz."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Death on the Nile."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Watership Down."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through Nov. 21: "A Wedding." (No evening performances on Monday, Nov. 20.)
From Nov. 22: "Movie Movie."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Comes a Horseman."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The Wiz."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Autumn Sonata."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Boys from Brazil."

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Up in Smoke."

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"Days of Heaven."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"Slow Dancing in the Big City."

GEMINI 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Midnight Express."

GEMINI 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"A Dream of Passion."

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Magic."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Once in Paris."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Death on the Nile."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Nov. 16: "Grease."
Nov. 17-21: "Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands."
From Nov. 22: "Heaven Can Wait."

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
"Bread and Chocolate."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"National Lampoon's Animal House."

LOEWS ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Wiz."

LOEWS CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Paradise Alley."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
To be announced.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Midnight Express."
Theatre 2: "The Wild Geese."

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"National Lampoon's Animal House."

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Nov. 15: "Word Is Out" and "Point of Order!"
From Nov. 16: "El Topo."

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Comes a Horseman."

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Interiors."
Theatre 2: "Who Is Killing the Great Chefs of Europe?"
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 21: "Up in Smoke."
From Nov. 22: "A Wedding."
Theatre 4: "Interiors."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Watership Down."

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Caravans."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Lord of the Rings."

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Interiors."

PLAYBOY, 110 W. 57th. (586-4448)
Through Nov. 21: "The Big Fix."
From Nov. 22: "Foul Play."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Boys from Brazil."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Violette."

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"A Wedding."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Magic."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
"Bread and Chocolate."

LOEWS 83RD QUAD, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 16: "Grease."
From Nov. 17: "Midnight Express."
Theatre 2: "Up in Smoke."
Theatre 3: "National Lampoon's Animal House."
Theatre 4: "Heaven Can Wait."

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (874-9189)
"Interiors."

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Through Nov. 21: "The Cheap Detective" and "Casey's Shadow."
From Nov. 22: "Revenge of the Pink Panther" and "The Front."

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Nov. 21: "The Big Fix" and "Gray Lady Down."
From Nov. 22: "Heaven Can Wait" and "The One and Only."

TIMES SQUARE

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
"Comes a Horseman." (†)

EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"National Lampoon's Animal House." (†)

EMBASSY, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Foul Play." (†)
Theatre 3: "Saturday Night Fever."
Theatre 4: "Grease." (†)

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Death on the Nile." (†)

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"The Wiz." (†)

LOEWS STATE 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"The Wild Geese." (†)

LOEWS STATE 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
Through Nov. 16: "Midnight Express." (†)
From Nov. 17: "Message from Space."

NATIONAL, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"Magic." (†)

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Paradise Alley." (†)

R.K.O. CINERAMA 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
"Up in Smoke." (†)

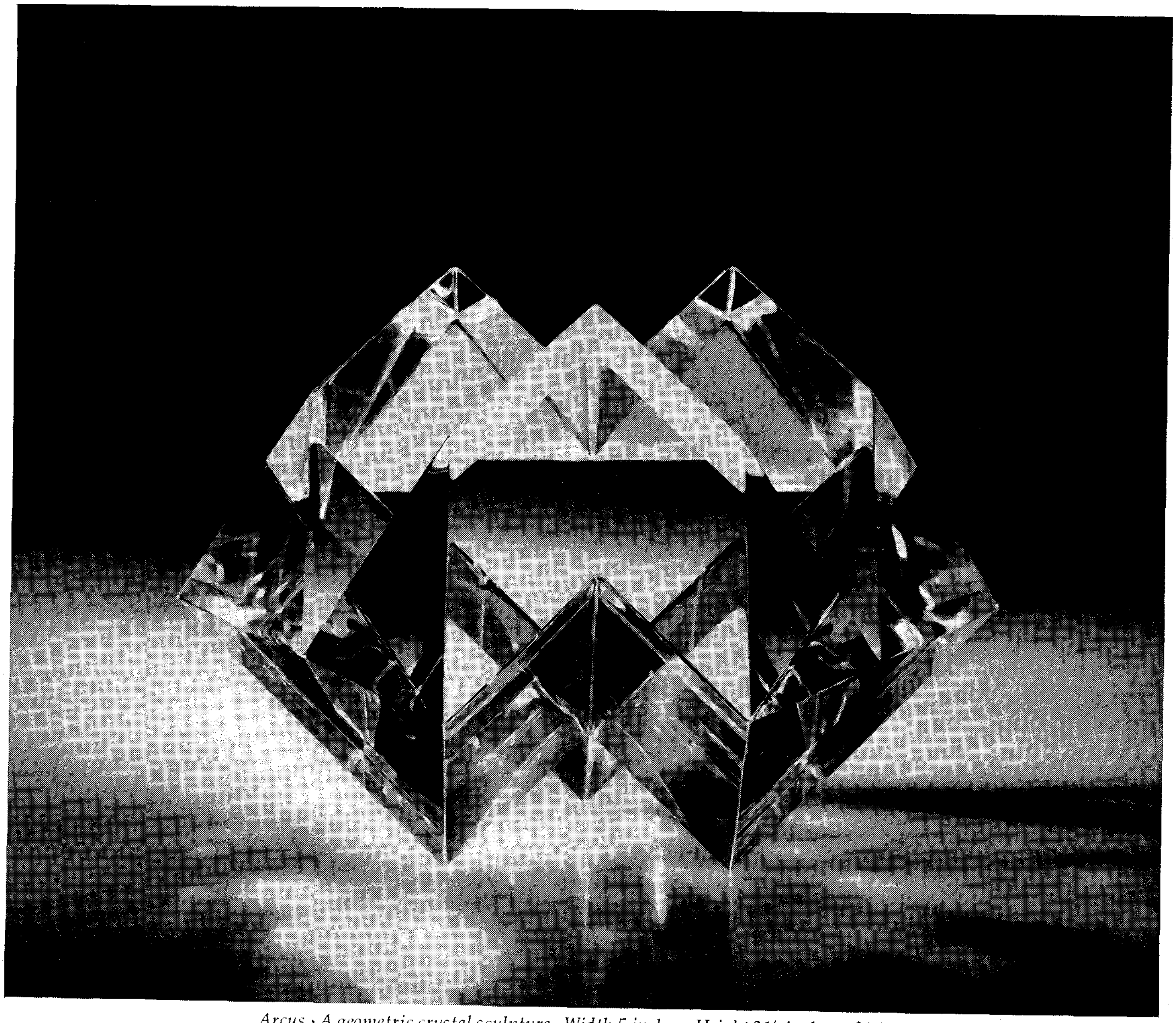
R.K.O. CINERAMA 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Through Nov. 16: "Halloween."
From Nov. 17: "Midnight Express." (†)

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"Goin' South."

REVIVAL HOUSES

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Nov. 15: "Jules and Jim" (1962), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre; and "Mado" (1976), in French, directed by Claude Sautet, with Michel Piccoli, Ottavia Piccolo, and Romy Schneider.
Nov. 16: "Rebellion in Patagonia" (1977), in Spanish, directed by Héctor Olivéra, with Héctor Alterio; and "Tupamaros!" (1974), a documentary inside view of Latin America's urban-guerrilla movement.
Nov. 17-18: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden; and "The Manchurian Candidate." (†)
Nov. 19: "Freaks" (1932), directed by Tod Browning, with Olga Baclanova, Leila Hyams, and Wallace Ford; and "The Ape Woman" (1964), in Italian, directed by Marco Ferreri, with Ugo Tognazzi and Annie Girardot.
Nov. 20: "Innocence Unprotected" (†); and a program of short films.
Nov. 21: "Sword of Justice, Part II" (1972), in Japanese, directed by Yasuzo Masumura; and "Gate of Hell." (†)
Nov. 22: "October" (†); and "Triumph of the Will" (1936), directed by Leni Riefenstahl, a documentary on the Sixth Nazi Party Congress, in 1934.
Nov. 23: "Os Fuzis" (1963), a Brazilian film, in Portuguese, directed by Ruy Guerra; and "Cuba: Battle of the 10,000,000" (1971), in French, directed by Chris Marker, a documentary film.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Nov. 15: "Pandora's Box" (1929), in German, directed by G. W. Pabst, with Louise Brooks; and "The Blue Angel" (1929), in German, directed by Josef von Sternberg, with Marlene Dietrich and Emil Jannings.
Nov. 16: "The Godfather, Part II" (1974), directed by Francis Ford Coppola, with Al Pacino and Robert De Niro.
Nov. 17: "Citizen Kane" (1941), directed by Orson Welles, with Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane; and "The Magnificent Ambersons" (1942), directed by Orson Welles, with Dolores Costello, Joseph Cotten, Tim Holt, and Agnes Moorehead.
Nov. 18: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972), in French and English, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider; and "Breathless" (1959), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo.
Nov. 19: "Khovanschina" (1959), directed by V. Stroyeva; and "Eugene Onegin" (1959), in Russian, performed by the Bolshoi Theatre group.
Nov. 20: "Moses and Aaron" (1975), in German, a film version of the Arnold Schönberg opera, directed by Jean-Marie Straub and Danièle Huillet; and "Mozart in Love" (1975), directed by Mark Rappaport.
Nov. 21: "Lola" (†) and "The Umbrellas of Cherbourg." (†)
Nov. 22: "Lord Love a Duck" (†); and "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" (1957), di-



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STEUBEN GLASS

rected by Frank Tashlin, with Jayne Mansfield, Tony Randall, and Betsy Drake.

Nov. 23: "Children of Paradise." (†)

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Nov. 16: "Cherry & Harry & Raquel" (1970) and "Finders Keepers, Lovers Weepers" (1969), both films directed by Russ Meyer.

Nov. 17-18: "Desperate Living" (1977) and "Female Trouble" (1975), both directed by John Waters.

Nov. 19-20: "The End of the World in Our Usual Bed in a Night Full of Rain" (†); and "Swept Away" (1975), in Italian, directed by Lina Wertmüller, with Giancarlo Giannini and Mariangela Melato.

Nov. 21: "The Godfather" (1972), directed by Francis Ford Coppola, with Marlon Brando and Al Pacino; and "The Godfather, Part II" (1974), directed by Francis Ford Coppola, with Al Pacino and Robert De Niro.

Nov. 22-23: "The Cheap Detective" (†) and "Gumshoe." (†)

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Nov. 15: "Fun with Dick and Jane" (1977), directed by Ted Kotcheff, with George Segal and Jane Fonda; and "Stage Struck" (1958), directed by Sidney Lumet, with Henry Fonda, Susan Strasberg, Joan Greenwood, Herbert Marshall, and Christopher Plummer.

Nov. 16-18: "12 Angry Men" (1957), directed by Sidney Lumet, with Henry Fonda, Lee J. Cobb, and Jack Warden; and "The Best Man" (1964), directed by Franklin Schaffner, with Henry Fonda, Cliff Robertson, and Lee Tracy.

Nov. 19-20: "Sunday in New York" (1964), directed by Peter Tewksbury, with Cliff Robertson, Jane Fonda, and Rod Taylor; and "A Doll's House" (1973), directed by Joseph Losey, with Jane Fonda, David Warner, Trevor Howard, Delphine Seyrig, and Edward Fox.

Nov. 21-22: "Cat Ballou" (†) and "Lilith." (†)

From Nov. 23: "Klute" (1971), directed by Alan J. Pakula, with Jane Fonda and Donald Sutherland; and "Madigan" (1968), directed by Donald Siegel, with Richard Widmark, Henry Fonda, and Inger Stevens.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Through Nov. 16: "Blithe Spirit" (1945), directed by David Lean, with Constance Cummings, Rex Harrison, Kay Hammond, and Margaret Rutherford; and "In Which We Serve" (1942), directed by Noël Coward and David Lean, with Coward, Celia Johnson, John Mills, and Kay Walsh.

Nov. 17-18: "The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser" (1975; "Every Man for Himself and God Against All"), in German, directed by Werner Herzog, with Bruno S.; and "The Bridge." (†)

Nov. 19-20: "La Notte" (†) and "L'Avventura." (†)

Nov. 21: "All That Heaven Allows" (†) and "Autumn Leaves." (†)

Nov. 22-23: "Bedlam" (1946), directed by Mark Robson, with Boris Karloff; and "The Leopard Man" (1943), directed by Jacques Tourneur, with Margo and Dennis O'Keefe.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Nov. 15: "The Pirate" (1948), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Judy Garland, Gene Kelly, Walter Slezak, Reginald Owen, and Gladys Cooper; and "Yolanda and the Thief" (1945), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Fred Astaire, Lucille Bremer, Frank Morgan, and Mildred Natwick.

Nov. 16: "Chained" (1934), directed by Clarence Brown, with Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Otto Kruger, Stuart Erwin, and Akim Tamiroff; and "Dance Fools Dance" (1931), directed by Harry Beaumont, with Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, and Cliff Edwards.

Nov. 17-18: "The Seven Year Itch" (†) and "How to Marry a Millionaire." (†)

Nov. 19: "Dames" (1934), directed by Ray Enright, with Joan Blondell, Ruby Keeler, and Dick Powell; and "Wonder Bar." (†)

Nov. 20: "Diabolique" (†) and "Panique." (†)

Nov. 21: "A Free Soul" (†) and "Riptide." (†)

Nov. 22-23: "High Society" (†) and "Kiss Me Kate." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

ROY AND NIUTA TITUS AUDITORIUM, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Nov. 16 at 2:30: "Il Fu Mattia Pascal" (1937), in Italian, directed by Pierre Chenal, with Pierre Blanchar and Isa Miranda; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Nov. 16 at 6: "Mille Lire al Mese" (1939), in Italian, directed by Massimiliano Meufeld, with Alida Valli, Umberto Melnati, and Renato Cialente; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Nov. 16 at 8:30: "Addio, Giovinezza!" (1940), in Italian, directed by Ferdinando M. Poggioli, with Maria Denis, Adriano Rimoldi, and Clara Calamai; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Nov. 17 at 2:30: "Mille Lire al Mese.". . . ¶ Nov. 17 at 6: "The Battle of Russia" (1943), directed by Anatole Litvak. . . . ¶ Nov. 18 at noon and 1:15: "Steamboat Willie" (1928), and six other Mickey Mouse cartoons, celebrating his fiftieth birthday. . . . ¶ Nov. 18 at 2:30 and 3:45: "Plane Crazy" (1928) and six other Mickey Mouse cartoons. . . . ¶ Nov. 18 at 5 and Nov. 19 at noon: The Mickey Mouse excerpts from "Fantasia" (1940), "Fun and Fancy Free" (1946), and "The Reluctant Dragon" (1941). . . . ¶ Nov. 19 at 2:30: "Addio, Giovinezza!". . . ¶ Nov. 19 at 5: "A Day in the Country" (1936) and "Picnic on the Grass" (1959), both films in French, directed by Jean Renoir; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Nov. 20 at noon: "Matisse" (1945), in French, directed by François Campaux, English subtitles; and "Matisse—A Sort of Paradise" (1969), directed by Lawrence Gowing and John Jones. . . . ¶ Nov. 20 at 2:30: "Batticuore" (1939), in Italian, directed by Mario Camerini, with Assia Noris, John Lodge, and Luigi Almirante; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Nov. 20 at 6: "The Price of a Union" (1973), in Monokotoub, directed by Sebastien Kamba, from Brazzaville, People's Republic of the Congo; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Nov. 21 at noon: "Matisse" and "Matisse—A Sort of Paradise.". . . ¶ Nov. 21 at 2:30: "Beau Brummel" (1924), directed by Harry Beaumont, with John Barrymore, Mary Astor, and Irene Rich. . . . ¶ Nov. 21 at 6: "Prairie Fire" (1977), directed by Rob Nilsson and John Hanson; and "Voice of the People" (1977), a documentary on the elections in India in 1977. . . . ¶ Nov. 23 at 2:30: "Un'Avventura di Salvatore Rosa" (1940), in Italian, directed by Alessandro Blasetti, with Gino Cervi, Luisa Ferida, and Rina Morelli; English subtitles. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Nov. 19: "Killer of Sheep" (1977-78), directed by Charles Burnett, with Henry G. Sanders, Kaycee Moore, Charles Bracy, and Angela Burnett. . . . ¶ Starting Nov. 21: A program of films by Bigelow, De Landa, and Ferguson. Showings at noon, 2, and 4 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

FILM FORUM, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—Nov. 16-19: "The Wrong Move" (1975), in German, directed by Wim Wenders, with Rüdiger Vogler and Hanna Schygulla; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Starting Nov. 23: "The Wedding Camels" (1978), in Turkana, directed by David and Judith MacDougall, a documentary on the Turkana people of Kenya; English subtitles. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

AGNUS DEI (1970)—Directed by Miklós Jancsó. In Hungarian. (Little Theatre; Nov. 18-19.)

ALL THAT HEAVEN ALLOWS (1956)—A trashy love story about the attraction between a natural man (Rock Hudson, as a New England tree surgeon) and a frustrated-by-respectability rich widow (Jane Wyman) who is some fifteen years older than he and has two grown children. Hudson and Wyman are hardly an electric combination, but this Ross Hunter production is made with such consistent symbolism that some people see it as allegorical. Its reputation derives from the slurpy, peculiarly glossy intensity of Douglas Sirk's direction. Sirk's blend of Germanic kitsch and Hollywood kitsch has been a major influence on the young German director Fassbinder, whose work is a further formalization of Sirk's schematic sentimentality. With Agnes Moorehead and Gigi Perreau. (Thalia; Nov. 21.)

AUTUMN LEAVES (1956)—Robert Aldrich, piling on the garish melodrama and working up a storm of emotional anguish. He holds your attention even though some part of you is giggling while you watch Joan Crawford take as her husband Cliff Robertson, who is not well in the head. He tosses objects at her (including a standard typewriter), and she heaves, gasps, and rolls her large eyes, but persists in being understanding. What's eating him is that in his first marriage (to Vera Miles) he was cuckolded by his own rotten dad (Lorne Greene). It eventually becomes evident to the hand-wringing, knuckle-gnawing Crawford that *something* has to be done, but not until after she does a lot of striding up and down. (Thalia; Nov. 21.)

AUTUMN SONATA—Just when Americans seem to be getting over that fifties craziness of children's blaming everything on their parents, we're getting it back from Ingmar Bergman. Eva (Liv Ullmann), a spiritually distraught, dowdy woman of perhaps thirty-five or forty, the wife of a pastor in rural Norway, invites Charlotte (Ingrid Bergman), her majestically worldly concert-pianist mother, to come for a visit. Then she goes at her mother with the impacted rage of a lifetime, accusing Charlotte of having deserted her when she was a child by going off to give concerts, and of never loving her. The whole film is like the grievances of someone who has just gone into therapy—Mother did this to me, she did that to me, and that and that and that. Ullmann enters into Ingmar Bergman's disturbed emotions and puts them on the screen just as he desires; neither of them does the shaping job of an artist here. It's a gruelling, unconvincing movie. Ingrid Bergman is the one likable performer. With Lena Nyman and Halvar Björk. In Swedish. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/6/78.) (Baronet.)

L'AVVENTURA (1959)—Antonioni's study of the human condition at the higher social and economic levels—a study of adjusted, compromising modern man, afflicted by short memory, thin remorse, the capacity for easy betrayal. The characters are active only in trying to discharge their anxiety: sex is their sole means of contact. Too shallow to be truly lonely, they are people trying to escape their boredom by reaching out to one another and finding only boredom once again. Because the film is subtle and ascetic, yet laborious about revealing its meanings, it suggests Henry James when he "chewed more than he bit off." Visually, it's extraordinary: a calm hangs over everything—Antonioni's space is a vacuum in which people are aimlessly moving. Searchers and lost are all the same: disparate, without goals or joy. This is upper-class neorealism—the poetry of moral and spiritual poverty. There had been nothing like it before, and it isn't fair to blame this movie for all the elegant sleepwalking and desolation that followed. There's something great here—a new mood, a new emotional rhythm—even with all the affectation. Lea Massari is the woman who quarrels with her architect lover (Gabriele Ferzetti) and then disappears from the uninhabited island they're visiting; Monica Vitti is her friend who takes up the search and then takes her place with the architect. Also with Dominique Blanchar. Cinematography by Aldo Scavarda; script by Elio Bartolini, Tonino Guerra, and Antonioni. In Italian. (Thalia; Nov. 19-20.)

THE BIG FIX—A counterculture detective story, with a wisecracking detective—Moses Wine (Richard Dreyfuss)—who isn't the usual cynical down-at-the-heels private eye; he's warm and Jewish and disillusioned, with two sons to support from a failed marriage. The

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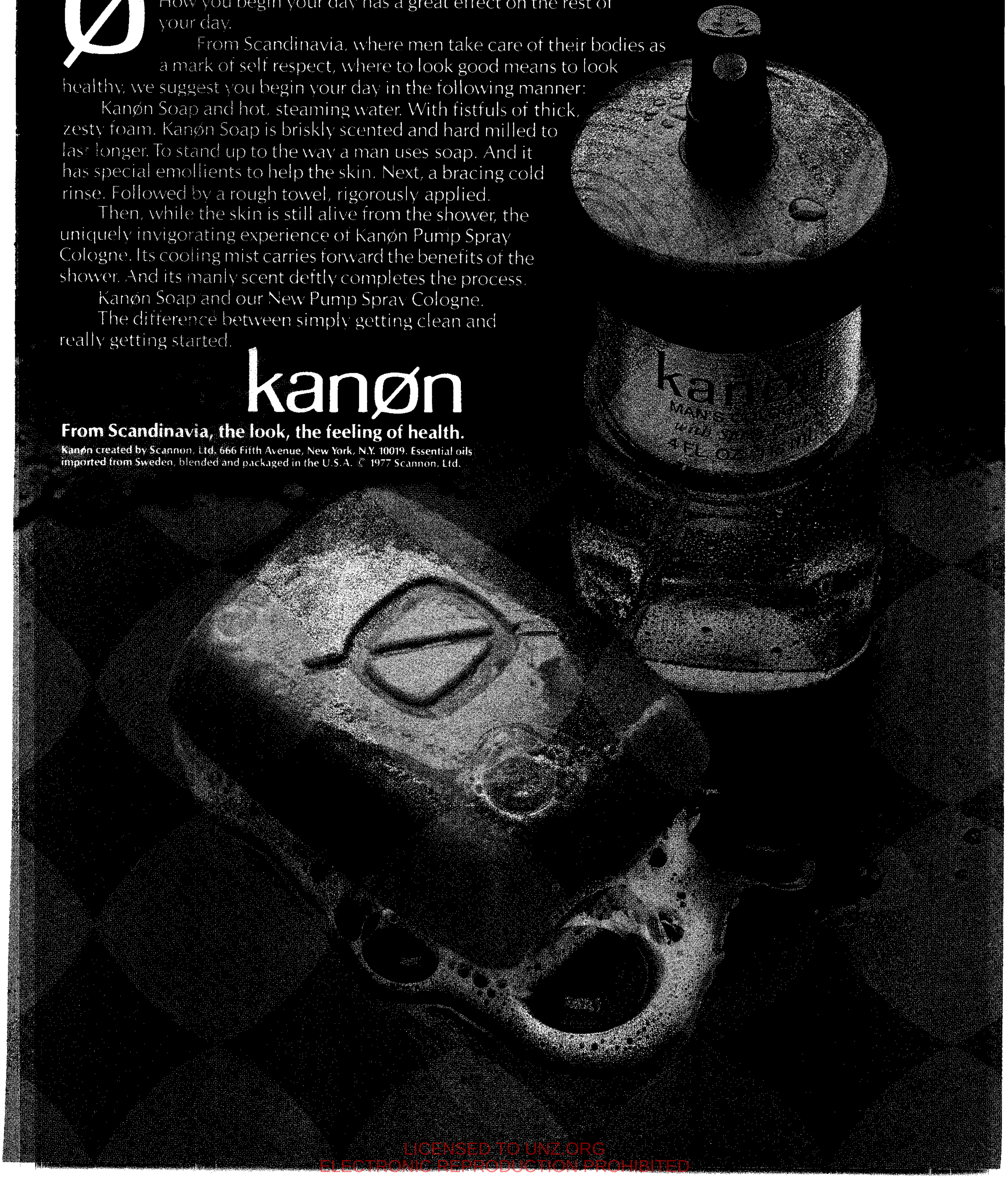

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S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			15	16	17	18
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film's nostalgia for the great days of Berkeley in the late sixties—for the sit-ins, the strikes, the antiwar demonstrations—is like a form of intellectual mildew. The film uses "Berkeley" the way Stalinists used "Spain"—to set off waves of guilt and sadness. The plot involves someone's attempt to sabotage the campaign of the liberal candidate for Governor of California by dirty tricks, but the director, Jeremy Paul Kagan, doesn't draw our attention to the vital plot elements or provide enough visual emphasis and clarity for us to see who is chasing whom, or even who is in the scenes. The movie seems to have been photographed through sludge. Dreyfuss acts like a puppy surprising his master with little tricks he's thought of all by himself; you feel he wants petting after each scene. With a remarkable satirical performance by F. Murray Abraham as an Abbie Hoffman-like sloganeering radical, who bounces up and down gleefully, out of sheer kinetic high spirits, and with Susan Anspach, Bonnie Bedelia, John Lithgow, and Rita Karin. From Roger L. Simon's adaptation of his own 1973 novel. (10/23/78) (Playboy, and Olympia; through Nov. 21. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; starting Nov. 17.)

The Boys from Brazil—Franklin J. Schaffner's large-scale version of Ira Levin's novel about Nazi experiments in cloning is too logy and literal-minded for suspense, and when an actor like Gregory Peck plays a sadistic Nazi geneticist and speaks in an arch-villain's sibilant German accent, you can't keep from laughing. He looks particularly bad because he's playing opposite Laurence Olivier, who is the aged hero, a famous Nazi-hunter. In fact, Olivier is the only reason to see this movie. It starts from the dumb idea that Hitler's closest associates—whom he dragged down with him—would want him cloned. Nazism here is comic-book mythology, a consumer product. With James Mason, Rosemary Harris, Bruno Ganz, Uta Hagen, and Lilli Palmer. (10/9/78) (Coronet, and Little Carnegie.)

Bread and Chocolate—With Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina, directed by Franco Brusati. In Italian. (Art, Trans-Lux 85th St., and Embassy 72nd St.)

The Bridge (1961)—Bernhard Wicki directed this brutally cool and lucid account of how German schoolboys were drafted in the last days of the Second World War and insanely and absurdly sacrificed. Oddly, the film has acquired a following among conservatives and militarists who think the massacred innocents died nobly. In German. (Thalia; Nov. 17-18.)

Caravans—Based on the James A. Michener novel, with Anthony Quinn, Jennifer O'Neill, and Michael Sarrazin. Directed by James Fargo. (Music Hall.)

Casey's Shadow—Walter Matthau, full of his usual wit and humor, and with his appealing crumpled face, in a horse movie that is one of the nicest things in a long time to take a child to. (Midtown; through Nov. 21.)

Cat Ballou (1965)—A self-consciously cute parody Western about a girl train robber (Jane Fonda), a lovable old drunken wreck of a gunfighter (Lee Marvin), two gun-shy young cattle rustlers (Michael Callan, Dwayne Hickman), a bronco-busting Indian (Tom Nardini), and assorted robberies, killings, and wisecracks. There are occasional good lines and some nice things: Nat King Cole singing "They'll Never Make Her Cry;" Lee Marvin's ritual preparations for a gunfight; Marvin mistaking funeral candles for a birthday celebration. But mainly it is full of sort-of-funny and trying-to-be-funny ideas. The director Elliot Silverstein's spoofy tone is ineptitude, coyly disguised. (Regency; Nov. 21-22.)

The Cheap Detective—Written by Neil Simon for the producer Ray Stark. If Simon were on the moon, he would still write films for Ray Stark or plays for millions of people and dollars. This has Peter Falk in a thin imitation of Humphrey Bogart—thin because it catches Bogart's mannerisms without his cast of thought—and a host of beautiful women, including Louise Fletcher, Ann-Margret, Stockard Channing, Madeline Kahn, Marsha Mason. The picture is facetious, but its freshness manages to take the sting out of death. (7/3/78) (Midtown; through Nov. 21. . . . ¶ Cinema Village; Nov. 22-23.)

Children of Paradise (1945)—A one-of-a-kind film: a sumptuous, romantic epic about the relations between theatre and life, written with wit by Jacques Prévert, and beautifully directed by Marcel Carné. Made during the Occupation but set in the Paris of Balzac, with Jean-Louis Barrault, the incomparable Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 23.)

Chinatown (1974)—A thriller for grownups—more about greed than about blood-spilling—directed by Roman Polanski. John Huston plays a Biblical figure called Noah Cross; Faye Dunaway is a mysteriously widowed beauty called Mrs. Mulwray, who hires a private eye (Jack Nicholson) to solve the puzzle of her husband's death. The film, set in the thirties, from a script by Robert Towne, is wickedly skillful and funny, and socially alert. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Nov. 17.)

Comes a Horseman—This Western, set during the Second World War and starring Jane Fonda and James Caan, and Jason Robards as an evil cattle baron, is so self-conscious about its themes that nothing in the storytelling occurs naturally. Basically, the story is a variant of the evil land-grabber who is determined to take the land of the honest, hardworking rancher: now the honest rancher is a woman. But it's a film of few words (and about a quarter of them mangled by the sound recording), and the melodrama is smothered under sullen, overcast skies—how can you get involved in the conflict between the good guys and the bad guys if you can't even see them? Has the director, Alan J. Pakula, become perversely artistic, or is it that he let his cinematographer, Gordon Willis, get carried away? The film's dark, overblown pictorial style works against the exhilaration possible in the Western genre. Caan gives his lines wryly humorous readings, but Fonda's acting is disappointingly constricted, though she looks great in her tan weather-beaten makeup and tight jeans. With Richard Farnsworth, in a likable performance as the old cowhand, and George Grizzard as the banker. From a script by Dennis Lynton Clark. (11/13/78) (Trans-Lux East, Greenwich, and Criterion.)

The Confrontation (1968)—Directed by Miklós Jancsó. In Hungarian. (Little Theatre; Nov. 18-19.)

Days of Heaven—An eloquent and important film about Americanness and the pangs of exile. Terrence Malick wrote and directed the picture, set in Texas in 1916. There is little or no sense of our being in a country about to enter a world war; we are in an entirely cut-off land of wheat fields that are more brightly lit than the characters' lives. (9/18/78) (Cinema I.)

Death on the Nile—Anthony Shaffer's adaptation of Agatha Christie's 1937 novel has wit and edge and structure—too much structure, as it turns out, for the methodical pacing of the director, John Guillermin. The movie is fatally perfunctory about emotion, atmosphere, suspense. But if the over-all effect is disappointing, from moment to moment the details are never less than engaging, and are often knobby and funny. The steamer, full of victims and suspects, has a passenger list that includes Maggie Smith, in a triumphantly mannered performance, as a nurse-companion, and Angela Lansbury, in a superlative caricature, as a wreck of a vamp. Peter Ustinov is an ideal fatuous, vain Hercule Poirot. With Mia Farrow, Bette Davis, I. S. Johar as the Indian manager of the cruise ship, Simon MacCorkindale, Jon Finch, Jack Warden, David Niven, Olivia Hussey, Harry Andrews, Jane Birkin, and, regrettably, Lois Chiles and George Kennedy. (10/23/78) (34th St. East, Loews Tower East, and Forum.)

Diabolique (1955)—The setting is a French provincial school for boys; the headmaster's wife (Vera Clouzot) and mistress (Simone Signoret) conspire to murder him. It sounds simple, but the characters seem fearfully knowing, and there are undertones of strange, tainted pleasures and punishments. According to the director, Henri-Georges Clouzot, "I sought only to amuse myself and the little child who sleeps in all our hearts—the child who hides her head under the bedcovers and begs, 'Daddy, Daddy, frighten me.' " Clouzot does it, all right; his Grand Guignol techniques are so calculatedly grisly that they seem silly, yet they succeed in making one feel queasy and sordid and scared. (Some people may feel too queasy to find the film really pleasurable.) With Paul Meurisse as the malignant headmaster, and Charles Vanel, Noel Roquevert, and Michel Serrault. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 20.)

Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands—Directed by Bruno Barreto. In Portuguese. (72nd Street East; Nov. 17-21.)

A Dream of Passion—With Melina Mercouri and Ellen Burstyn, directed by Jules Dassin. In English and Greek. (Gemini 2.)

The End of the World in Our Usual Bed in a Night Full of Rain—Except for flashbacks, Lina Wertmüller's first film in English takes place during one very wet night. A Communist Italian journalist (Giancarlo Giannini) and a rich American feminist photojournalist (Candice Bergen) have been married ten years, and in all that time they've been having sexual intercourse only in the missionary position. On this night, she suggests that she'd like to try something else, and there's much dishevelment, hysteria, shrieking, and running out into the rain—and the marriage collapses. The entire film has a tutti-frutti romanticism, and parts of it rank with such classics of camp as "Youngblood Hawke" and "The Barefoot Contessa." (2/6/78) (Cinema Village; Nov. 19-20.)

Foul Play—With Goldie Hawn and Chevy Chase, directed by Colin Higgins. (Embassy. . . . ¶ Playboy; starting Nov. 22.)

A Free Soul (1931)—This melodrama was a sensational success. Adela Rogers St. John, the daughter of a lawyer, wrote the story, about a brilliant alcoholic lawyer (Lionel Barrymore) whose independent, "free" daughter (Norma Shearer) has a hot affair with a man whom her father had got acquitted on a murder charge—a racketeer known as Ace (Clark Gable). Shearer's acting is dreadful, but she was in her bold-indiscreet-modern-woman period and looks sexily undressed in her silky Adrian gowns, and Gable had erotic menace in his villainous role. Things get fairly maudlin when high-minded Leslie Howard, Shearer's former fiancé, shoots Gable and is defended by Barrymore, and Barrymore hams fearfully (he got an Academy Award for it), but it's a vintage "daring" movie in the glossy-hokey M-G-M style. Clarence Brown directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 21.)

The Front (1976)—The writer, Walter Bernstein, had a nifty comedy idea—to make a movie about the blacklisting in the entertainment industry during the McCarthy era, centering on a political innocent who fronts for blacklisted writers—but he didn't develop its comic potential. Woody Allen gives the film its only spark. He plays Howie, a restaurant cashier and small-time bookie who becomes a front; the funniest, most original scenes show the stirrings of literary vanity within this non-writer. Most of the film, though, is set up like a wartime anti-Nazi melodrama; it's the good guys versus the bad guys, and Howie becomes the Everyman who has to learn to choose sides. The pacing of the director, Martin Ritt, is off, the sequences don't flow, and the film seems sterile, unpopulated, and flat. (Midtown; starting Nov. 22.)

Gate of Hell (1954)—Exquisitely designed and photographed, and directed by Teinosuke Kinugasa with a delicate feeling for flowing movement. The setting is twelfth-century Kyoto; the story, which resembles "The Rape of Lucrece," is about a warrior's passion for a married noblewoman (Machiko Kyo). In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 21.)

Gray Lady Down—With Charlton Heston, David Carradine, and Stacy Keach; directed by David Greene. (Olympia; through Nov. 21.)

Grease—John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John in an evocation of the fifties at high school. The movie runs on pure ozone, good times, and an easy homesickness for a past

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decade that the people who lived through it will not find particularly missable. (6/26/78) (Embassy. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, and Loews 83rd Quad; through Nov. 16.)

Gumshoe (1972)—Albert Finney in a funny and rather stirring English film, directed by Stephen Frears and written by Neville Smith, about the private-eye adventures of a Liverpool lad who is an aged thirty-one. In a mood of self-sendup, he fancies himself as Bogart, but he probably prefers his other life, as a comic in workingmen's clubs. (Cinema Village; Nov. 22-23.)

Heaven Can Wait—We all can wait for something better, in spite of the acting contributions of Warren Beatty, as a dead football player intent on being reincarnated; of Julie Christie, as a gutsy English girl in love with him; of James Mason, as a heavenly guardian angel; and—most startling of all—in spite of a script by the tremendously intelligent Elaine May, in collaboration with Warren Beatty. (7/10/78) (Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East, and Olympia; starting Nov. 22.)

High Society (1956)—Musical remake of "The Philadelphia Story" with Grace Kelly in the Hepburn role, Bing Crosby, Frank Sinatra, Celeste Holm, John Lund, Louis Calhern, Sidney Blackmer, and Louis Armstrong, who, at the opening, does a fine scat-patter number explaining the plot. Everything that follows is a letdown. Charles Walters directed; the songs are by Cole Porter. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 22-23.)

How to Marry a Millionaire (1953)—Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, and Lauren Bacall working their terrific varied resources up to the hilt in a funny Jean Negulesco comedy about getting themselves three stinking-rich beloveds. The Nunnally Johnson script epitomizes something about the Hollywood of the time: professional, slick, very like the best of the knowing TV commercials that we see now. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 17-18.)

Innocence Unprotected (1968)—A tricky and sophisticated Yugoslav film, by Dusan Makavejev, in which he comments on the first Serbian sound film—an underground melodrama made in 1942 and featuring an acrobat—by bringing the character up to date. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 20.)

Interiors—A giant stride made by Woody Allen, who has written and directed a magnificent study of a family in the midst of change. Nearly all the members of the family are afflicted by the pressures of a society that puts a premium on "self-expression." With Geraldine Page, E. G. Marshall, Maureen Stapleton, Diane Keaton, Marybeth Hurt. (8/7/78) (Quad Cinema, Festival, and New Yorker.)

Kiss Me Kate (1953)—There is Kathryn Grayson's trilling to contend with, and Ann Miller's tick-tock tapping, but once past those hurdles anyone who loves musical comedy can enjoy the marvellous Cole Porter score, Howard Keel's strong baritone and good humor, and the dancing of Tommy Rall, Bobby Van, and Bob Fosse. Keenan Wynn and James Whitmore also turn up, and Carol Haney, too. George Sidney directed. The Broadway show, based on "The Taming of the Shrew," has been cleaned up and overtamed, but there's still flavor in it. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 22-23.)

The Last Supper—A few years back, Tomás Gutiérrez Alea's oddly quizzical "Memories of Underdevelopment," made in Fidel's Cuba, startled dyed-in-the-wool reactionaries. Now, he has made "The Last Supper," set on a Cuban sugar plantation in the late eighteenth century in Holy Week. In an expression of fake camaraderie and bland religiosity, a bewigged white count, who casts himself as Jesus, invites twelve of his black slaves to an enactment of Christ's feast. A frail, overdecorated man, the count is one of Cuba's biggest sugar-growers and unable to absorb the changes of the Industrial Revolution; the slaves are a threat, yes, but they are more familiar than the strange machines he is getting from England. The feast of Maundy Thursday, filmed in brownish black and filled with the clattering of knives and forks used by people more accustomed to eating with their fingers, begins in nervous conviviality and ends with the count asleep and the slaves reverting to happy Africanism. The familiarity of that Thursday is one for which the slaves pay dearly as Easter goes on. A remarkable film from Fidel's Cuba—or, indeed, from anywhere else; it says a great deal about élitism and revolution. In Spanish. (5/15/78) (Little Theatre; starting Nov. 21.)

Lilith (1964)—Jean Seberg is the demonic, corrupt Lilith, a patient in an elegant Maryland asylum who wants to "leave the mark of her desire on every living thing in the world;" Warren Beatty is the trainee therapist who finds her madness seductive. This high-toned, humorless attempt to create a mystic enigma was the last work of Robert Rossen, who adapted the J. P. Salamanca novel and directed; it's an unusual sort of disaster—full of symbols, chitchat about schizophrenic spiders, and exquisite cinematography (by Eugen Shuftan), and utterly lacking in energy and depth. Beatty gives his most irritating performance: he broods over each bit of dialogue for an eternity, his heavy eyelids flickering. With Peter Fonda, Kim Hunter, Gene Hackman, Jessica Walter, Anne Meacham, and René Auberjonois; the score is by Kenyon Hopkins. (Regency; Nov. 21-22.)

Lola (1962)—This first film by Jacques Demy is like an adolescent's dream of romance, formed from old movies. Lola (Anouk Aimée) is simple and open, an untalented and not too bright cabaret dancer, a vulnerable, sentimental girl. The film gives us life rose-tinted—a lovely, quirky mixture of French-movie worldliness and wisdom and defeat circa 1939 and the innocent cheerfulness of the Gene Kelly-Frank Sinatra M-G-M musicals of the forties ("Anchors Aweigh," "On the Town"), with their generous, shy sailors, kind to kids and looking for love. The movie gently mocks romantic movie effects, which it employs more romantically than ever. Characters suddenly get rich or are stranded on an island, and Lola's dreams come true—and not just her dreams but her illusions. What makes the film enchanting is its escapism; this is a poetic world in which illusions are vindicated. Lola, abandoned by her sailor lover, brings up their son in the best sentimental, good-hearted-bad-girl movie tradition, believing all the time that her man will return, and, because she sustains her faith in this illusion, he does return, fabulously rich and still in love with her and eager to receive his child, and they drive off into a bright future as the other cabaret girls weep in unison at the soul-satisfying beauty of it all. Lola, in top hat and boa for her night-club act, is herself a quotation—an homage to Dietrich's "Lola Lola" of "The Blue Angel," but only to the effervescent and harmless half, and the ending is all our movie dreams rolled into one and come true. (In Demy's 1964 "The Umbrellas of Cherbourg," the melancholy diamond merchant who sings "Once, I Loved a Woman named Lola," is played by the actor who had indeed been the young drifter who loved her and lost her in this film, and Demy continued the story of Lola in his 1969 American film "Model Shop," but he lost the lyricism, and she became dull and ethereal.) In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 21.)

Lord Love a Duck (1966)—George Axelrod's malicious and funny survey of late-sixties teen-aging. With Roddy McDowall and Tuesday Weld. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 22.)

The Lord of the Rings—An animated film based on the J. R. R. Tolkien story, directed by Ralph Bakshi. (Ziegfeld.)

Magic—With Anthony Hopkins, Ann-Margret, Burgess Meredith, and Ed Lauter; directed by Richard Attenborough. (Gramercy, Beekman, Paramount, and National.)

The Manchurian Candidate (1962)—A witty, far-out thriller about political extremists, with some chilling moments. George Axelrod adapted the Richard Condon novel, and John Frankenheimer came to life as a director. With Angela Lansbury, Frank Sinatra, Laurence Harvey, Janet Leigh, James Gregory, and John McGiver. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 17-18.)

Memories of Underdevelopment (1973)—A beautifully complicated and subtle picture from Cuba, with an actor named Sergio Corrieri playing a thirty-eight-year-old writer whose sense of stasis must practically amount to counterrevolution in Castro's new society. The sophisticated flashes of happiness, yearning, and discontent that are expressed so freely in the picture are a political as well as a filmmaking wonder. The director, who would rank with the highest in Europe, is Tomás

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Gutiérrez Alea. He also wrote the screenplay, from a novel by Edmundo Desnoes. In Spanish. (Little Theatre; starting Nov. 21.)

Midnight Express—With Brad Davis, Randy Quaid, John Hurt, and Mike Kellin; directed by Alan Parker. (Gemini 1, and R.K.O. 86th St. . . . ¶ Loews State 2; through Nov. 16. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; starting Nov. 17.)

Movie Movie—With George C. Scott, Trish Van Devere, Art Carney, and Eli Wallach; directed by Stanley Donen. (Sutton; starting Nov. 22.)

National Lampoon's Animal House—A beery piece that has its amiably funny flashes about the American college system, but more often consists of what is called undergraduate humor. Directed by John Landis. (8/14/78) (U.A. East, Waverly, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy 1.)

La Notte (1962)—In Antonioni's earlier "L'Avventura," which was also about the moral and spiritual poverty of the rich, his architectural sense was integral to the theme and characters; here, the abstract elements take over, and the drama becomes glacial. And his conception is distasteful; his characters seem to find glamour in their own desolation and emptiness. They are cardboard intellectuals—a sort of international café society—and their lassitude seems an empty pose. Mastroianni plays a blank-faced famous novelist; as his wife, Jeanne Moreau walks endlessly, with the camera fixated on her rear; and Monica Vitti is a brunette with money up to her ears and nothing to do. In Italian. (Thalia; Nov. 19-20.)

October (1927; also called "Ten Days That Shook the World")—Eisenstein followed "Potemkin" with this epic celebrating the ten days in 1917 during which the Bolsheviks overthrew the Kerensky government. It continues his striking experimental methods—the violent juxtapositions, the use of visual symbols to communicate abstract ideas, and the concept of masses as hero. The movie also has a niche in the history of political falsification: the Soviet government commissioned the film for the tenth anniversary of the Revolution, but it was not shown. Trotsky was one of the main characters in Eisenstein's original version and Trotsky at the time was organizing demonstrations against the Communist Party; Eisenstein had to spend five months reëditing the work to dislodge Trotsky from his place in the making of the Revolution. Even this edited version was later banned, as "formalist." And, indeed, it is a rather cold film; this certainly can't be said of "Potemkin" or of his brutal, bloody 1924 "Strike," which has a charge and a sense of a new direction. The satire in "October" is heavy-handed, and its visual puns are too simpleminded. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 22.)

Once in Paris—With Wayne Rogers, Gayle Hunnicutt, and Jack Lenoir; directed by Frank D. Gilroy. (68th St. Playhouse.)

The One and Only—With Henry Winkler and Kim Darby, directed by Carl Reiner. (Olympia; starting Nov. 22.)

Panique (1946)—Julien Duvivier's psychological thriller is a devastatingly effective job of visual storytelling. Michel Simon is the stranger in a Paris suburb who is framed for murder; Viviane Romance and her lover, Paul Bernard, are the ones who trap him. The sordid, intriguingly nasty movie—taken, inevitably, from a Simenon novel—has some pretensions toward being a parable of sadistic injustice; on that level, it can't be taken very seriously. But in terms of how the sequences are planned, and how they build, it's an unusual, near-perfect piece of film craftsmanship. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 20.)

Paradise Alley—Based on the Sylvester Stallone novel, with Stallone, Lee Canalito, and Armand Assante. Directed by Stallone. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews Ciné, and Rivoli.)

Point of Order! (1964)—Joe McCarthy himself is the star of this documentary film, made from the original TV kinescopes of the Army-McCarthy hearings of 1954. (8th St. Playhouse; Nov. 15.)

The Red and the White (1968)—The Hungarian film director Miklós Jancsó's film about the Russian Civil War of 1918, with Hungarians and Russians helplessly fighting the Cossacks. Jancsó's films are like Bresson's: out of extremely physical material they make something austere and concerned with metaphysics. In Hungarian and Russian. (Little Theatre; Nov. 15.)

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The Round Up (1965)—Jancsó made this beautiful study of men under pressure. It is about Kossuth's followers—twenty years after Kossuth's 1848 rising against the Austrian rulers—penned into a corral in the middle of the great Hungarian plain together with apolitical peasants who are in equal danger from a canny, highborn lackey of the Hapsburgs. In black and white and in Hungarian. (Little Theatre; Nov. 15.)

Red Psalm (1972)—Directed by Miklós Jancsó. In Hungarian. (Little Theatre; Nov. 17.)

Revenge of the Pink Panther—Peter Sellers once again as the expert in *gaffes*, Inspector Clouseau, whose armored ineptitude periodically drives Herbert Lom, as his boss, into mental institutions. Story by Blake Edwards, and directed by him. (7/31/78) (Midtown; starting Nov. 22.)

Riptide (1934)—Norma Shearer, in satin, as a wife torn between her jealous husband, Herbert Marshall, and the ready arms of Robert Montgomery—both men in white tie and tails. This M-G-M melodrama with a few songs was made when Shearer was still at her star peak, and though the vehicle is a turgid, glossy bummer, audiences gobbled it up. The legendary Mrs. Patrick Campbell is in the cast, and Ralph Forbes, and slinky, funny Lilyan Tashman. Edmund Goulding directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 21.)

The Seven Year Itch (1955)—All that most people remember of this labored farce is the sequence with Marilyn Monroe standing on a New York subway grating when a train whooshes by; the air sends her skirt swirling up to her shoulders. The director, Billy Wilder, and George Axelrod reshaped Axelrod's Broadway hit about the summertime flirtation of a shy married man (Tom Ewell) in order to build up Monroe's role. Wilder flails away at such gags as a plumber (Victor Moore) dropping a wrench in a bathtub occupied by Monroe, who has caught her toe in the faucet. With Evelyn Keyes, Sonny Tufts, Robert Strauss, Oscar Homolka, Carolyn Jones, and Doro Merande. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 17-18.)

Shampoo (1975)—Warren Beatty, as a Beverly Hills hairdresser, in a sex roundelay set in the Beatles sixties of miniskirts and strobe lights. Exploited for gags, this yummy idea for a movie might have turned into no more than a saucy romp, but the way it has been done, the joke expands the more you think about it. The people whirling in and out of bed include Julie Christie, Goldie Hawn, Jack Warden, Lee Grant, Tony Bill, and Carrie Fisher. Hal Ashby directed this sophisticated farce from a script by Robert Towne and Beatty (who was also the producer). (St. Marks Cinema; through Nov. 16.)

Silence and Cry (1968)—Directed by Miklós Jancsó. In Hungarian. (Little Theatre; Nov. 16.)

Slow Dancing in the Big City—With Paul Sorvino and Anne Ditchburn, directed by John G. Avildsen. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema II.)

El Topo (1971)—A spaghetti Western in the style of Luis Buñuel, and tinsel all the way. The writer-director-star, Alexandro Jodorowsky, plays with symbols and ideas and enigmas so promiscuously that the confusion may be mistaken for depth. He has some feeling for pace and for sadistic comedy, but the principal appeal of the movie is as a violent fantasy—like head comics. (8th St. Playhouse; starting Nov. 16.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg (1964)—A sweetly sung tale of young love unable not to lose its way. Credit for this fearlessly sentimental triumph goes to Jacques Demy, who wrote and directed it, and Michel Legrand, who composed the score. The lovers are played by Catherine Deneuve and Nino Castelnuovo. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 21.)

Up in Smoke—You don't have to be an insider to see the humor in dopers' single-minded, never-ending quest for great grass. This piece of stoned-hippie foolishness, starring the comedy team Cheech and Chong, who wrote the script, is fairly consistently funny. With Zane Buzby as the speed freak, and June Fairchild as the woman who snorts Ajax. Directed by Lou Adler. (10/9/78) (D. W. Griffith, Loews 83rd Quad, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Nov. 21.)

Violette—With Isabelle Huppert, Stéphane Audran, and Jean Carmet; directed by Claude Chabrol. In French. (Paris.)

Watership Down—An animated film, based on the Richard Adams story. Directed by Martin Rosen, with the voices of Zero Mostel, Ralph Richardson, Harry Andrews, John Bennett, and Denholm Elliott. (Bay Cinema, Eastside Cinema, and Guild.)

A Wedding—Robert Altman's satirical farce takes place during a single day, starting with a family-only Episcopal-church wedding and then moving from the church to the reception at the groom's family mansion, in a North Shore suburb of Chicago. The forty-eight members of the cast (especially Carol Burnett, Pat McCormick, and Amy Stryker) do many charming things, but the flimsy movie is bitter in a concealed, dry, facile way. (10/2/78) (Cinema 3. . . . ¶ Sutton; through Nov. 21. No evening performances on Monday, Nov. 20. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting Nov. 22.)

Who Is Killing the Great Chefs of Europe?—Robert Morley's legs, his arms, and even his head are appendages of his stomach. In this macabre farce, he plays Max, the editor of a gourmet magazine, and he enters his scenes by pointing his gut and then following it—the legs are a distance behind, holding it up. Max is an imperious child, ruling the world of haute cuisine. At seventy, the incomparable Morley is clearly overjoyed at having this chance to play an enfant terrible. It's a completely controlled debauch: he knows the precise effects of his pendulous scowl, his sagging lower lip and trembling jellyfish chins; he knows that his eyes are so close together that when he knits his bushy brows the wiry hairs commingle and he's a cartoon. The director, Ted Kotcheff, doesn't have the reserve for the debonair slapstick ghoulishness intended by the scriptwriter, Peter Stone; the film is pushed and bumpy. But bad as it is, it's spirited, it's fun. With Jacqueline Bisset, Jean-Pierre Cassel, Stefano Satta Flores, Philippe Noiret, Jean Rochefort, and, as the romantic lead, George Segal, who looks as if he hasn't slept for four years—his smile is like a wince. From the book by Nan and Ivan Lyons. (11/13/78) (Quad Cinema.)

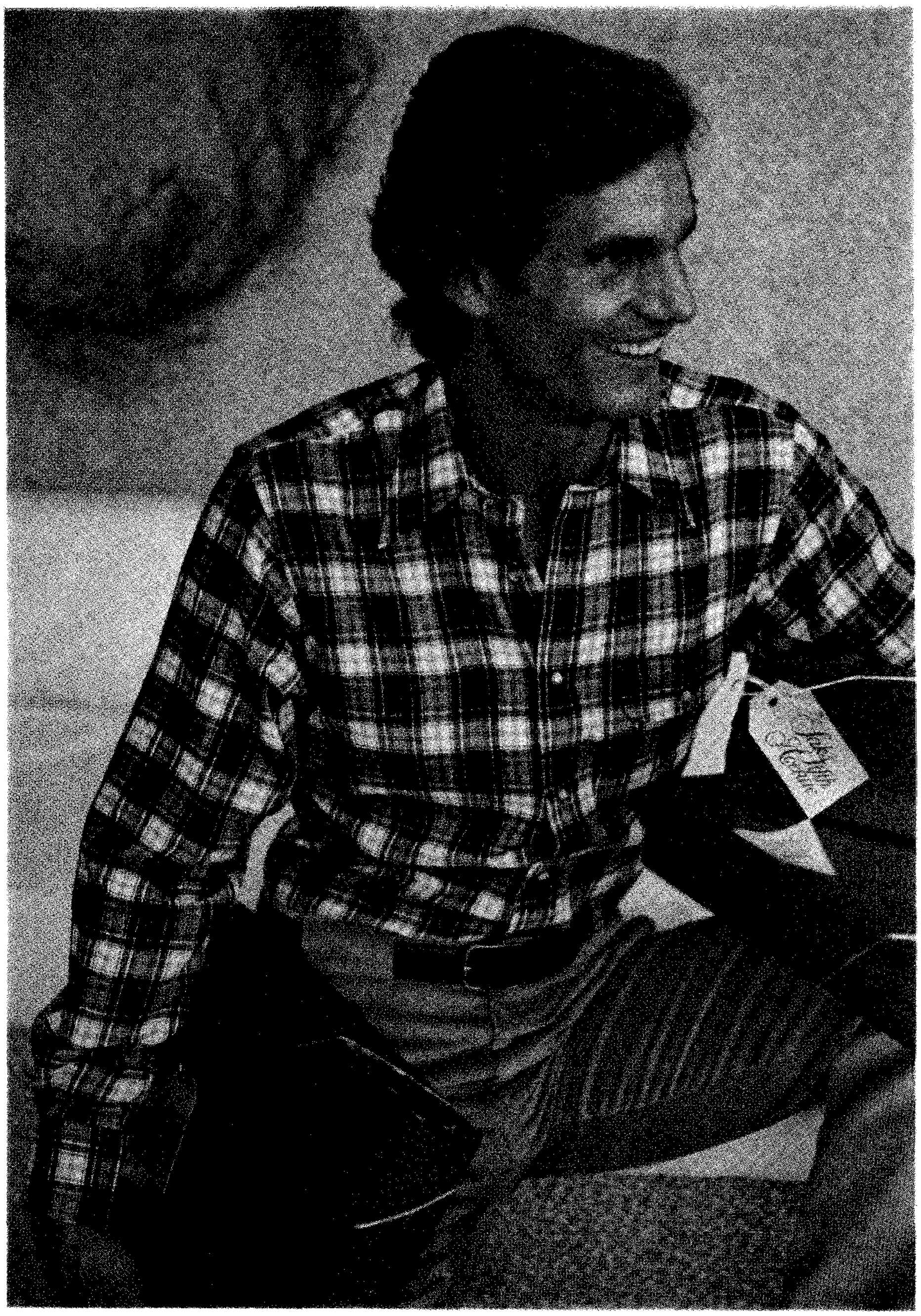
The Wild Geese—With Richard Burton, Roger Moore, Richard Harris, Hardy Krüger, and Stewart Granger; directed by Andrew V. McLaglen. (R.K.O. 86th St., and Loews State 1.)

Winter Wind (1970)—With Jacques Charrier, directed by Miklós Jancsó. In French. (Little Theatre; Nov. 16.)

The Wiz—With Diana Ross in the lead, Dorothy is now a shy schoolteacher in Harlem, and Diana Ross's shy is like Sergeant Bilko's modest. Fervently wet-eyed, she sings songs of preachy uplift in relentlessly slow arrangements. Nipsey Russell (as the Tinman) is able to ride right over the film's muddy carelessness, and a sweetness comes through the Pagliacci makeup that Michael Jackson wears as the Scarecrow, and Mabel King, who plays the Wicked Witch, has a hot growly song. But this film brings out all the weaknesses of its director, Sidney Lumet, and none of his strengths. The whole production has a stagnant atmosphere, and the big dance numbers are free-form traffic jams. Charlie Small's score for the Broadway show has been padded out with some new music, and adapted by Quincy Jones; the maladroit script is by Joel Schumacher. With Lena Horne, Richard Pryor, and Ted Ross. (10/30/78) (Murray Hill, Plaza, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Wonder Bar (1934)—A huge Warner Brothers musical with Al Jolson, Dick Powell, Dolores Del Rio, Kay Francis, Ricardo Cortez, and everybody else on the lot. Busby Berkeley did the choreography, and Harry Warren and Al Dubin wrote the songs, which include "Why Do I Dream Those Dreams?" and "Going to Heaven on a Mule." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 19.)

Word Is Out—A documentary based on conversations with twenty-six homosexual men and women. (8th St. Playhouse; Nov. 15.)



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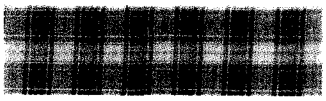

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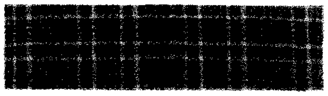

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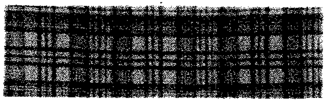

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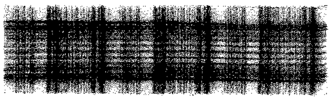

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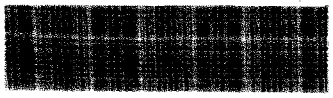

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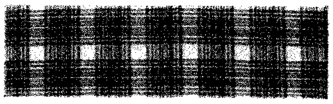

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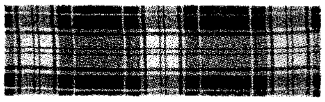

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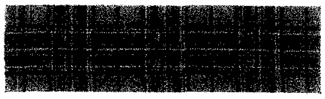

7B
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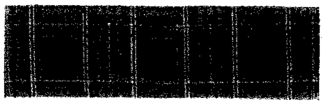

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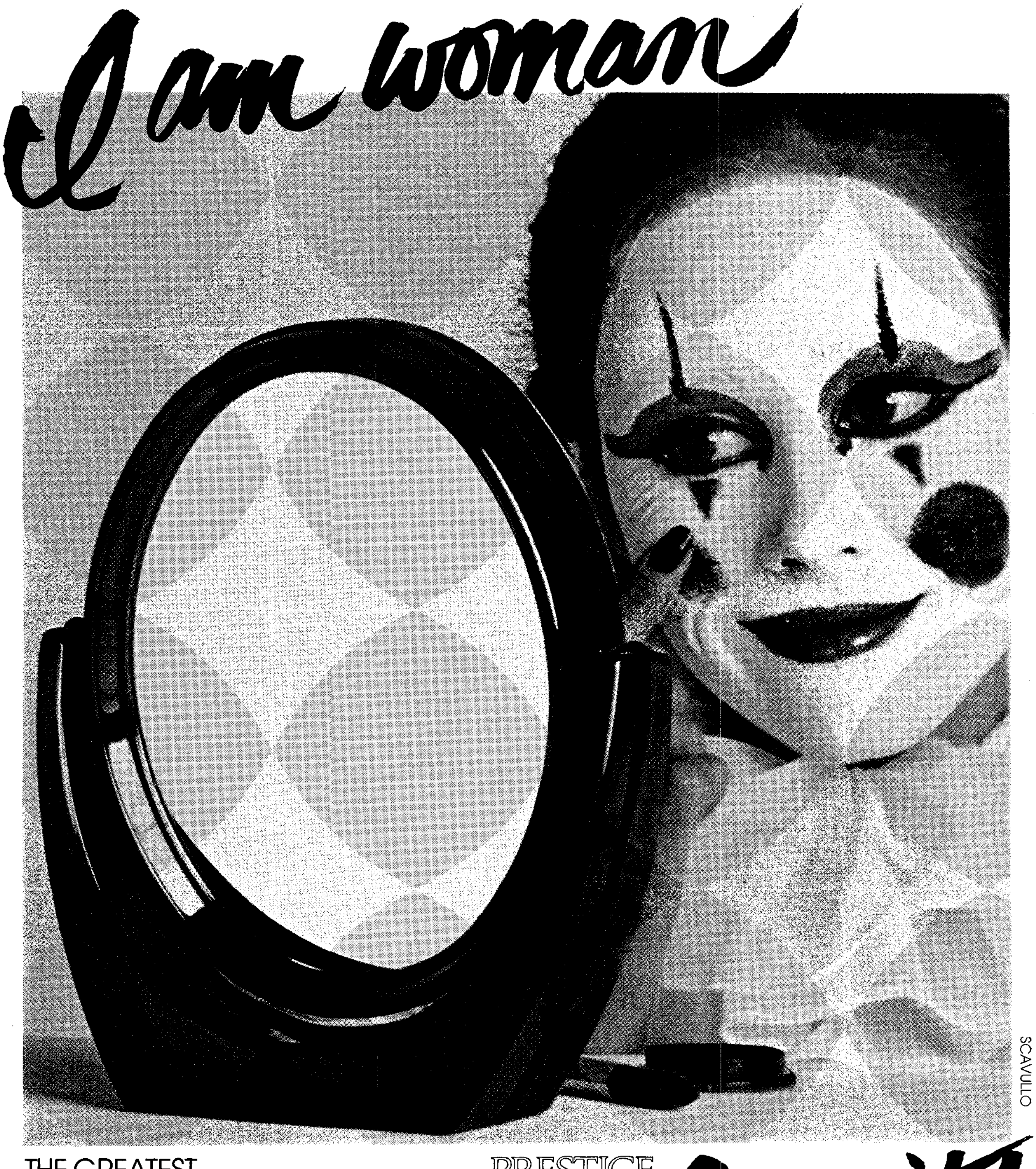

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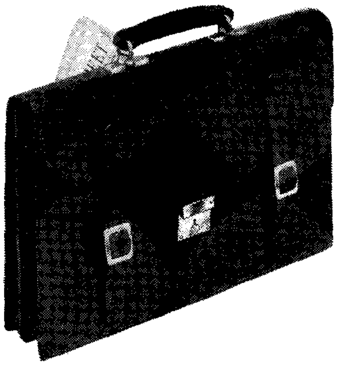
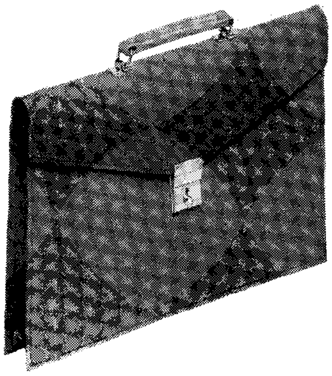
Crouch & Fitzgerald: The Business Case Place.



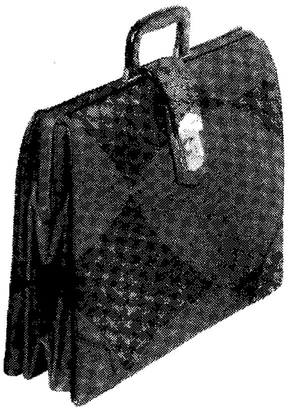
Belting leather briefcase.
Outside back pocket,
expanding partition inside,
solid brass hardware.
Legal size. $140.

Legal-sized canvas envelope
with zippered center
compartment, two outside
pockets, disappearing
handles, removable shoulder
strap. By Schlesinger.
Natural or Olive,
both Suntan trimmed. $49.50

Top zipper envelope of the
finest belting leather. Suitable
for women. Double removable
handles and removable
shoulder strap. Contrasting
saddle stitching. In Chocolate
or Tan. $70.



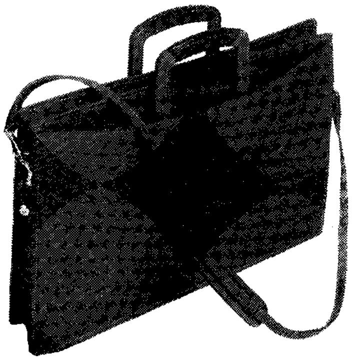
Supple steerhide envelope.
Two gusseted partitions inside;
full back pocket outside. Brass
lock. By Renwick of Canada.
Available in Chocolate or Moss.
16", $87.50
17", $90.



Supple cowhide 18" brief
bag. Three expandable
pockets, reinforced corners,
solid leather handle.
Suntan, Black or Olive.
Legal size. $105.

Also available in
belting leather. $145.

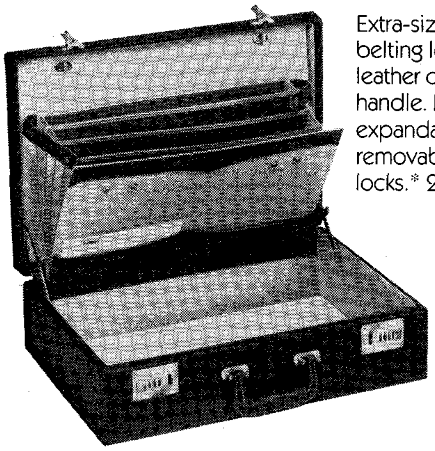
Belting leather briefcase.
Roomy front gusseted pocket.
Full back pocket. Securing flap
with combination lock.*
By Renwick of Canada.
17" x 12". $137.50



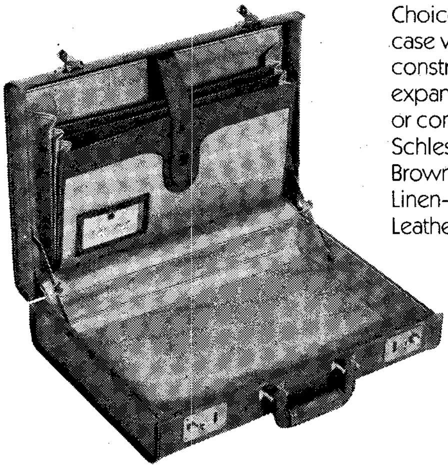
Sturdy belting leather
envelope with two outside
pockets. Removable shoulder
strap. Disappearing handles.
17" x 11-1/2". $88.

Select cowhide jumbo
brief bag, 20" long. Three
expandable pockets,
securing outside straps,
combination lock.* Suntan,
Black or Olive. $165.

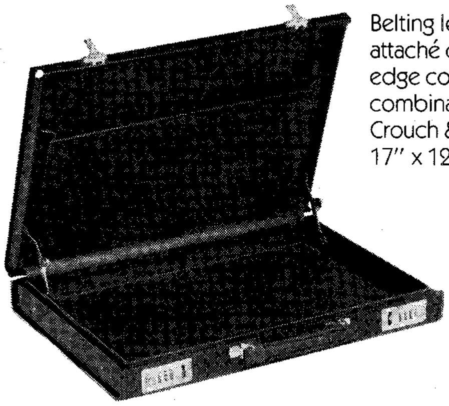
Also available in belting
leather. $200.



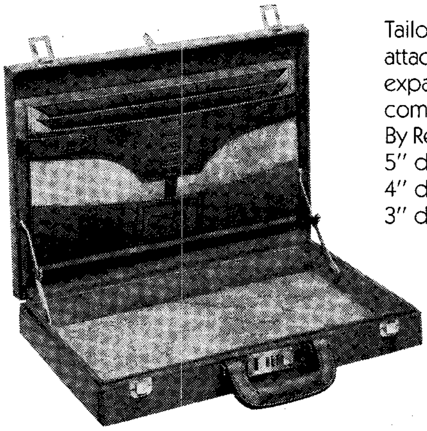
Extra-size attaché case in
belting leather with turned
leather corners and padded
handle. Five-pocket
expandable file is completely
removable. Combination
locks.* 20" x 13-1/2" x 6". $145.



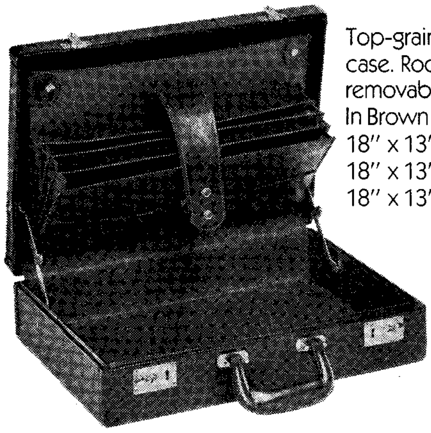
Choice cowhide execut
case with extended edg
construction. Three
expandable file pockets
or combination lock.* B
Schlesinger. Suntan, Blac
Brown.
Linen-lined, $200.
Leather-lined, $250.



Belting leather slimline
attaché case with extended
edge construction. Two
combination locks.* A
Crouch & Fitzgerald exclusive!
17" x 12" x 2-1/2". $150.

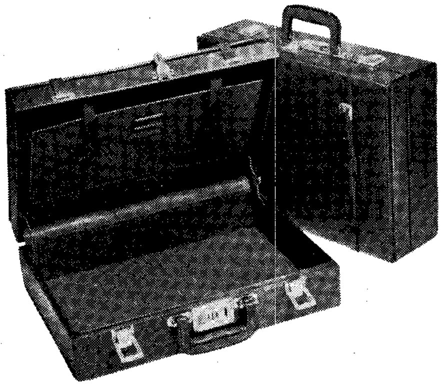


Tailored belting leather
attaché case with three
expandable file pockets
combination lock.*
By Renwick of Canada.
5" depth, $197.50
4" depth, $187.50
3" depth, $177.50



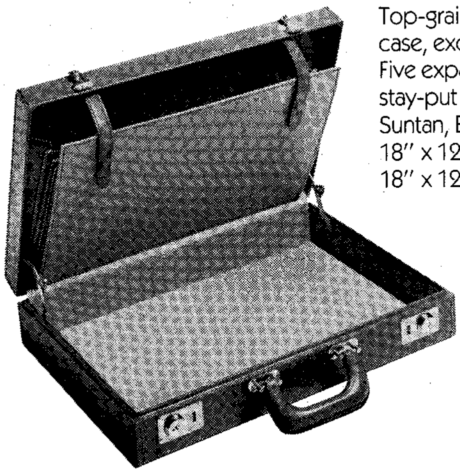
Top-grain cowhide attaché
case. Roomy interior with
removable four-pocket file.
In Brown only.

18" x 13" x 3",	$65.
18" x 13" x 4",	$67.50
18" x 13" x 4-3/4",	$70



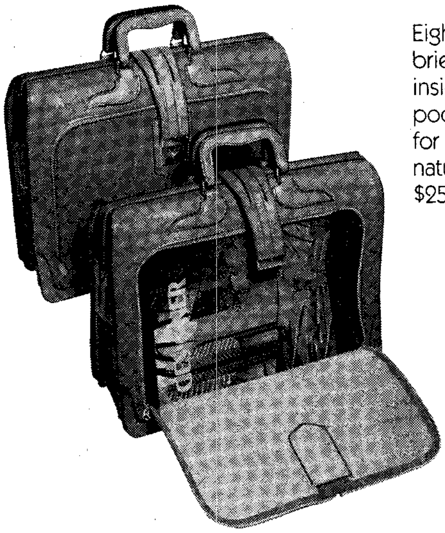
Belting leather bellows ca
with expanding gusseted
Twin leather securing stra
Five file pockets. Combin
lock.* Two side catches.

Also available in cowhid
Suntan, Black or Brown. $



Top-grain cowhide attaché
case, exceptionally priced.
Five expanding file pockets,
stay-put hinges.
Suntan, Black or Brown.

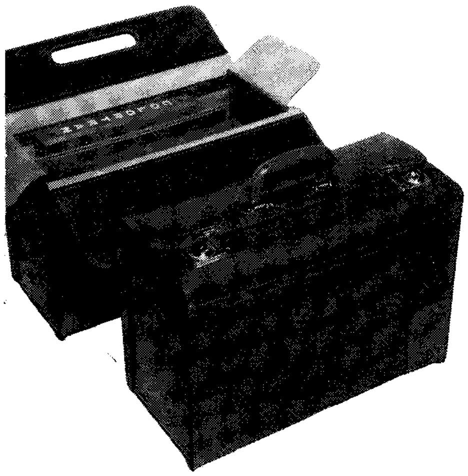
18" x 12" x 4",	$45.
18" x 12" x 5",	$49.50



Eighteen-inch legal-sized
brief bag. Three sections
inside, plus front zippere
pocket outside. Suitable
for overnight travel. In
natural belting leather.
$250.

Belting leather envelope.
Open back pocket,
removable shoulder strap.
Securing outside straps.
$75.

Accountant's case. Belting leather inside and out. Four roomy sections. All-around straps. Solid brass swivel graduating closures. $260.



Jumbo catalog case.
Indispensable for salesmen, pilots, lawyers. Top-grain cowhide. Reinforced leather corners. Two brass locks.
In Suntan or Black.

18",	$86.
20",	$90.

California saddle leather case. Solid leather extended edge. Available with or without combination lock.* Inside removable envelope. Solid brass hardware.
By Schlesinger. $260.

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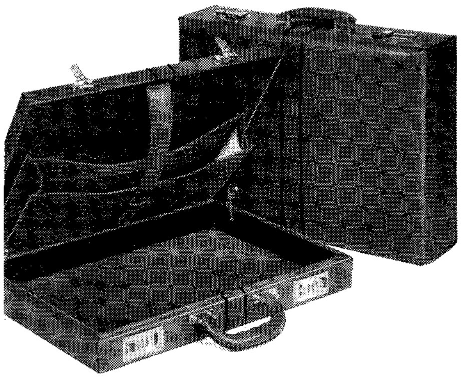
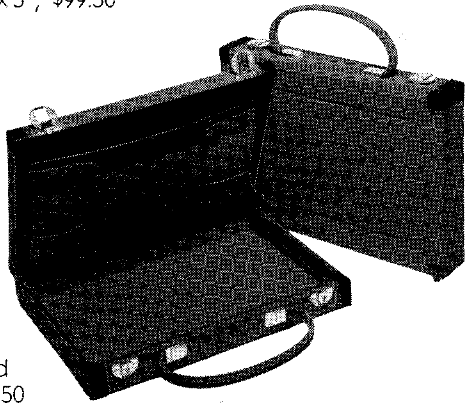
Unmistakably luxurious.
Extraordinarily durable.
Fully-lined in doeskin suede. 24-kt. gold-plated combination locks* and fittings. Removable zippered Ostrich envelope inside. The lid uniquely forms an outside gusseted pocket. Available in Tan or Black.
17-1/2" x 13-1/2" x 4-1/4".
$1000.



Top-grain cowhide attaché case. Fully lined nylon suede interior.
Two large expanding pockets and attractive saddle stitched corners.

17-3/4" x 13" x 3",	$89.50
17-3/4" x 13" x 4",	$95.
17-3/4" x 13" x 5",	$99.50



Women's attaché case.
Suede finish inside and out, leather trim.
Expanding file with three partitions, pen holders, card pockets. Brass locks, stay-put hinge.
Lightweight.
Ginger/Brown trim or Scarlet/Black trim. $75.

All-around zippered envelope in California saddle leather. Disappearing handles. Gusseted pockets. By Schlesinger.
Suntan, Black or Brown.

	Leather-lined	Vinyl-lined
16" x 12"	$120.	$82.50
17" x 12"	$125.	$87.50

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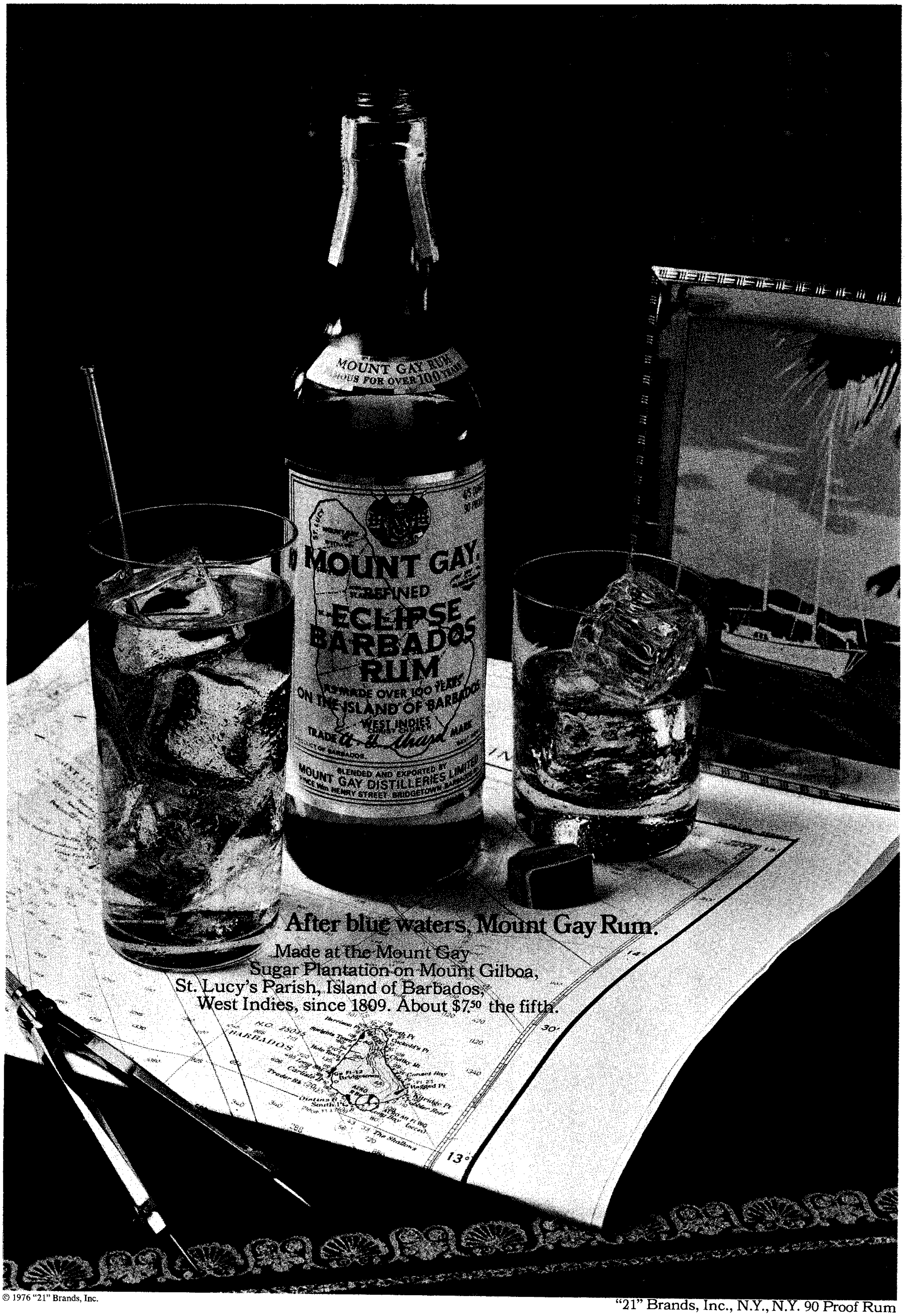
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

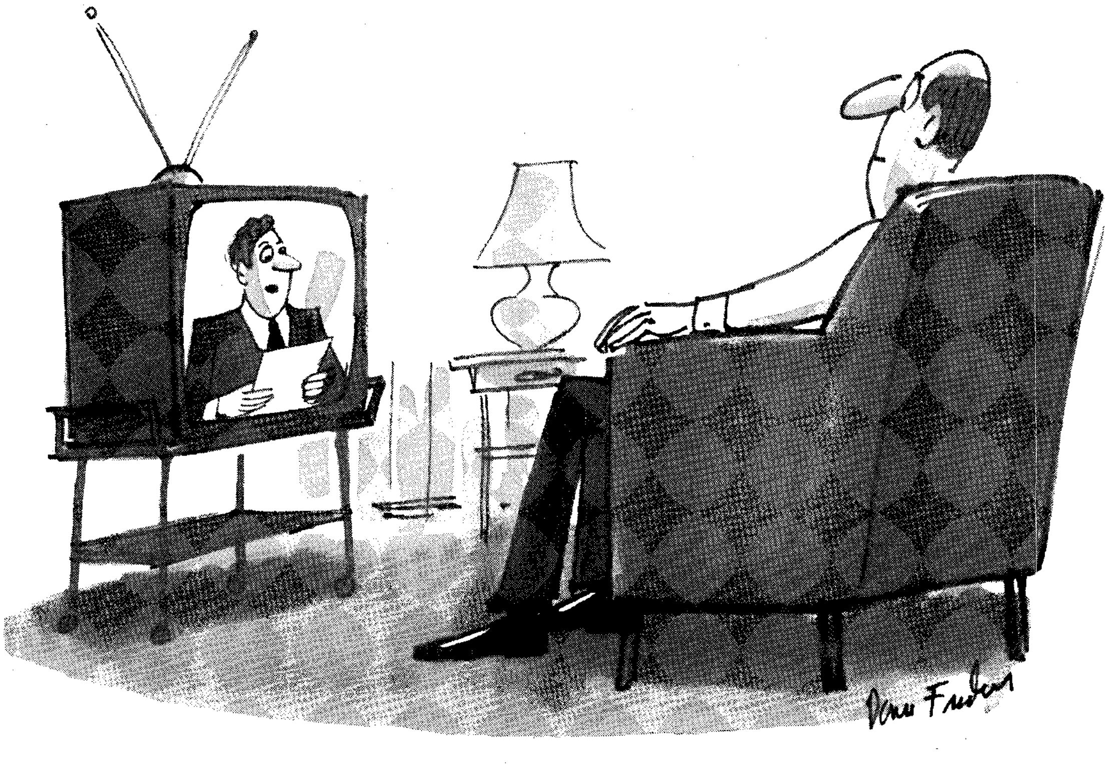
Notes and Comment

ON Wednesday, the twenty-seventh of September, the Calcutta morning papers came out with these forecasts from the government's meteorological observatory: "Occasional rain," "One or two showers," "Occasional rain or thundershowers." Even before the papers were distributed, Calcutta was awash in torrential rains, and much of it was lying under a sheet of water, with no trams, no buses, no telephones, no electricity, no drinking water. Soon a bore tide in the Hooghly River, on which Calcutta lies, and backflow from sewers and drains further inundated the city, submerging some streets under as much as fifteen feet of water. (It was rumored that rats and snakes were swimming around in the main thoroughfares.) The rain, accompanied by strong winds, continued to lash the city, and within thirty-six hours there was a rainfall of forty centimetres—the heaviest in sixty years. And this deluge was just part of four successive floods, over a period of two months, in Calcutta, in West Bengal, and, indeed, in much of northern India.

Prime Minister Morarji Desai has been quoted as saying, "The floods have been the biggest calamity in the country in five hundred years." Even if one allows for the possibility that he was resorting to hyperbole in order to mask his government's impotence and to shame Western governments and international volunteer agencies into giving aid, there can still be no doubt that calamity has once again struck that calamity-weary country. In West Bengal, the worst-hit state, an area of about twenty-one thousand square miles (more than four times the area of Connecticut, for instance) has been ravaged. The floods there have breached dikes and embankments and wiped out or marooned whole towns and villages. Floodwaters have inundated coal mines, steel plants, and power plants, and at many points have washed away railway lines, roads, bridges, and telephone and telegraph cables, crippling the already poor transportation and communication systems of the state, which is one of the country's major industrial centers. The waters have created large lakes, which, being stagnant, have loosed epidemics of cholera and gastroenteritis. The number of people who have already died from drowning, disease, and other effects of the floods is unknown, but a scarcity of firewood to cremate the dead is reported. The floods are believed to have affected some fifteen million Bengalis (most may be able to go back to their homes and livelihoods once the waters recede, but many may have been made permanent refugees); to have ruined six and a half million tons of wheat and rice in the fields or in godowns (according to the government's calculation of a minimum consumption rate of two kilograms of wheat and one kilogram of rice per person per week, it takes nine million tons of wheat and rice to get the state through a year); to have killed one and a half million cattle (milk is now in short supply or unobtainable); and to have caused a loss of from ten to twenty billion rupees, or from one and a quarter to two and a half billion dollars, to the state's economy, which might take ten years or more to recover (the state coffers are empty, and the national resources are so strained that up to now the central government has been able to come up with little more than a so-called Food for Work program—essentially, a distribution of food rations only to those who work on reconstruction projects). The state government has sent out a call for emergency supplies—two hundred and fifty thousand tarpaulin sheets, one million eight hundred thousand cotton blankets, five hundred and fifteen thousand tons of food grain, four hundred tons of bleaching powder and disinfectant, thirteen million doses of cholera vaccine, seven million doses of typhoid and paratyphoid vaccine, forty million water-purification tablets—and has meanwhile started the task of distributing from national and state supplies ninety tons of food, medicines, and other stopgap necessities, including six hundred thousand loincloths, six hundred thousand saris, and one million two hundred thousand garments for children. A highly placed state official claims that the devastation of the flood surpasses the devastation of the Bengal Famine of 1943, when at least one and a half million people died in the space of a few months. In ordinary times, the misery of Calcuttans, of Bengalis, and, for that matter, of Indians in general cannot be conveyed except by a recitation of bald statistics and facts, which, staggering as they are, have the effect of drawing a curtain over this misery, of shielding us from the experience of the misery of any one person. The extraordinary times of the floods are no different: we see through the statistics and facts of the devastation only darkly, if at all.

The floods, of course, are the result of a caprice of nature (the southern and eastern provinces of China are even now experiencing their worst drought in a hundred years, which is reported to have affected a hundred million people), but there is considerable evidence that man must bear some of the responsibility for their severity. (Amartya Sen, professor of economics at Oxford University, contends that the Bengal Famine of 1943 may have been due not only to drought—a caprice of nature—but also to economic forces, like a redistribution of purchasing power.) In part because of the failure of science to come up with an effective method of birth control for a poor country, and the failure of the Indian government to promote the methods available and give birth-control programs the necessary priority, India's population has about doubled—from three hundred and forty million to six hundred and forty million—in the thirty-one years since independence. The new children have arrived unbidden on already overburdened land, and their struggle for survival has involved a widespread and indiscriminate felling of trees, which is destroying the natural breaks and dams against floodwaters; an overcultivation of land, with consequent drastic erosion of soil and siltation of rivers and streams, which are disrupting the system of natural drainage; and a pollution of the atmosphere, possibly resulting in a change in the climate, which may be causing the perennial snows of the Himalayas to melt and to add still more water to the rivers that arise there. Moreover, the government's policy of building a few huge irrigation works and relying on these feats of modern engineering for better cultivation and for better control of both droughts and floods may, paradoxically, be contributing to the severity of floods. For instance, the Damodar Valley Corporation, which is one of these huge irrigation works, and which was modelled on the Tennessee Valley Authority, has reduced the natural force of the water flowing through West Bengal's rivers, and this reduction has increased the siltation of the rivers, which, in turn, has restricted the carrying capacity of the rivers. Thus, during practically every rainy season these rivers burst their banks and inundate towns and villages. And, in the case of the Damodar Valley Corporation, paradox is piled upon paradox, for a sabotaging of the irrigation policy by, among other things, controversies over states' rights has meant that only four of eight planned dams were ever built, providing only two-thirds of the planned reservoir capacity. The shortage of reservoir capacity has multiplied the disastrous effects of the recent heavy rains. At the time of the Calcutta rain of the twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth of September, the reservoirs were full, because of the preceding weeks of rain, and either the government officials neglected to open the sluice gates in time or, because of poor weather forecasts, they miscalculated the time for opening them; in any case, these reservoirs disgorged water just when the rivers were bursting their banks. During the twenty-four-hour stretch of the twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth of September, water was released from the reservoirs at a rate as high as three hundred and eighty thousand cubic feet per second—released so quickly that the people living in the areas about to be submerged could not have been warned even if any of the modern means of warning people, like radio, had been available. The government is now, of course, busy rethinking its policy of relying on a few huge irrigation works—and pondering whether or not to complete them all—even as it is trying to give succor to the victims of the floods. As a reader of the Calcutta *Statesman Weekly* put it in a letter to the editor, "relief work is progressing well, but it is like pushing someone into water and then attempting to rescue him."

In the midst of the devastation of the floods, Dr. Saroj Kanti Bhattacharya, associate professor of gynecology and obstetrics at Calcutta Medical College, announced that on October 3rd, at 11:14 A.M., he and his colleagues had delivered by Caesarean section the world's second "test-tube baby," weighing 3.3 kilograms. (There is something at once reassuring and unsettling in the idea that in a poor, overpopulated country so much energy, thought, and patience—so much engineering, which is, after all, the hallmark of our technological age—should have been devoted to igniting a spark of life.) While the birth of the first "test-tube baby," in England last July, as a result of the experiments of Dr. Patrick C. Steptoe and Dr. Robert G. Edwards, has been widely publicized, the birth of the second "test-tube baby" has received little public attention, even in India. The Indian experiment is still to be documented in scientific journals (in fact, the results of both the English and the Indian experiments are still to be confirmed and authenticated by other scientists), but from newspaper reports it appears that Dr.



"The stock market opened at eight twenty-eight today, dropped to zero in early-morning profit-taking, but rallied in the afternoon to close at eight forty—up twelve points."

• •

Bhattacharya, along with two Bengali doctors, Professor Subhas Mukherjee and Professor Sunit Mukherjee, may have achieved an engineering feat even greater than that of their English colleagues. The Indian doctors used methods that were novel in at least two respects. First, they collected the ova for fertilization through the vaginal canal, whereas the English doctors had collected an ovum through an abdominal incision. (Oddly, the Indian doctors' method was indirectly inspired by Mrs. Gandhi's campaign for forced mass sterilization to check India's overpopulation, when vaginal access was used for tubal ligations for reasons of speed. Her sterilization campaign, perhaps more than anything else, was responsible for toppling her from power and, at the time, seemingly destroying her political career.) Second, the Indian doctors kept the ova in "deep freeze" in liquid nitrogen, which would mean at a temperature as low as minus 195° Celsius, for fifty-three days—until their patient, Mrs. Bela Agarwal, was deemed ready for implantation—and then fertilized the ova and introduced the embryos into her uterus (three embryos were introduced, which might have resulted in triplets), whereas the English doctors had injected the embryo into the uterus of their patient, Mrs. Lesley Brown, within two and a half days of removing and fertilizing the ovum. "We wanted the injection to take place immediately after ovulation in the next normal cycle," Professor Subhas Mukherjee has explained. Many specific questions about the Indian "test-tube baby" have still to be answered. What instruments were used to collect the ova? What nutrients, if any, were used to enable the embryos to survive and grow outside the mother's body? Exactly how were the embryos transferred from the test tube to the uterus? How were the embryos implanted in the uterus, and at what stage of their development? But the most remarkable feature of the birth of the Indian "test-tube baby" was that the experiment was engineered in Calcutta's poor experimental facilities; in fact, no one has yet been able to explain how the cryogenic facilities could have operated without interruption for a few days, never mind fifty-three days. The Calcutta region is notorious for frequent and prolonged power cuts.

Despite the fact that the Indian "test-tube baby" may, in a manner of speaking, have been made in a laboratory, for most Indians the spark of life remains in the province of gods and miracles—as, indeed, it may for this baby's parents, who named their daughter not for a scientist but for a goddess. The girl was born four days before Durga Puja, the great Bengali festival in honor of Durga, the goddess of destruction, and was given the name Durga. It is as if in naming the child the parents were paying homage to a land of calamity and miracle, and, in a sense, preparing their daughter to live in it.

• •

Back

James Clarity, who has covered both Moscow and Paris for the *Times* and is now one of its assistant metropolitan editors, was the first of the paper's editorial employees to show up in the newsroom after an absence of eighty-eight days during the recent newspaper shutdown. He was greeted there by Arthur Gelb, the deputy managing editor, who had continued to work during the shutdown. Mr. Gelb said, "You've put on weight."

"Cheap calories," Mr. Clarity said, with a sigh. "I had to eat a lot of noodles."

Feeling that eighty-nine days was too long to have to wait to get back in touch with the *Times*, we hurried to the newsroom ourself as soon as we heard—at 3:34 P.M. on November 5th—that the morning newspapers had reached agreements with ten of their unions, and the Clarity-Gelb exchange was reliably reported to us about an hour later by both parties to it. By that time, a makeshift corral of picket barricades that police had set up around the paper's front door, at 229 West Forty-third Street, had emptied, and the newsroom, on the third floor of the building, was filling up with reporters and copy editors, all apparently delighted at having been called in—in many cases from their Sunday dinners—to begin putting the paper together again. Already, editors were demanding copy. "Come on, this is a *daily* newspaper!" we heard one editor call over good-naturedly to a reporter who was busy typing a story onto a video display terminal.

"I'll try to keep that in mind," the

reporter replied affably, without looking up from the words that his fingers were electronically sending across the screen in front of him.

The *Times* newsroom is still in the midst of renovations that began more than a year ago with the introduction of such terminals, which have in the recent past replaced typewriters on the desks of reporters and editors in many news offices across the country. Besides the terminals, other features that have lately been introduced into the *Times* newsroom are framed photographs, hung on walls freshly painted yellow-green; a cinnamon-brown carpet; and a profusion of new desks. The redecoration has not yet been completed in a large section of the room, however, and among the reporters busy there, in the midst of temporary partitions and clusters of wires, we spotted Maurice Carroll, a veteran political reporter, who had worked through most of the shutdown as the metropolitan editor of the interim tabloid *City News.* He greeted us and then said, very simply, "I would like to say that I'm glad to be back reporting again."

Damon Stetson, the labor reporter, looked up from a nearby terminal, where he was writing an account of the successful conclusion of the newspaper negotiations. "It certainly is a relief to be *writing* this story instead of just watching it go by," he said.

Leaving these reporters to their work, we rounded a corner of the newsroom and found the paper's metropolitan editor, Sydney Schanberg, at his desk. We knew he had been coming into the *Times* office every day during the shutdown, in order to work on WQXR news reports, keep up the files, and so on, and we asked what it had been like to do that.

"I've never had a worse work experience in my life," he said.

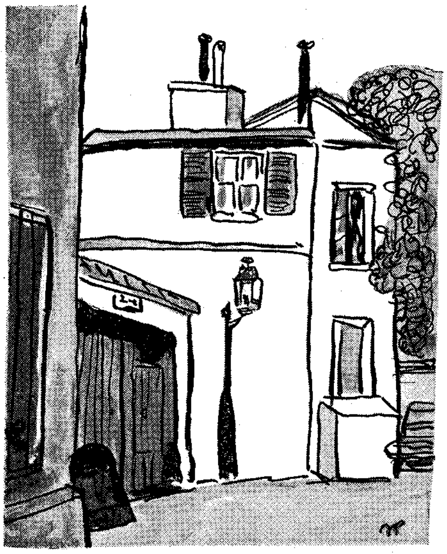
At that point, A. M. Rosenthal, executive editor of the *Times*, walked by, leaning heavily on a cane (he explained that he had recently torn some cartilage tissue in his left knee while running to beat a red light), and we followed him into an office, just off the newsroom, that has been newly redecorated for his use.

"I was metropolitan editor when we had the shutdown in 1965," Mr. Rosenthal said, settling into a chair and hoisting his injured leg onto the top of his desk, "and during it the Pope came to town. I remember how horrified I was at the idea that the Pope was in New York and the *Times* was unable to report it. Now a whole papacy has come and gone and we couldn't report it. Can you imagine that? A whole unreported papacy! It was terrible to have to cross a picket line every day to come into an almost empty office. But there was work to do. The New York Times News Service, which goes to over four hundred papers, still continued, and carried the stories of reporters who were working—the whole foreign staff, some critics, part of the Washington bureau, and some national correspondents. We did a lot of planning, and talking about the future, and we prepared two new sections—the daily Metropolitan Report, and the Science Times, for Tuesdays. And through it all there was the Farber case, which took a lot of time and rather drained us psychically. But what I found most unpleasant was the idea of all these stories we weren't printing. Not only the investitures of the Popes and the accords at Camp David but so many little stories. So many people whose deaths we weren't noticing in obituaries. And think of all the writers whose books weren't reviewed, and all the musicians whose débuts weren't covered. I felt particularly sorry for the musicians. Some had saved up for years to be able to make just this one appearance in New York—and then there was nobody to review them."

Mr. Rosenthal was interrupted in these reflections by the arrival of his boss, Arthur O. Sulzberger, and we asked the *Times* publisher how he felt about the ending of the shutdown.

"I don't have any instant reaction, if that's what you mean," said Mr. Sulzberger. "Right now, it all seems like a play I saw recently. I thought it was a good play, but the author didn't know how to finish it."

"I think there's a finish for your play," said Mr. Rosenthal. "As terrible as it was being silent during the shutdown, I didn't become despondent about it, because I was looking forward to all this new technology we're developing now. What a difference it's going to make! That's what kept me from being too down."

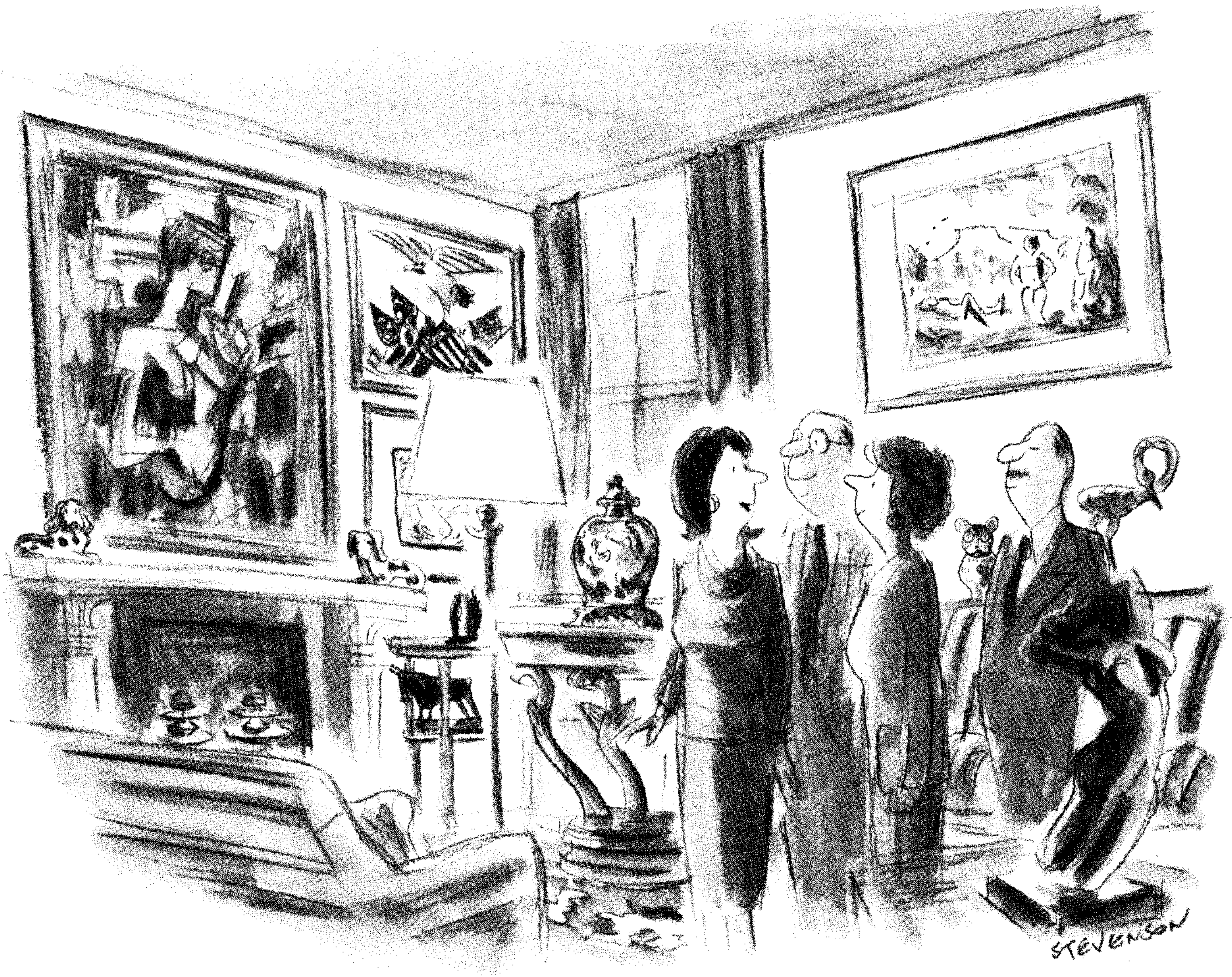


It is in the nature of new technology to bring with it new problems, however, and as we left Mr. Rosenthal's office we encountered a group of electronics specialists coming to the assistance of Roland Miller, a metropolitan-desk editor, who was staring in frustration at a video display terminal that had just gone blank. "Before the shutdown, I had begun to master this system," he was saying. "Now I'm having trouble getting it to work at all." Mr. Miller's terminal was soon restored to action (one of the technicians working over it speculated that "somebody must have pulled out a plug somewhere"), and the *Times* continued on its way to press.

Memorandum

THE other day, Mayor Koch acted as host at a lunch for Merv Griffin, because Merv Griffin's new contract calls for him to tape six weeks of his "Merv Griffin Show" here each year for the next five years. The Mayor said that this was a good thing for New York and one more sign that New York was on its way back up. Before lunch, which was to take place in the Blue Room at City Hall, people gathered in an upstairs room for cocktails. Merv Griffin himself, wearing gray pants and a navy jacket, and looking almost too well fed, told stories about Las Vegas to people who are in show business and have probably been to Las Vegas. The Mayor himself, wearing a navy pinstriped suit, and looking just well fed enough, told jokes to the same people. Ethel Merman, wearing a double-knit maroon dress with matching cape, was there. Carol Bellamy, the president of the City Council, wearing a blue silk shirt, a brown skirt, and a soubrette hairdo, was there. Estelle Parsons was there. A man who is a big television-film-property agent and who sometimes plays tennis with Jack Paar on weekends was there. Maureen Stapleton was there. E. G. Marshall was there. Celeste Holm was there. Shelley Bruce and Alice Ghostley, from the musical "Annie," were there. Someone who looked just like Shirley MacLaine but wasn't Shirley MacLaine was there. When it was time to eat, the Mayor cupped his hands around his mouth and shouted "Come on down for lunch, everybody!" and at least three women in the room said "Oh, isn't he cute!"

After lunch (Scotch salmon; blan-



"*We've redone the entire living room in Nelson Rockefeller.*"

• •

quette de veau with rice; carrots; pear tart), the Mayor proposed a toast in which he said that New York was No. 1 again. Then he said that he had been on a radio show taking calls from listeners and one person had called in to complain about a two-hundred-and-fifty-pound naked woman cooking in a shopwindow. He said that he told the person calling in that he would have someone look into the matter officially. He said that he would now read from an official report he had received on the incident. He read, "Memorandum. To: Edward I. Koch, Mayor. From: Carl B. Weisbrod, Director, Midtown Enforcement Project. Re: Squat Theatre, West Twenty-third Street. We have investigated the complaint regarding a production at the Squat Theatre on Twenty-third Street during which a two-hundred-and-fifty-pound woman was reported to have performed nude in a storefront window. [Mild chuckle from guests.] It is true that this performance did indeed occur as described. It was, however, part of a radical avant-garde theatre group's play entitled 'Andy Warhol's Last Love.' [Loud laughter from guests.] The play itself was not written by Andy Warhol. [More loud laughter.] Nor did Warhol have any connection with this production, which has been described as the reflection of recent immigrant experiences in America. [Really loud laughter.] The production was staged by an extended family group of Jewish Hungarian refugees who fled from Hungary because they were about to be arrested for not conforming to the standards of Socialist Realism of the East Bloc nations. [Loud, loud laughter.] The play ended its run here in New York on September 15th. It is currently in production in Amsterdam, Holland, where the group will be spending the fall season. [Loud laughter.] The scene involving the naked fat woman in the window was part of this group's theory about 'inside' and 'outside' theatre. [More loud laughter.] They created a concept of performing before two audiences—the audience in the theatre and passersby on the street. The woman has been described as an authentic American witch who acts out a real witch's ceremony in the window. She was not cooking. [More loud laughter.] It is doubtful that her act would be declared legally obscene. [Mild laughter.] This play, supported with a grant from the New York State Council on the Arts [really loud laughter], was apparently very popular. It attracted an average of ninety per cent capacity audience. It received good reviews except from John Simon. [Loud laughter.] The theatre group, consisting of nine adults and five children, arrived in this country in June of 1977 under the aegis of the International Theatre Institute. It received an Obie for the play 'Pigchild in Fire,' in 1977, and has been invited to represent the United States at the Festival of Nations next spring in Hamburg, Germany. It is considered a serious group of artists who came to this country seeking freedom of expression through innovative methods. [Loud laughter and applause from guests.]"

Q & A

A: Would you like your chair moved closer? Would you like a little pillow? Would you like to see my film again?

Q: I'm very comfortable. With you. With the film. With the special chair. I have been comfortable right from the start. Almost from the start. I was comfortable with my hope to meet you. I was comfortable with your name in my datebook. I was comfortable when we drove to the Valley.

A: Shall we scan the promotional literature? Would you like to snap my picture?

Q: You took me out in your car. Through the hills, along those winding roads where the baby stars live, to the Valley. The drive—so like you, Sammy. The man of myth. The man who stood outside the big hotels dressed in velvet with his guitar and *that smile*, just a wreath of insight on his lips (which opened in such a way, to such an extent, that even the police took notice)—*you like to drive in the Valley*. Enfolding yourself in a sense of American nowhere. An arrangement of silence, perhaps, so your thoughts can have their outline.

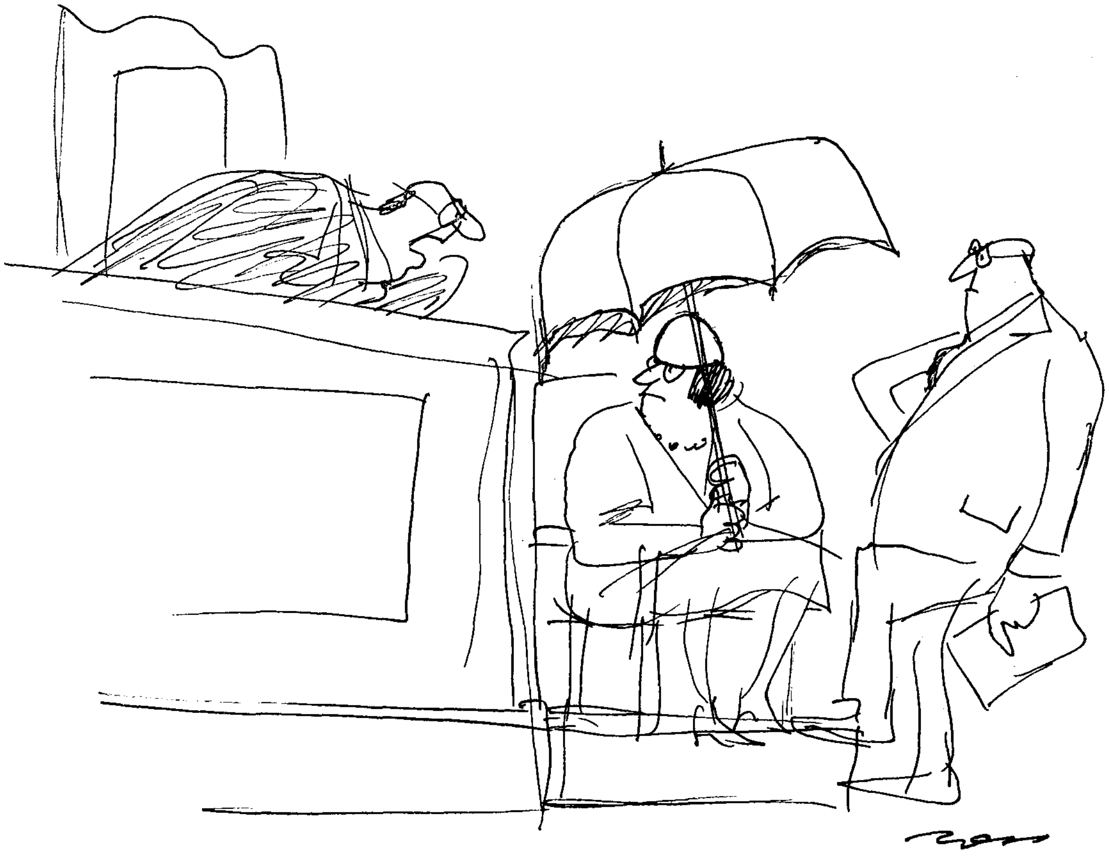
Your feet are very large. It was practically the first thing I noticed. From years on the road your feet have bloomed—have absorbed some mineral from the pavement and spread to an enormous width. I wanted to see your feet up close, without the shoes, but I was too shy to ask.

In the Valley, the air seemed to hang just above the second story. Two-story commercial entities supporting the low sky. We have learned to respect commercial things, the things we have come to perceive as artifacts. They support the low California sky! The laundromats, where the people converge for an exchange of anxious glances within the context of homely work; the shops with a religious aim; the machines dispensing drinks. And the little gaps where a shop has gone away, been erased. You know these things are the great American things!

You stopped the car and got out. You seemed not to notice me. That way it was much more real, had much more impact. You went into a small shop that turned out to be an amusement center—one of the artifacts we have come to respect. There were dozens of pinball machines lined against a wall. The wall itself was fragile, made of paper pressed together by a steaming process. The layers of wall buckle, then come free, like petals from a bud, because the process is unreliable. A lasting adhesion is not sought. The layers of paper, springing apart, present a surface in tiers, like a cross-section of skin. Without a word, you left. I was alone in the amusement center, which I had not expected. For a while I didn't move, because I thought you might want me to keep still. Then I intended to move, saw a moving figure that was the figure of my intention stride away, down a line of pinball machines (touching a finger to the glass case of each in sequence to preserve an attitude of interest, which is my attitude at times), and out the door. But I did not move. I kept still, in case you wanted me to. My comfort was in observation of the line of pinball machines, which comprised many machines but only one game, the game called "Recent Scores," after your great song. I located my attitude of interest and noticed it peel away, revealing you. You are large. On the game boards under the glass your head is large. Your hair curls down to a special lane where it is possible to trap a ball. You hold a guitar, of course, and just above the guitar there are five drop targets. Around the targets float three feminine figures, disguised for legal purposes (because you don't want to cut them in on the royalties) but still recognizable as Star Murley, Sally Molloy, and Lilly Pol, the women of your songs. Just below the five drop targets there is another drop target, placed in such a way that it is very difficult to hit, given the arc described by the flippers. The single drop target lights the double-bonus feature and is surrounded by a beautiful representation of Dearie, your young daughter by Sally Molloy.

I waited a long time for you to come back, but you didn't come. After a while an employee of the amusement center brought me a cool drink, and then a bowl of cereal. I stayed the night. It is embarrassing to wait for you, but it is a little exciting, too. You are elusive—everyone knows that. Sometimes you agree to an appointment. I make the appointment with your personal manager—an ex-convict who got out of prison because you wrote a song about him, who is seen with two young girls, one black and one white, always, who earns more than any politician—and I come to the office of this man at a certain hour, and you don't show up. I wait and

"In brief, 'Harrumph!'"



"Madam, I assure you, it is not raining!"

• •

wait and wait with your personal manager. I notice that there are no letters or papers on his desk, no writing of any kind. Then it gets embarrassing in a way that is exciting, because of the yielding quality, and then it gets so embarrassing that I have to go home.

I went home. I listened to your songs. Sometimes when you don't show up and I have to go home, I listen to your songs so much it makes me sweat. I can remember with perfect clarity the first time I heard you sing. I was nobody. I was just a nothing. When I think of the clothes I used to wear, and the eyeglasses—gray plastic as thick as glue around the huge lenses, weighing down on my small nose—I just laugh and laugh! The song was "See Pain." Of course, by then you had already released two albums. How was I to know, in the place where I was? "See Pain" was from the "Tethered" album. The cover of that album—you, so young, your head bent, hair cut short, *that smile* directed to the pavement where your feet were beginning to spread (from days on the road, Michigan to Carmine Alley to Chicago, where the Negro singers were, and back)—that picture of you had been seen and had made its mark, but I didn't know.

Sometimes when you want to talk to somebody, you send a convict—one of the convicts you set free with your songs, who are in your employ, who go on tour, who earn more money than any politician. Sometimes you send a girlfriend—an old girlfriend, one of the minor girlfriends, not one from the songs. These girls hit the lounges where the writers go—desperate writers too lacking in confidence to call your personal manager. They are forward, these girls. They keep quarters in the old bungalow colonies, the ones built in the twenties. At times, a whole bungalow colony is filled with these girls, each with a writer, giving you your choice. Sometimes, toward dawn, there is the sound of your footfall from window to window. Then, as morning comes, you break into a bungalow and give an interview. Gerry Trinc got the story on the "Nest Lease" tapes that way. Poor Trinc, so sad toward the end—his ears shrivelled and dead, his eyes blinded by glare, all his senses diminished from years at the big halls. You sent a girl to get Trinc and you gave him the story, when Lester Rax and so many others were keeping still in the office of your personal manager. The whole story—the legendary sessions you made in a secret basement space with just a pickup band, those blond men who had never come in from the road, who just toured and toured, absorbing the minerals from the pavement, setting up in abandoned gas stations, small clothing stores, anywhere out of sight—that story, of secret music made by secret men, you gave to Trinc. Appeared at the door and told it to him straight.

Sally Molloy came to my door. As simple as that. Sally has lost a lot of weight. All the long hair that you wrote about is gone. Her hair is done in a little flip now, which is much too cheerful. I went with her, of course.

Sally said, "The feeling now is that it's ridiculous to talk about the form the film has taken. Now the feeling is that it was a booming energy going in many directions. We've treated it like a fine horse. Given it a pace. Sammy says the film is like that."

We drove down the boulevard past the bungalow colonies, where I knew there were other writers with other girls. Sally drove me to your big metal house and showed me through the rooms.

THE first room resembled the upper Middle West—vast and very lonely, from that time in your life. Sally said, "There was a feeling that there should be a space to represent the space that Sammy left. We had Lester Rax working on the script for a while, but then we had to let him go, because there was a feeling that a script was too much like punctuation. I drove him to the station. He cried and cried, but he had to go. But he had this idea that there should be a space to represent the space that Sammy left, and Sammy kept that idea in." I noticed a sign in a frame—a hand-carved frame, like little logs notched together. The sign listed the few objects in the vast room, which were original objects from your early life, including the wrappers you put on your schoolbooks to keep them fresh.

"This room was Lester's dream and Lester's comfort before he had to leave," said Sally Molloy. "Lester used to come here for hours and stand completely still, just like he was part of the landscape. Not moving at all, in case Sammy wanted it that way. It was done for love." I stood close to Sally, and she let me stand close to her for a minute but then she moved away. "You can stand close to me if you want, but it won't mean a thing," she said.

Sally took me into the room that is a reconstruction of the attic where you lived in Carmine Alley, where you slept on the floor with your head in the crook of your arm. There was a typed description of the room in a log frame, and I read it, and then there was a scream, like the sound of someone in enormous pain. It was hard to assess the quality of the pain. Recently, a certain shrill shout has become almost common. But this sound was different—*older*. Not like the sound the baby stars make when they are grabbed from behind by the terrorists, not like the sound the baby stars make when their film deals fall through, not like the sound of squirming pain the baby stars make when their series are cancelled—but *older*. Sally Molloy guided me toward the sound. The sound had been made by Willy Hoem, of course. We saw him in his room. Attached to the most expensive life-support devices, kept alive at outrageous expense in a room contrived to resemble the more simple medical facility where you first saw him, that great man continued to scream. Then suddenly he fell quiet. I turned around and Sally Molloy was gone. I kept still. Willy made a further noise. I wondered if he was trying to sing—to sing "Me and Misericordia," for instance, which was such a great influence on you, or "Rooming," or "No Land, None," those great songs of work and effort. I unhooked the velvet rope in front of Willy's bed and moved closer. It was very hard to find a musical reference point for the sounds Willy was making.

Then I went from room to room without guidance. There were rooms for each of your albums, rooms for each of your women. Some of your women were in their rooms. The rooms for the more important women had signs in log frames listing the references to them in your songs if your songs referred to them, listing other pertinent information if their significance to you was extramusical. I found Sally Molloy in her room, with two signs—one musical in thrust, the other general. The room was like a room in one of the big hotels from the days of rage, when you stood with Sally and Forman Jurl and Willy Hoem outside the big hotels—all dressed in velvet, with *that smile* on your faces, just that wreath of insight on your lips—waiting for the police to bring their big thumbs through your eyes. I noticed a pinball machine in the room—not a "Recent Scores," which is the machine you license now, but a "Keep Clear," one of the old ones you have had withdrawn from circulation, carted away, and destroyed. "Keep Clear" was the anthem of a generation, and the "Keep Clear" machine was the machine of the days of rage—the first machine you authorized to be manufactured in your name. This one was in bad repair, but I could see the terrific quality: the double thickness of rubber on the flippers, the vivid colors on the game board, the extra features, like the Bonus Whirl. I tried to play the "Keep Clear," but it tilted right away. I tried to stand next to Sally Molloy, but I saw that it didn't mean a thing.

Judith Shahn

"This room is an accurate replica of one of the rooms in one of the big hotels," Sally said mechanically. "It may interest you to know that it was in a room just like this that Sammy told me to leave, told me we couldn't stay together, told me I couldn't stay with him, told me that I didn't have any talent, not really. I was a singer myself, you know, and a poet," Sally said.

A: Is that as far as you've gotten?

Q: Well, *almost* as far as I've gotten.

A: And you're a little nervous now?

Q: No! Not nervous!

A: So you wouldn't mind if we got to the *film*? If we began to talk about the *film*?

Q: Your film is about identity, of course. That shifting of masks. When you sing "Token Bitch" as Elia onstage. In the mask. When you whisper, over and over, "Beyond that!" When you enter that sharp intersection between questions of personal identity, which the songs bring up literally, and questions of who we were then, which your very presence brings up.

A: But perhaps it seemed insufficiently filmic? A little self-indulgent?

Q: When you appear as Lamb, we can see that the tension between intersection and juxtaposition is the generational force that produced the songs

ON THE PHOTOGRAPH "YARN MILL," BY LEWIS W. HINE

(FOR SAMUEL CYRUS DAVID RAY)

A boy, age about eleven,
looking just like my son Sam—
same flaxen hair, same cap
I gave him—long-sleeve
shirt tucked in overalls,
standing between iron spinning
mules in a yarn mill, his dirty
right hand touching the machine,
which is huge and black like oil
and no doubt clacking away, stamped
"MASON MACHINE WORKS
PATENT MASS 1903" in a circle
around a nub, like the other,
so that he is caught between
those two great breasts of iron
that face us. His left hand
hangs free and we could reach
out and pull him safe. Spools
of yarn recede down rows
beyond him as in the mirrors
of a barbershop; the humming
strings look like the innards
of long pianos whose music dins;
the yarn is beaten now by wooden
mallets, then woven—sheared,
combed, dyed—whatever
the boss men say, in North Carolina,
1908. The boy's face, like Sam's,
is trusting, gazes almost amused
at what's before him. This year,
luckily, a horse. Not a yarn
mill. In a dream last night,
I watched my son assemble
the temple of his life as from
a kit (he was named for kings)
and now I see him standing
between those steel machines,
a boy who had no temple,
who could reach out and touch
that cold iron breast,
then knock it off to joke with men.

—DAVID RAY

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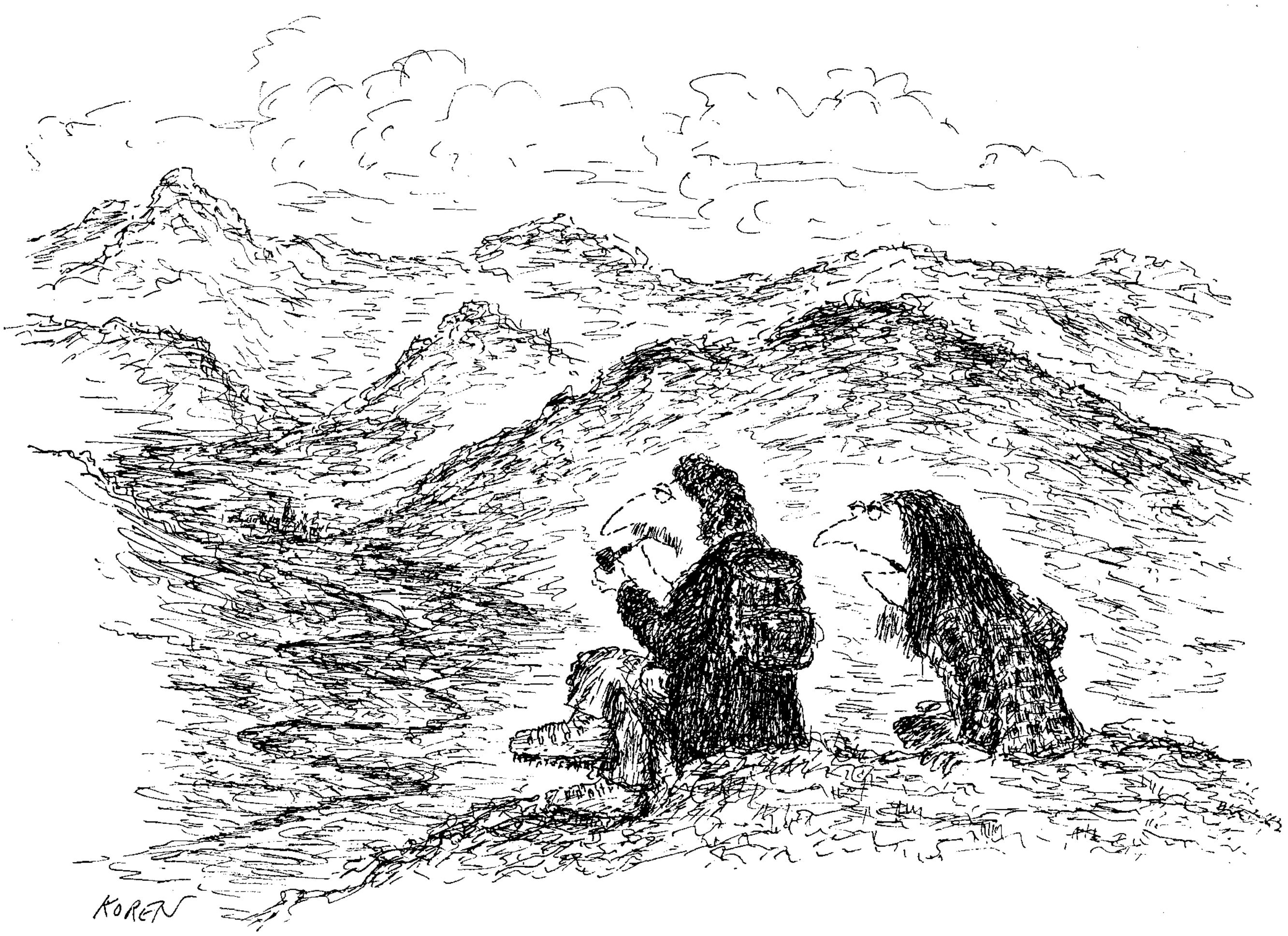


"Well, for your information, I happen to love nature."

• •

—the songs that, of course, we already know:

> The shoes
> Stiff with lies,
> I turned in
> with my old friend, my old friend.

The songs that we had seen as intersection between you and us but had yet to see as juxtaposition between you and you.

A: Is that what you get out of it?

Q: Well, not all I get out of it.

A: I wonder if you could tell me what else. It's the most natural thing in the world not to get the point the first few times.

Q: The girl waiting through the dawn, outside the big hotel, with a piece of velvet. The motion away from the cheap materials, like I grew up with. Away from the ready-made, which was all there was at one point.

A: Could you tell me what else?

Q: The pleasure of being with you. Your birth and growth and so on. "Just like your/Justice" is about being born, of course. "I can't keep you . . . guilty/Or not"—your big head being born.

A: Did you by any remote chance hear me say "Twin vision, twin vision, twin vision/Twin vision, twin vision, twin vision, twin vision"?

Q: Certain rabbis feel that there are four kinds of vision. Single vision, as when Elia sings "Mangled Me" in the lobby. The vision of the double and the self, as when Elia and Lamb appear together. The vision of the triple sense, which I forget just how it goes. And then the fourth vision—the double doubled—as in "twin vision."

A: I don't feel that you've gone very deep. Do you feel you have?

Q: Sometimes I stop short. Sometimes I leave a small portion for you. For the extra power in you.

A: All that is in the promotional literature. Have you had time to examine the promotional literature?

Q: Well, no. We've been watching the film pretty steadily.

A: Too much? Have we spent too much time watching the film?

Q: Oh, no!

A: You don't think it's too long? Some of the distributors have said it's too long. They said there is a big problem and I might have to four-wall it. Take it to stupid little towns, one by one. Repellent. I planned the most beautiful film. I planned the most beautiful promotional literature. Total color. Four-color promotional literature. Every nuance of red. You saw what they gave me. You call that a beautiful red?

Q: I was a nothing. Just a nobody. In a state school. Nasty glazed brick. Those small-paned windows set too high up in the wall. I had a nobody for a girlfriend. That stringy hair you can't do anything with. Oh, you can wash it, all right, but it never has any fullness or shine.

A: This big room. I wonder if it isn't too metallic. I wonder if there isn't going to be an emphasis on fabric I ought to pick up on. Are you sure you're comfortable here?

Q: It's a little tight. Maybe a little too tight. Maybe I shouldn't be this rigid. What are you doing?

A: I'm going to run it again.

—GEORGE W. S. TROW

•

November is the month most people find themselves with mounds of cooked turkey lolling around the house.—*Bon Appétit.*

Our remedy is a brisk walk or a game of touch football.

THE HARD PARTS

ALBERT once knew a woman who designed women's gloves. Paper cutouts of hands—left or right, he couldn't tell which; either sufficed—were strewn throughout her apartment. At another time, he went with a woman who did illustrations for advertisements of women's shoes. Her apartment was littered with shoes—one of a kind, left or right; she had no need for pairs. While Albert was married, the apartment in which he and Violet lived was awash with tears. Like subatomic particles whose existence is confirmed by photographs of their tracks, the fugitive existence of these tears was often made evident to Albert only by the rapidly drying streaks on his wife's cheeks. The tears, he noted, had trickled from her left eye as well as her right. "Being married to you," she once told him, "you need both barrels."

Albert and Violet had been separated for three years. During the first two, her tears had dried up, the transient cause, himself, having been removed, although not very far. (When she learned that Barney, her son, Albert's stepson, had drowned a month after his twentieth birthday, they had flowed anew, soaking her pillow, splattering on her blueberries, turning her bathwater brackish.) Indeed, separation was a particularly apt word to describe their situation: Albert lived on the third, and top, floor of a Federal house in Greenwich Village; Violet lived in the garden apartment. Their landlord occupied the parlor and second floors.

From his bedroom window Albert could look down into the garden, which he had paid a young man who hoped to serve mankind by combining ecology with the law to do over, as Violet's forty-eighth-birthday present. This humanitarian cut back the privet and planted hosta beneath it, uprooted a large ailanthus in favor of a crab apple, and put in a bed of annuals, a border of day lilies, a rosebush that never leafed, much less budded, and, at Violet's insistence, several tomato plants. He told her these were going to be very iffy, because the garden got so little sun, but Violet, who yearned for her rustic upbringing, was adamant.

As predicted, the tomato plants fared poorly; further, they were ravaged by squirrels. Skippy Mountjoy, Violet's first husband, who came by to work on his sonnet sequence under the privet, enclosed the plants with chicken wire, but the squirrels swarmed up and over the netting. He then laid a heavy cardboard poster of Dürer's "Feast of the Rose Garlands" on top of the wire enclosure. This kept the squirrels out but plunged the plants into near-total darkness.

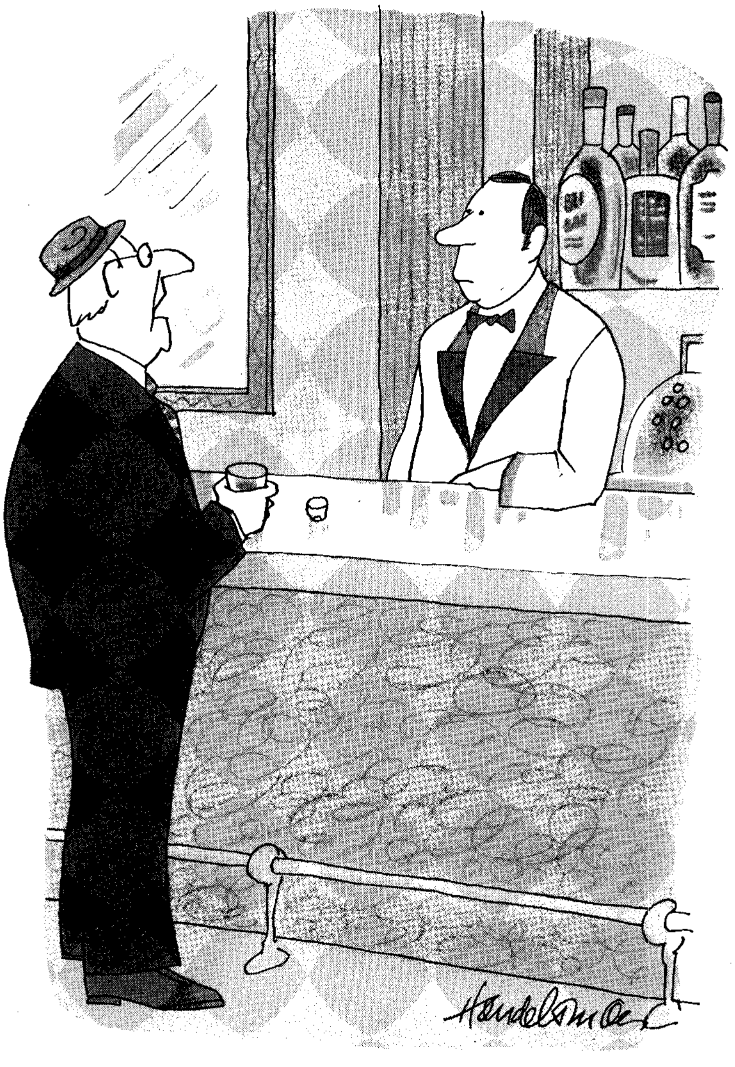
As far as Albert could tell, the poster had never served a decorative purpose. Violet told him that when Barney was an infant it had been used as a gate to keep him from tumbling downstairs. While Albert was married to Violet, they had penned in Josh and Jake, the dachshunds they had bought for Barney and his sister, Emily, with it. Now, when Albert gazed out his bedroom window, what caught his eye was this weather-beaten *Rosenkranzbild,* resplendent with the roses the nearby bush never produced. The poster was askew, Skippy not having aligned it to be viewed from Albert's vantage.

Albert told Violet on the phone one day, "If that thing's going to hit me in the eye every morning when I open the curtains, the least you can do is straighten it out."

"That's just like you," she said. "You're not satisfied having the world spread out at your feet, it has to be at right angles."

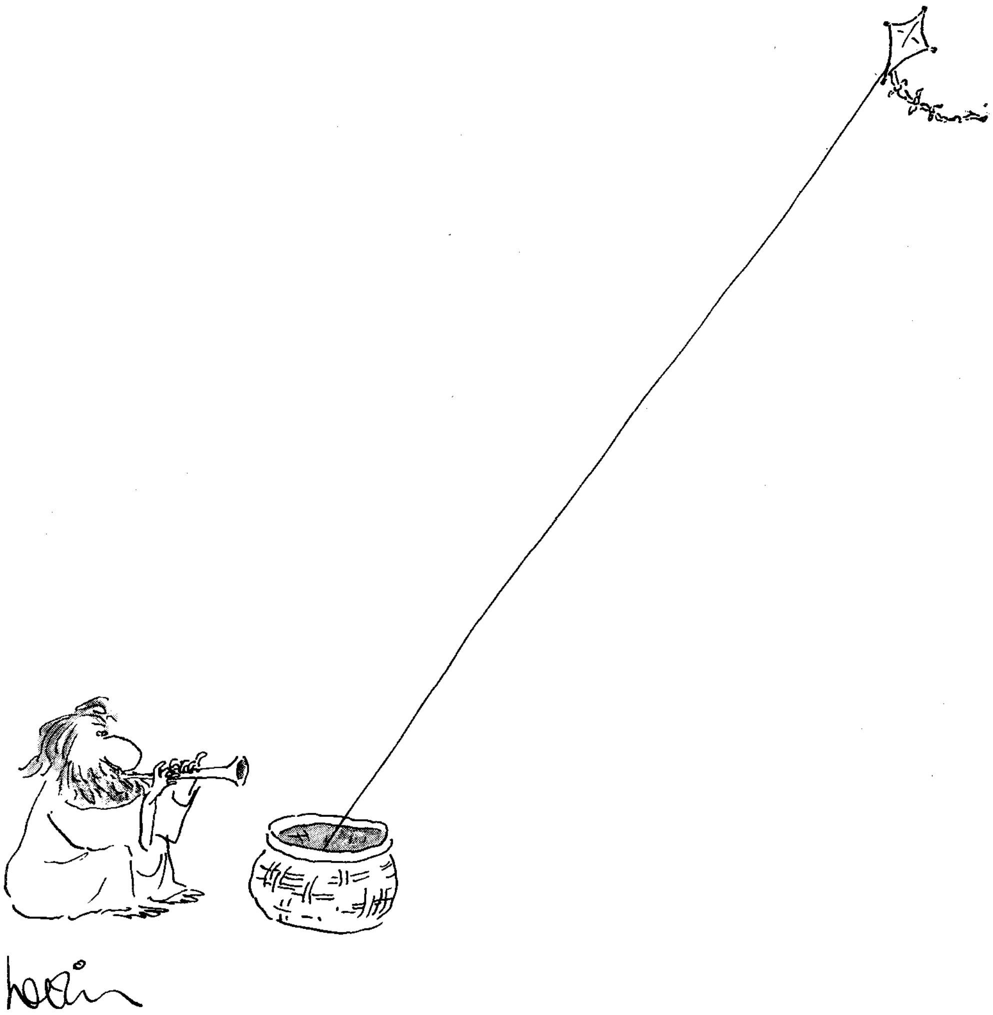
Notwithstanding, Albert shortly saw Violet go into the garden. "To the left!" he shouted out the window. "A little more. More. Too much. Back to the right. Hold it!"

Albert reflected that he and Violet were communicating at longer and longer range. While a few years ago they were murmuring in one another's ears, now they spoke on the phone, shouted out windows, left notes for each other under the carpet in Unit 40 of the Sun 'n Sea Motel on Key Biscayne. Albert and Violet had honeymooned there fifteen years before and had often gone back since; now, of course, they went to Florida separately, but they clung to their old unit. When neither of them was there, Albert envisioned solitary middle-aged men like himself doing pushups on the carpet, spent lovers outflung upon it as though *they* had fallen from great heights, the maids raking it to make the nap stand up, all unaware of the tender messages beneath them, and he was put in mind of the numberless generations of Anatolian herdsmen and charcoal burners who had gone about their business ignorant of the poems, correspondence, and bills of lading impressed into clay tablets that had lain buried for millennia under their feet.



"I just wish someone had had the common courtesy to let me know when I was in my prime."

At times, Albert stood by his open window at night, singing "Da-da-da." (According to the Human Dynamo, whom he had been seeing since being separated from Violet, when Jewish people didn't know the words to songs they went "da-da," while Gentiles went "la-la." She was given to this kind of generalization. Violet was a generalizer, too, although of a different sort; e.g., "The reason you don't have any friends is that you don't really like people. You just like those parts of them that suit your purposes. Which is why all of us who became involved with you are maimed." Why is it, thought Albert, that I, who never draw inferences, invariably wind up in the dark with my arms around women who make generalizations?)



Sometimes, as Albert stood and sang, the dark garden seemed to him to be flooded, with just the topmost branches of the privet projecting from the water, and the blistered poster now a raft upon which a desperate swimmer might try to haul himself, only to find it wouldn't support the weight of a child. A notion came to him: except for those Bibles in which bullets become embedded, works of art don't save lives.

In the morning, as Albert looked down into the garden, while waiting for Violet to answer the phone, it often seemed to have dwindled overnight, withered, as though time had suddenly tightened its grip, or that he was viewing it from higher up than the third story, from that fancied height which the imagined lovers he had envisioned on the motel carpet had cast themselves.

"Elite," Albert would say when Violet picked up the receiver. This was short for Elite Dog-Walking Service and meant that he was coming downstairs to walk Josh (Jake had been given away years ago). Similarly, Skippy Mountjoy was the Acme Dog-Walking Service, or Acme, it being his pleasure to take Josh out between *abab* and *cdcd*.

One autumn morning, when Albert arrived to walk Josh, he became aware of a pungent, almost acrid odor he couldn't identify. Although not that of burning leaves, it correspondingly stirred the emotions, evoking pathetic feelings and a sense of impermanence—what the Japanese call *mono no aware*, the pity of things.

"What's cooking?" Albert asked Violet.

"Credit cards," she said from the bathroom.

Albert entered. She was sitting in the tub, in several inches of soapy water, dreamily shaving her legs; Josh was curled on the bathmat. She was rosy, and the water had a bluish tinge, the blue of infants' veins, and gently heaved with her motions. Vapor had condensed on the medicine-cabinet mirror, so that he couldn't find his reflection. The airport was closed in, the plane was in a holding pattern, and he was unable to see out the bleary window. During the last years of their marriage, this had seemed an appropriate metaphor, and, in a sense, he was still waiting for permission to land. Now the amplitude of gentle curves—Violet bending to her shins, Josh on the bathmat, the bell graph of his life—nearly brought him to tears.

"They're ashes," Violet said.

Ah! He recalled the four of them crowded about the stove, Barney and Emily taking turns holding an expired Master Charge in the flame, raptly watching it blacken, melt, blister, vanish. Families have these rites or ceremonies. Another of theirs had been the watering of the fern: the procession to the bathroom to "The Washington Post" march ("la-la"s from Violet, Emily, and Barney; "da-da"s from Albert); the lowering of the fern into the tub (all hum "Taps"); and the spraying. This last had been enhanced by manipulating the plastic sprayer so that it emitted an uncannily human moan, which sent the children into peals of laughter.

"I'm consolidating my position," Violet said.

"What?" He wasn't paying attention. Despite their ministrations, the fern hadn't flourished. Like tea leaves in the bottom of a cup, adumbrating pinnules littered the tub. Kneeling before it after the others had borne the fern away, Albert devotedly gathered them up, and, as his father would say, disposed of them.

"They were too much of a temptation," Violet was saying. "I can't afford them anymore. American Express, Visa, Master Charge—I con-

A WOMAN PICKS UP THE HABIT OF ANGER

The astonishing knife-thrower grabbed my astonished hand,
shook it, invited me for a drink to get better acquainted.
We stayed for dinner, then grew intimate.

Anger became a casual thing: a slap on the shoulder,
a beating in the heart. I grew accustomed to the feel
of the bone handle, the edges of the other, steel end.

I never encouraged the arrangement. I was polite
but cold, properly dismayed. Anger played the razzle-
dazzle salesman on tour, the bus companion who jabbed me

in the ribs, told me jokes, broke my fists (I beat like
mad on the emergency windows, the door), ill-mannered,
vulgar, spilling vinegar on me at meals all the time,

presenting me with green eyes, a shiv of my very own—
valuable gifts. Nobody could resist a come-on like that,
so dark an invitation: the whirling disguises.

—Elizabeth Macklin

• •

signed them to the flames, as your father would say. How *is* your father, by the way? Is he still being oracular?"

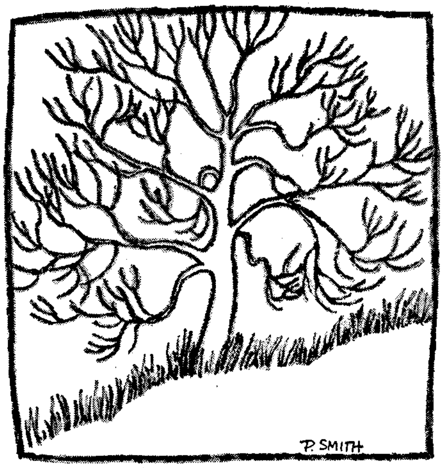
"Yesterday he told me there were seventeen chairs in his proctologist's waiting room. I said, 'You counted them?' He said, 'I did.' 'But why?' 'It helped pass the time. Didn't I ever tell you about my propensity for enumerating?' I said he hadn't, and what else did he count? 'Members of orchestras,' he told me. I expressed my amazement, and was forced to reconsider all the time I had spent in his company. Untold occasions when he must have been secretly totting things up swam into view. 'There's a lot about me you don't know,' he said."

"But you," Violet said, "you're an open book, aren't you?"

Tugging Josh along Sixth Avenue, Albert tried to recall if he had ever represented himself that way. An open book is not like an open door or a disrobed woman; for all practical purposes, it discloses only two pages, a fraction of its contents, and the odds are against these being in themselves particularly revelatory—"the axe," as Kafka said, describing the function of books, "for the frozen sea inside us." Masturbatory practices aside, Albert wondered whether he led a secret life. (The Human Dynamo once inquired of him whether, in fact, he even led what is commonly construed as a *life*. It was late at night and they were in Forest Hills, walking along a leafy, deserted street to her BMW, he having prevailed upon her to leave the stadium in the middle of the fourth set of an interminable baseline match between Vilas and Orantes which threatened to end at daybreak. It proved to be an unpopular move. "When was the last time you examined your motives?" she shrieked. "Have you ever considered the consequences of your acts? What is your guiding principle? Never to venture more than a hundred yards from a bathroom?" Albert didn't reply. He was concentrating on avoiding her handbag, which she was swinging at his head. He was a practiced hand, in his marriage to Violet having dodged hard rolls, tangerine sections, and a platter of linguine with white clam sauce.)

Shortly after Albert left Josh off and returned to his apartment, he noticed that Skippy was in the garden. The perspective was unsettling, like that of Raphael's "The Glorification of the Sacrament" or Mantegna's "The Dead Christ," and brought to mind the view from the roof of the dome of St. Peter's, to which he had climbed years ago. From there, the great statues of the saints—which, when looking up at them from below, he had assumed to be erect—appeared, like swimmers on the mark, to be on the verge of launching themselves into the square. So much depends on one's vantage point, Albert reflected—where you are standing. We rely on conventions, the way things are supposed to be, for most of our understanding, and thus tend to skip the hard parts—endeavoring to find hidden truths, to elucidate mysteries, to recognize a cry for help; even the road to self-knowledge becomes paved. Poets are no more often seen from above than whales from below, until someone wields Kafka's splintering axe.

Albert took up the binoculars with which he watched birds, and trained them on Skippy's notebook to see if he could make out what Skippy was writing. Albert read: "The perusal of literary compositions across a state line, with intent to appropriate them for one's own use, is a Federal offense, punishable by no less than . . ."



Withdrawing from the window, Albert went to the bathroom. Above the tub was a skylight. As though he were in the Pantheon or Texas Stadium, a shaft of sunlight sometimes unexpectedly illuminated him while he was taking a shower, and he would feel as if he were being singled out—but for what? Lately, Albert had come to the conclusion that if it were possible to absorb the unhappiness of others that would be the mission he would undertake. Like the old-clothes man who in Albert's youth trudged the streets, head expectantly uplifted, crying "Old clothes! Old clothes!" and retrieved the bundles housewives flung from the windows, he would cry out "Sorrows! Sorrows!" and wait below with open arms.

"FIRE!" a voice had cried, awakening Albert and the Human Dynamo, who was sleeping over. He had gotten out of bed and rushed downstairs. The vestibule seemed to be ablaze and a black youth of sixteen or so was dancing wildly about the flames. When Albert got closer, he saw that what was burning was a stack of firewood the landlord kept behind the front door, and what the boy was doing was trying to grab some of the fiery logs so he could throw them out onto the sidewalk. Albert joined in, but the flames were too intense; in addition, the wall against which the wood was stacked had caught fire. Recalling

RITA'S PIE SHOP
IRREGULARS
1/3 OFF

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that the hose used to flush the sidewalk was hooked on the top rung of the ladder leading to the basement, Albert ran down the stoop, heaved open the basement doors, and passed the hose up to the boy. When the fire was out and the boy (was he a firebug?) gone, Albert turned to put the hose away and noticed for the first time that the Human Dynamo was standing on the sidewalk. Alongside her, but somewhat apart, were Violet, wearing a robe that his mother had insisted on giving him but that he had had no use for; Skippy Mountjoy, dressed in an old raincoat of Albert's that Violet had altered and given to Skippy; and Josh, whose leash Skippy was holding. Looking down at them from the top of the stoop, Albert was struck by how short, even stumpy, Violet and Skippy were compared to the Human Dynamo and himself. It was almost as if they were members of a different race—one among which, like an anthropologist or missionary, he had dwelt but whose mysteries he hadn't penetrated; they were sharers in a tribal history from which he was excluded. His hand-me-downs seemed to point up his own inadequacies; they wore them the way savages wear top hats—not for their civilizing effects but for panache.

They stood motionless, expressionless, staring at him, as though about to be photographed on the banks of a tributary of the Orinoco. Towering above them, Albert felt that something was expected of him. Again, what? To take notes? To forgive them? To allow *them* to forgive *him*? The Human Dynamo, for her part, was looking at him as if to say, After tagging along all these years, is this my reward—an obscure confrontation in the smoky, reeking dark? Have you dragged me here to be a witness to your failure to involve yourself with people?

Albert found himself gazing at Josh. How old and scuffy he was, like Barney's football, which had been kicked around the P.S. 41 schoolyard for years. Albert realized he had not paid Josh much attention since becoming separated from Violet; the dog was merely a vague presence down there at the end of the leash, a warm, trusting neck about which Albert fastened and unfastened a collar. Had he neglected Barney in the same way?

"Josh is losing his fuzz," Albert said to Violet.

"Acme had nowhere to stay, Elite," he heard Violet say.

This time, the stench of ashes reminded Albert of dead campfires, and thus of summer camp and his youth—the woods sloping down to the lake, the blue foothills on the far shore, which he had never reached, the bluer mountains beyond. These unattained peaks would at times come to mind when he went downstairs in the morning to take Josh for a walk. Albert would invariably find him asleep in a chair by Violet's bed. He would grope for him in the dark among the folds of his blanket, trying to determine which was Josh's front end, which his rear. While doing so, he would glance at the bed, and be reassured by the gentle swell of the covers that indicated Violet's sleeping form; it was a landmark that enabled him to maintain his bearings, to complete the familiar circle of his horizon. But some mornings another range—steeper, more massive, jagged—would loom behind her, as though the earth had shifted overnight and new features had been upthrust.

In these instances, when Josh was following him to the kitchen for his biscuit, Albert would often come upon the visitor's shoes. They were slip-ons—large, black, scuffed. Usually, one would be upright, one on its side, and they would never be together; Albert had the impression that they had been kicked off in an access of passion or that their wearer had met a violent end—an explosion, a hit-and-run.

It was Albert's practice on weekends to buy the *Times*, a brioche, and a bunch of flowers while walking Josh, and to leave them, agreeably arranged, on Violet's dining-room table. Whenever he saw in her bed what loomed like a toppling wave or the greater half of a dictionary unequally open, he would buy an extra brioche. For some reason, the addition of a second roll posed an almost insuperable obstacle to putting together a satisfactory still-life, and he would stand in the dining room for long minutes, fussing with its components. He recalled his mother's dismay once upon glancing at his and his father's dinner plates. "I've turned the asparagus the wrong way!" she had cried. Holding the extra brioche aloft, as though it were a chess piece he wasn't sure where to set down—or, indeed, if it were the right piece to move—Albert thought, Perhaps I am better suited to be a mother. Indeed, toward the end of the marriage the roles had been ill-defined; Violet had been assuming the father's part while he was learning the mother's. But time ran out on them, and in the uncertainty and confusion Barney slipped through the net.

ONE night, looking down on the privet jutting from the dark pool of Violet's garden, Albert was put in mind of Pompeii, and how its excavators uncovered what they believed to be the mast tops of the city's stranded fishing fleet but which deeper digging proved to be a cypress grove—yet another instance of the fallibility of presuppositions. This speculation led to the reflection that although figures diminish as the space between them and the observer grows, time can magnify. Thus Barney now loomed larger than in life, whirling out of the darkness like the Black Monk, towering unsteadily in the garden, so that his terrified face was at Albert's window—huge, pale, unshaven, mutely appealing—as it was when Barney last kissed him goodbye. When Barney told him over the phone from Wisconsin, a month before he returned to New York and disappeared, forever, from LaGuardia, that he was running twenty miles a day, that he was going to win the marathon at the Moscow Olympics, why hadn't Albert made the connection and realized that Barney was losing his mind? Was it because there was the possibility, however remote, that he was a prodigy, that he *would* win, that he would make something of his life?

A wavering beam in the garden dispelled these thoughts. Skippy Mountjoy, with notebook and lantern, was emerging, slowly climbing the steps from Violet's apartment, evoking Sidney's "incomperable Lanterne in this fleshly darkness," and the allure of the written word.

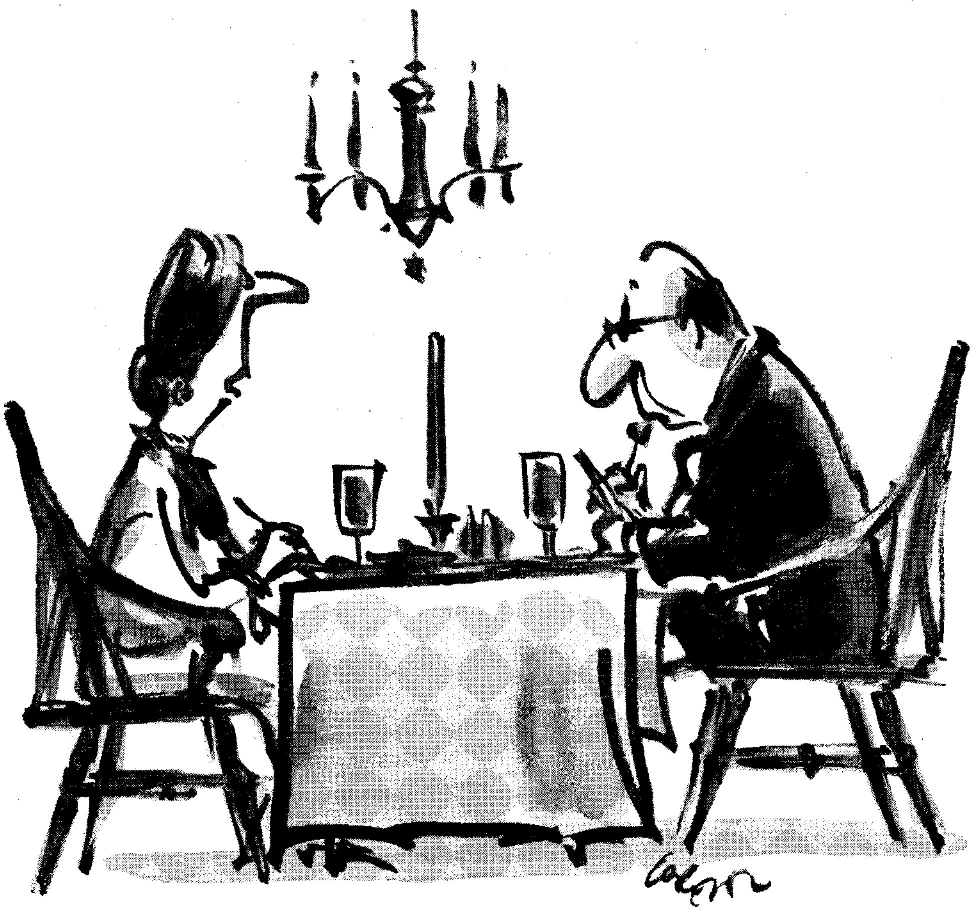
If we could see through walls, Albert believed, we would be appalled by what met our gaze: thousands, *tens* of thousands of haunted men and women in lonely kitchens, second bedrooms, and sun porches, hunched over typewriters, striving for literary fame, the faint intermittent clatter as mournful as rain spattering on fallen leaves, which, Kafū the Scribbler tells us, is a stronger agent to move men's hearts than cataracts.

Now and again, Albert had been afforded glimpses of these undaunted souls—Skippy Mountjoy, bowed beneath the privet, being the most recent example. So have we all. Albert often wished it were possible to put his hands gently or secretly on theirs, press their fingertips to the keys, and whisper, "This is the way it is done, this is the way it is done." The impulse brought to mind his forging the endorsement on Barney's income-tax-refund check, which arrived after he was found in the Hudson. (The river, Albert had persuaded himself, had lain entrancingly, dark and darker, full of speculative gleams, in the path of Barney's headlong flight from reality.) Albert had copied the signature from a college application blank that Barney had never completed. As he duplicated the signature, Albert discovered how painstakingly, almost devoutly, Barney had written it. Here he had ascended, there he had swooped down; now, like an aviator doing aerobatics, he had inscribed the glorious loop of "y." As he reproduced the signature, Albert felt Barney's hand on his, guiding the pen, as if telling him, "This was me, this was who I was." If Barney had lived, his signature would have become more ragged—he would have learned to dash it off. So, in a sense, he, too, was an author *manqué*, if only of his name.

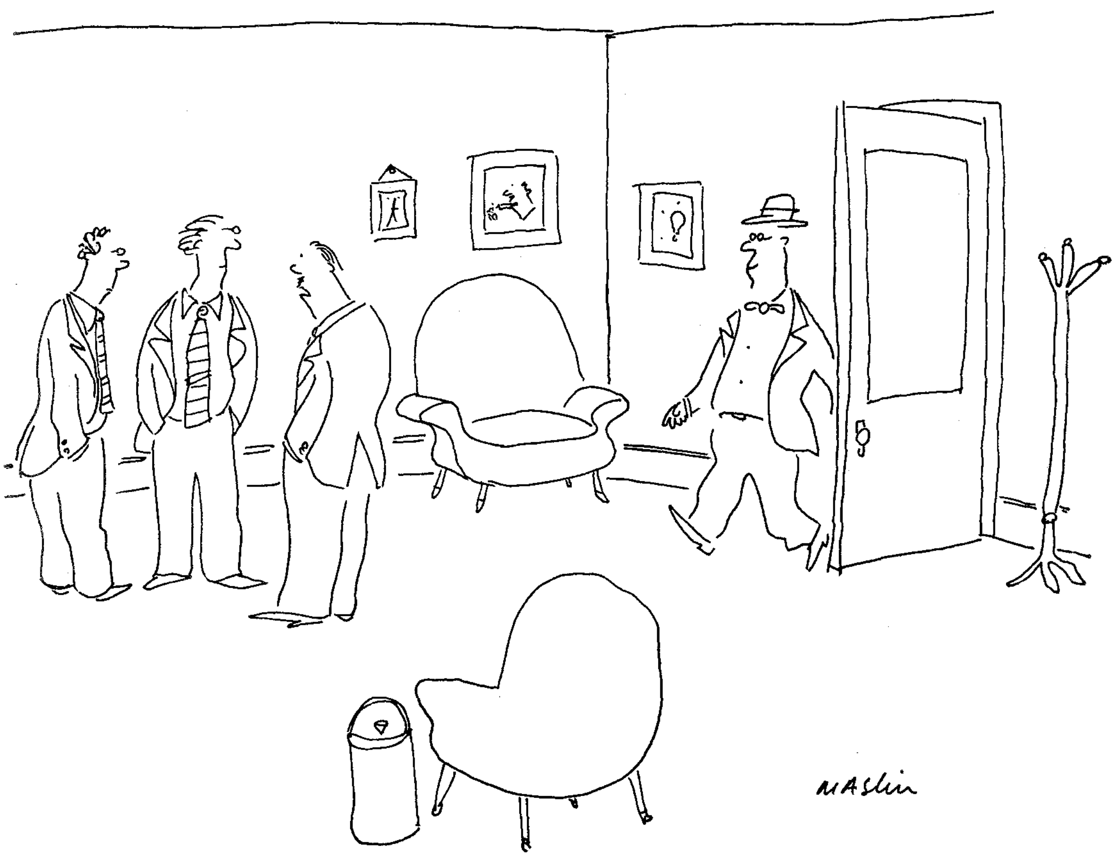
"DID you remember the alimony?" Violet asked Albert. She was lying in the tub, with only her head above the surface.

"As my father would say," Albert said, producing the check from his pocket, "I prepare my trousers the night before."

Once, when Albert asked him to run through this nifty little procedure, his father had said, "Before retiring, I remove the contents of the pock-



"Betty Donegan is reading a book that suggests life evolved in interstellar space and was randomly distributed through the universe by host spores."



"Case in point."

ets—coins, my keys, penknife, and so forth—of the trousers I'm wearing and transfer them to the pockets of the trousers I've set out for the next day—"

" 'What's the big hurry?' I always ask him," Albert's mother had said, breaking in. "And do you know what he tells me? 'I am the foe of disorder.' "

"While doing so," his father had gone on, "I glance at the memoranda I've jotted down in the course of the day and put in my pockets. Some of these I may transfer from pocket to pocket as many as a half-dozen times until the operative date of the matter I have to remember, when I dispose of them. I recommend you follow my example."

In his mind, Albert sometimes reversed this process of his father's, so that the foe of disorder, interminably rummaging in his pockets under Albert's mother's skeptical gaze, became progressively younger each day, as did she, while he transferred their contents, until Albert's mother vanished and the young man who was to become his father, having arrived at his wedding eve, was alone with his little pile of belongings and memoranda, one of which, reading "Wedding, 11 A.M., June 25," he methodically tore into many pieces.

"And how *is* your father?" Violet asked, lifting an arm to take the check. To Albert, this seemed a prodigious occurrence—the pale arm unexpectedly rising, dripping, from the depths, like that of the Lady of the Lake.

Prodigies! Was this what the pinnules foretold, these mournful interludes in this vaporous place? After the fern's decline, Albert recalled, everyone else lost interest in it, and the spraying ceremony was no longer observed; it was left to him to lug the diminished plant to the tub and dutifully sprinkle its few remaining fronds. As he would usually take care of the fern after his morning shower, while he was still naked, at night he would often discover several pinnules entangled in his pubic hair. These would evoke vague longings, as though they were evidence of pagan revels in which he had been permitted to take part, on the condition that all memory of them would be erased.

"Limping," Albert replied at last. "He told me that he and his secretary were walking down the corridor to his office, and that he was imitating her rather emphatic step by stamping his feet on the marble. 'But I was not entirely satisfied with the amount of noise I was making,' he told me. 'I had failed to reproduce her tread.' 'So what did you do?' I asked. 'I leapt in the air,' he said. 'And when you came down?' 'I fell.' 'You got carried away,' I said. 'Even I go to extremes,' he told me."

Albert envisioned his eighty-one-year-old father at the height of his leap, in the long, dim corridor faced with marble the color of old bones, striving to free himself from time's grip; and he also saw Barney, momentarily suspended in the dark over the river, seeking surcease from *his* torments. Fifteen years before—thin, white, naked, aloft—Barney had soared past the door of Albert and Violet's bedroom on his way to the bathroom. "Don't look!" he had cried in midair, but Albert, dazzled, could not avert his eyes. Now—shouldering the blame for Barney's death in the same spirit with which he yearned to circle under less specific griefs—he realized that this time he had turned aside, and Barney had passed from view forever.

As though with aching arms, Albert bore upraised the memory of that first frantic leap, just as the massive "Feast of the Rose Garlands" had been conveyed through snowy mountain passes, for when Rudolf II, the Holy Roman Emperor, acquired it in 1606 he deemed it too precious to be transported by a carriage, which might overturn, and had it bundled in rugs and carried upright across the Alps from Venice to his citadel in Prague by relays of strong men. —GILBERT ROGIN

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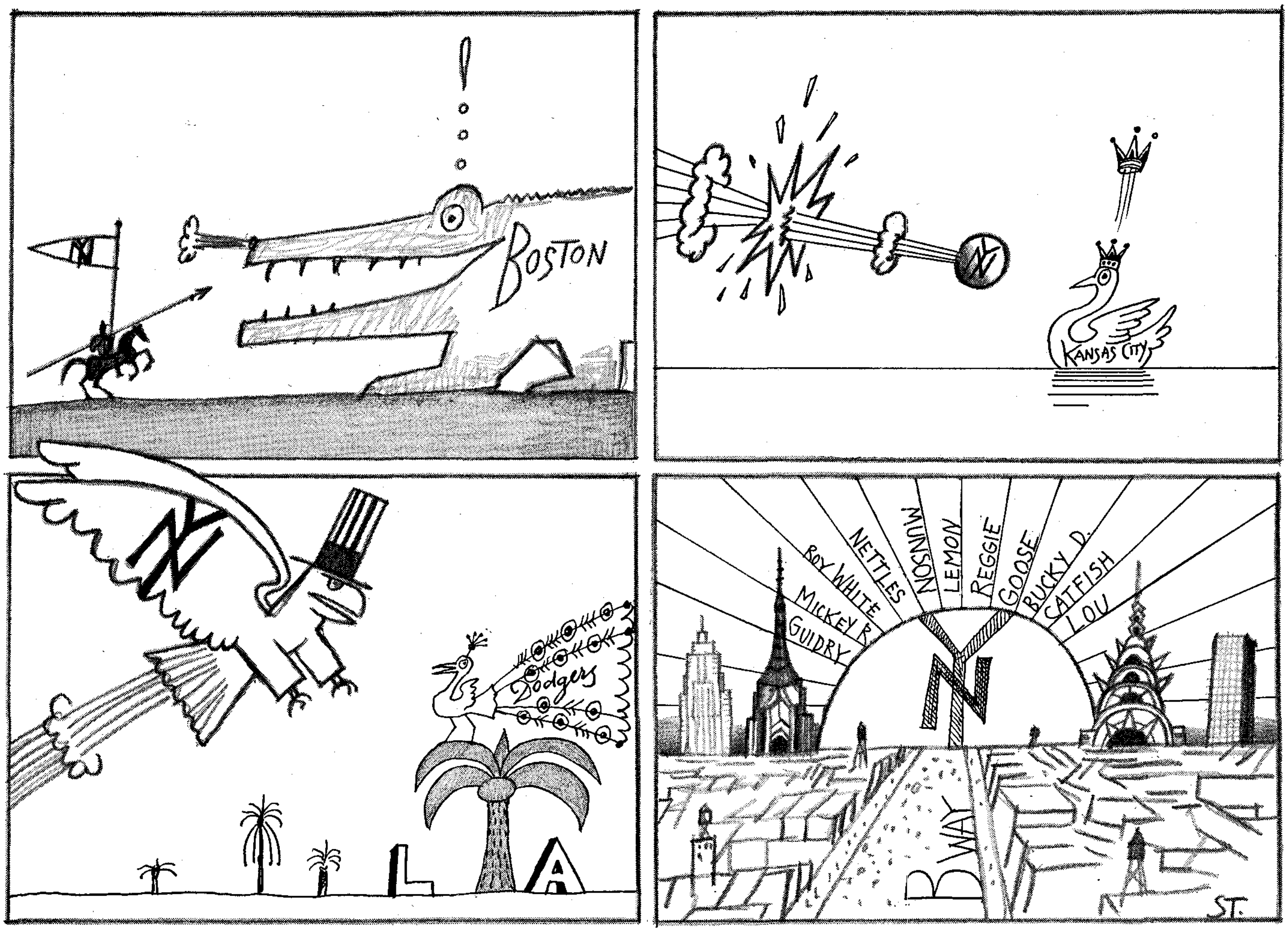
THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[From *"The Human Animal"* (1954), *by Weston La Barre*]

Sometimes, of course, symbolic structures become so extravagantly loaded with cultural mythology that with a little thought we can see them even in our own most sacredly rational behavior, the economic. Consider the humble "nickel" as a symbol. The physical fact of a nickel is hard, objective, real. But its real function and meaning is a tissue of cultural fictions. We pretend, preposterously, that a nickel is "equal" to a pair of shoelaces, a package of five slivers of chicle-tree sap, a bottle of sweet caffeine-containing carbonated water, or a couple of magical documents from a stamp-vending machine.

THE SPORTING SCENE

CITY LIGHTS: HEARTTHROBS, PRODIGIES, WINNERS, LOST CHILDREN



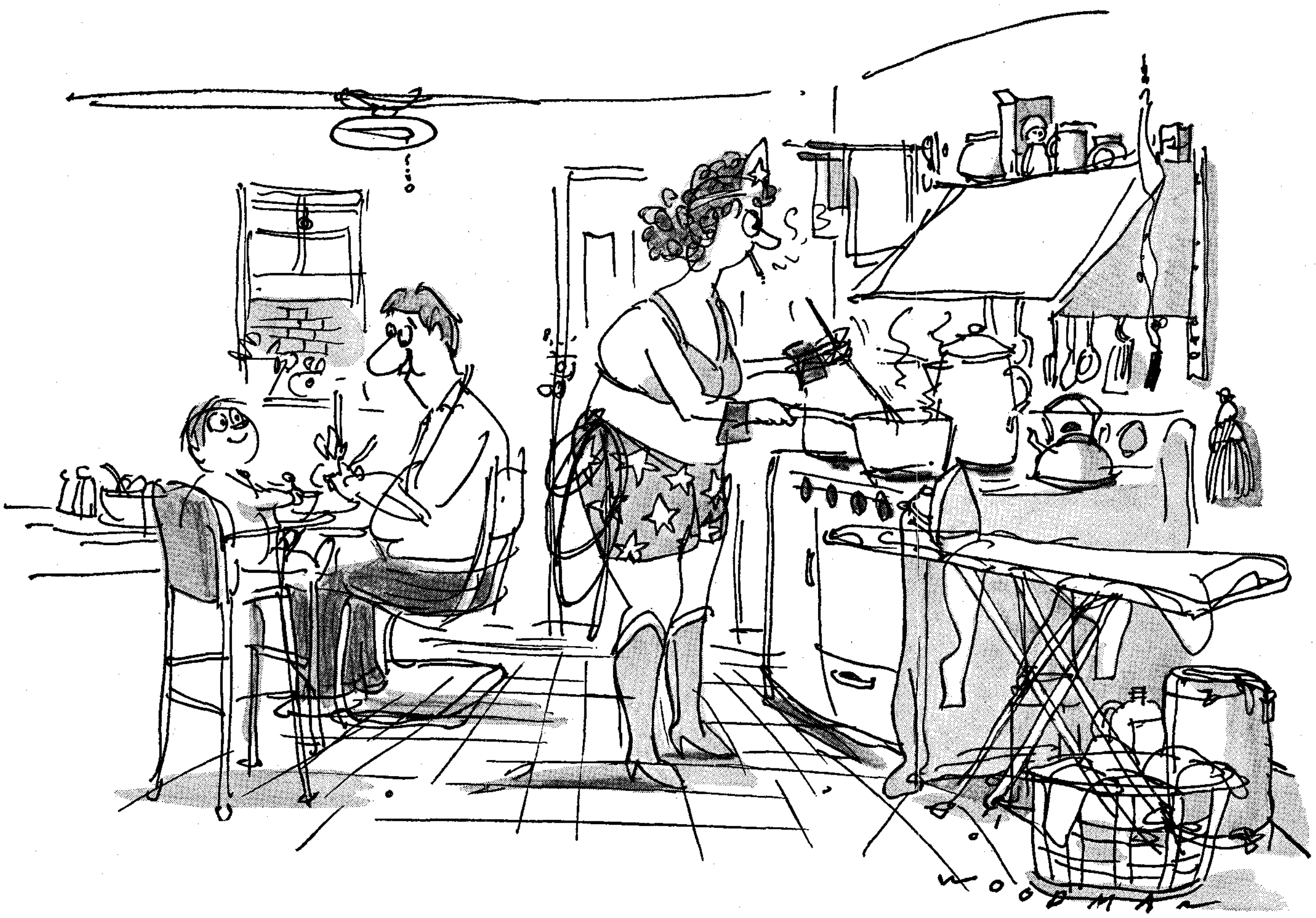
NOT much new happened in baseball this year. Two thousand one hundred and sixteen major-league games were played, from April to October, to establish the New York Yankees once again as champions of the world. It was their second consecutive championship, their twenty-second in all. For the second straight year, the Dodgers won the National League pennant and then fell to the Yankees in a six-game Series. It was their eighth Series loss to the Yankees in ten tries. For the third consecutive year, the Phillies and the Kansas City Royals won their divisional championships—in the National League East and the American League West—and were then beaten in the playoffs. For the second summer in a row, the Boston Red Sox just failed to catch the Yankees in the American League East. Last year, they lost out on the final Saturday of the regular season (and tied for second place with the Baltimore Orioles); this year, they tied the Yankees on the final Sunday, and then lost an excruciating one-game playoff the following afternoon. Dave Parker, of the Pirates, and Rod Carew, of the Twins, batted .334 and .333, respectively, this summer, thus repeating as batting champions in their leagues, and George Foster, of the Reds, and Jim Rice, of the Red Sox, struck forty and forty-six homers each, thus succeeding themselves as home-run champions. The New York Mets, the Atlanta Braves, and the Toronto Blue Jays all finished in the cellar of their divisions in 1978, exactly as they did last year; the Oakland A's finished in the cellar of the American League West last year, just behind the Seattle Mariners, but this year the two teams *reversed positions*. Finally, attendance in the major leagues set a new all-time record this year, rising by nearly two million to a total of 40,636,886. It was baseball's third consecutive record-breaking year at the gate. Nothing new all down the line. It's too bad.

This is a joke, of course, but perhaps one that can be appreciated only by fans. The season just past was in fact one of the most absorbing, surprising, and painful—painful, above all—baseball campaigns ever, and its ultimate repetitions have only deepened my admiration for the various champions and my sorrow for the almost countless losers, and have reconfirmed the game's capacity for searching out and certifying quality over the long passage of another summer. Yes, the Yankees did it again, but this year's winning campaign—in which the team came from fourteen games behind to capture the pennant, came from two runs behind to capture the thrilling playoff game with the Red Sox, and came from two games behind to win the World Series—was infinitely more difficult and more impressive than last year's. Doing it all over again is the hardest test in sports, and if the reappearance of the same teams and names at the top of the standings in September and October seems unsurprising, and even boring, to the casual follower of the pastime, it is a cause for wonder to those of us who do follow the game that this most difficult and unpredictable of all team sports should so often yield itself in the end to the same rare few, to the best. All through this summer, I heard friends and fans exclaim, "Oh, I hope the Red Sox are going to do it this year! And the Giants, too. I'd love to see some new faces in the World Series." I felt exactly the same way, and I was disconsolate when these two admirable clubs, both passionate favorites of mine, died at the end of this wonderful, hope-filled summer. But then in October, after other, equally worthy players had all failed or fallen short, my appreciation of Reggie Jackson and Thurman Munson and Catfish Hunter and Graig Nettles and Lou Piniella and the rest of the Yankee veterans, and of Dave Parker and Rod Carew and the other familiar title-winning stars, was suddenly quickened, and I realized that the opposite outcome—a fresh roster of champion batters and sluggers each year, and a new matchup of teams and heroes in almost every playoff or World Series—would soon breed in me the suspicion that baseball was too capricious, too easy, and too much subject to luck or chance for anyone to care about it very long. Dynasties can be loved only after they have been overthrown, but they add zest and danger and seriousness of purpose to each day during which they remain in power. Wait till next year.

This year, in any case, did not lack for divertissements. Earl Weaver, the Bismarck of Baltimore, finding his club down by a score of 19–6 in the fifth inning of a game against the Blue Jays, and facing a doubleheader the next day with the same club, called upon an outfielder, Larry Harlow, and then a catcher, Elrod Hendricks, to pitch, thereby simultaneously resting his embattled pitching staff, enraging traditionalists in the Toronto front office and the Baltimore press corps, and vastly entertaining everyone else on the scene; the Blue Jays won the game, 24–10. The Dodgers, that self-proclaimed court of parfit, gentil knights, were shaken by a violent clubhouse fistfight between their first baseman and Lancelot, Steve Garvey, and their longtime star pitcher, Don Sutton, after Sutton delivered various Modred-like criticisms of Garvey in an interview; the joust seemed to vivify the team, which became nearly unbeatable in the last weeks of pennant competition. Another shining hero, Jim Palmer, won twenty-one games and lost twelve for the Orioles (it was his eighth twenty-game season) but indulged himself in some publicly expressed doubts about the Baltimore outfielders' eagerness to catch fly balls. Protecting a 1–0 lead in a game against the Indians, Palmer saw his left fielder, Pat Kelly, fail to hold a long drive by Jim Norris, which was ruled a double. Palmer threw one more pitch and then announced himself unable to continue; the Orioles lost, 2–1. Tom Seaver suffered an indifferent (for him) season with the Reds, finishing at 16–14, but finally achieved his first no-hitter, against the Cardinals; previously, he had pitched five lifetime one-hit games. National League batters report that the famous Tom Seaver fastball at last may have lost a foot or two, but Tom once again struck out more than two hundred batters, for the tenth time in eleven years. Seaver's one-season National League record for most strikeouts by a right-handed pitcher (two hundred and eighty-nine) was broken this summer by James Rodney Richard, of the Houston Astros, who fanned three hundred and three batters. Richard is six feet eight inches tall, and his delivery—a gigantic, leggy stride down the mound—makes him look like a man falling out of a tree. The San Diego Padres received sterling pitching performances from two veterans—Rollie Fingers, who saved thirty-seven games, and Gaylord Perry, who won twenty-one games and lost only six, and was voted the Cy Young Award in his league. Perry, who is forty years old, now has three thousand and one strikeouts, and trails only Walter Johnson and Bob Gibson in lifetime whiffs. Phil Niekro, a thirty-nine-year-old pitcher, won nineteen games for the Atlanta Braves with his knuckleball, and was startled by team owner Ted Turner with an unnegotiated and unexpected bonus of one hundred thousand dollars. Another thirty-nine-year-old knuckleballer who turned up with that club was Jim Bouton, who made a heartening, if shaky (W 1, L 3; E.R.A.: 4.97), comeback after an eight-year absence from the sunshine of the majors.

The year's most enjoyable one-man show was Pete Rose's midsummer assault on Joe DiMaggio's famous hit-

HILLDALE
Outlaw Commuters
ZIEGLER



"Your mom's a very special person."

• •

ting streak of fifty-six consecutive games, which came in 1941. Rose was finally stopped after hitting safely in forty-four straight games, and during the latter stages of the streak he attracted immense crowds of fans in Philadelphia and New York and Atlanta, almost all of whom, in their wish to participate, however distantly, in baseball history, seemed to be cheering for him, and against the home-team pitchers. Pete himself seemed worn down by this carnival thirst for new records, because when the streak ended, in Atlanta, on August 1st, he groused bitterly about the last pitcher he faced, Gene Garber, who had struck him out on a change-up pitch. "Most pitchers in baseball just challenge a guy in that situation," Rose said. Garber, an experienced relief pitcher, said, "I wanted his streak to continue, but I wanted to get him out, too. That's what I get paid to do." I think Gene Garber has this right, but never mind; no clubhouse forensics can diminish Pete Rose's achievement. In retrospect, it is easy to understand that Rose's special attributes—he is a lead-off man, a switch-hitter, a fine bunter, an assiduous student of pitchers, and (crouched at the plate, glaring out at the pitcher over his upraised front shoulder) the most confident batter in baseball—made him the ideal man to mount a serious assault on DiMaggio's record. Rose's string wiped out the modern National League hitting record of thirty-seven consecutive games, which was set by Tommy Holmes, of the Boston Braves, in 1945, and it tied him with Willie Keeler's ancient record of forty-four games, set in 1897—a record that must be discounted, since the rules of that day did not count foul balls as strikes. Because of its prolonged and cumulative day-to-day pressure on the athlete, the DiMaggio record continues to stand as the greatest individual batting feat in the history of the game. (My selection for the greatest *team* record, which I bring up here only because it seems absolutely unlikely that any modern club will come close to challenging it, is the nearly forgotten mark established by the New York Yankees between August 3, 1931, and August 2, 1933, when they played three hundred and eight consecutive games without once being shut out.) Pete Rose fell two short of his customary two-hundred-hit level this year, but his lifetime base-hit total now stands at three thousand one hundred and sixty-four, which puts him ninth on that all-time list. Rose has just become a free agent, having failed to come to terms with the Reds, for whom he has played throughout his sixteen-year career. The bidding for his services and the eventual terms of his new contract now offer an opportunity for some ambitious club owner to set a record of his own in an otherwise unpromising free-agent year.

Off-the-field news was mercifully scarce this year. The club owners and the Players Association are bracing themselves for another round of baseball SALT talks next year, when the basic agreement between the two great powers comes up for renegotiation. The owners have hired a new and aggressive labor representative, and there is a growing conviction among them that some form of serious recompense to owners who lose stars in the free-agent market must be written into the compact. In another area, which does not come under the basic agreement, several owners are pressing for a switch to an entirely new system of leagues and of post-season play after the 1979

Are Waterford people particularly poetic and inventive? So it seems to us after reading more than 50,000 contest submissions. The best of these may acquire an amiable sort of immortality with the publication of *"The Incredible Waterford Contest Book."*

Like the opening lines in Bruce Zboray's poem:

"Flowers from weeds,
crystal from sand:
Alchemy chanced,
Alchemy planned."

Or this flight of fancy by Professor Harvey Abramson:

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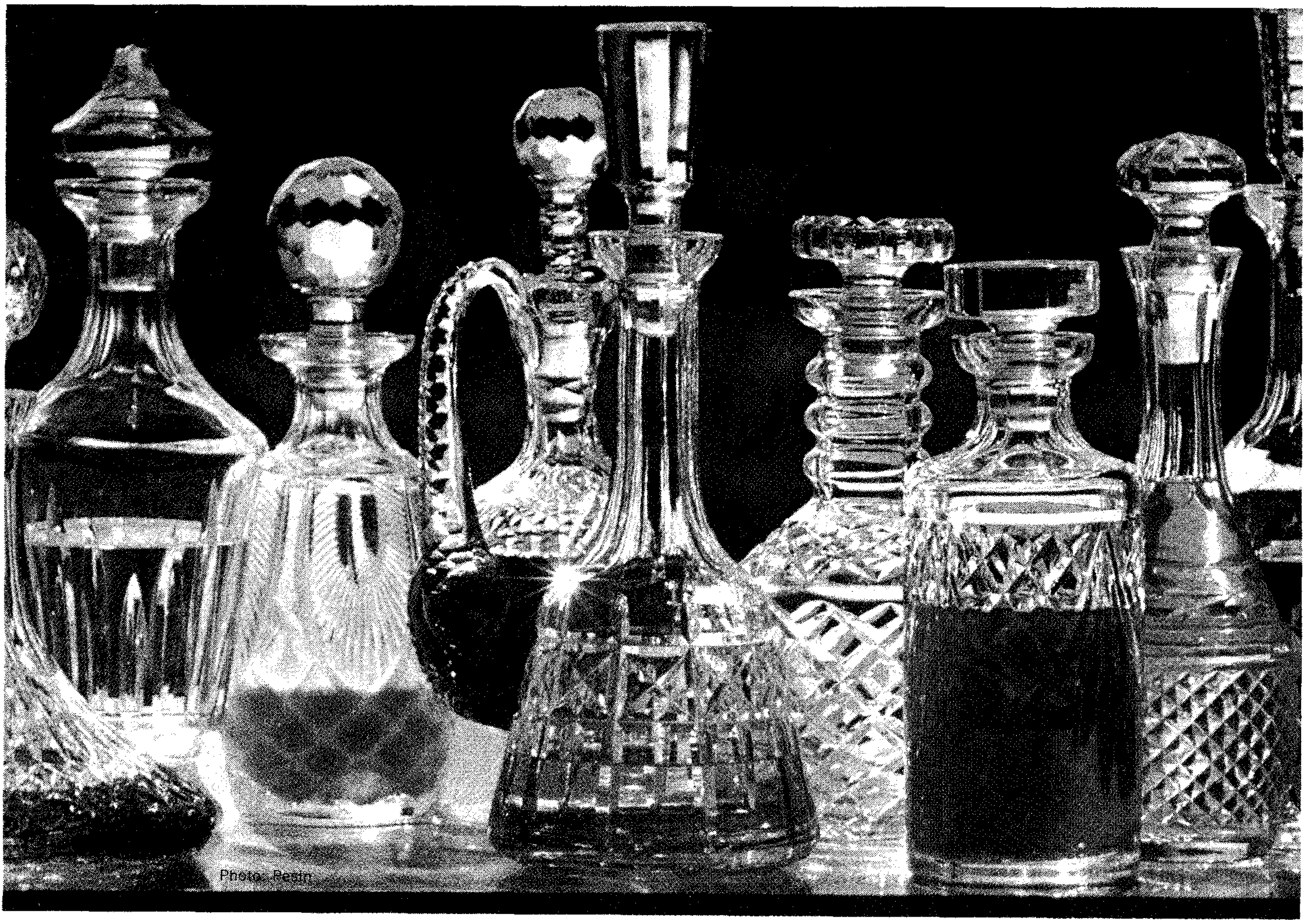

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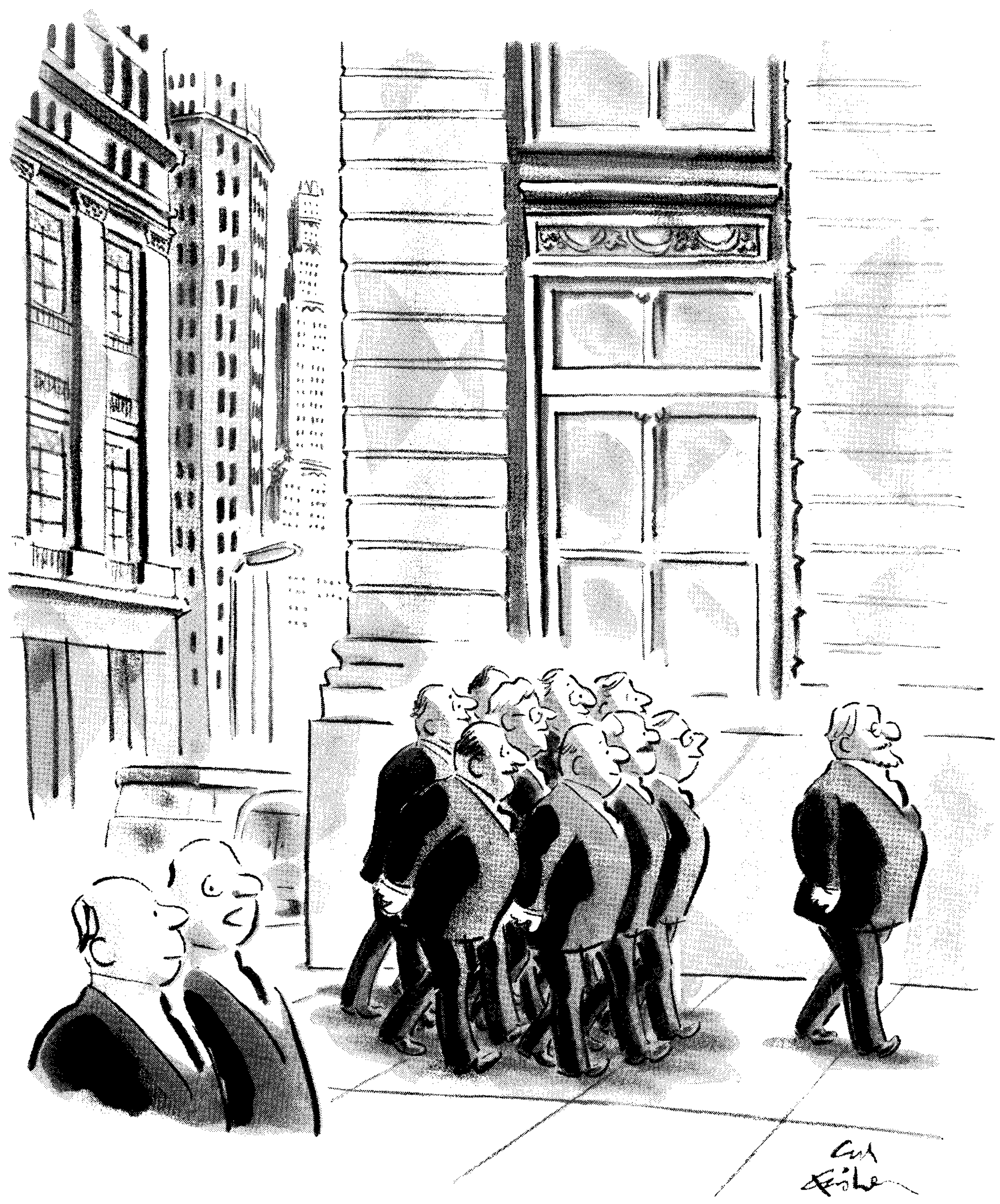
season. This would entail the establishment of three geographical divisions within each league, and a playoff season that would stretch over several weeks, involving three regional winners in each league plus a "wild card" team. This package—the same kind of television-inspired scheduling that now interminably stretches out the professional basketball and hockey seasons and vitiates their ultimate championships—is being offered to the three networks as a device that would "heighten baseball fever."

One alteration already in effect came about as the result of a lawsuit instituted last winter by Time, Incorporated, and a woman reporter with *Sports Illustrated* (a Time, Inc., publication), who had been excluded, according to ancient custom, from the clubhouses of the Yankees and the Dodgers at Yankee Stadium during the 1977 World Series; the defendants were the Yankees, the baseball commissioner, the president of the American League, the mayor of New York, and various other city functionaries. In September, a judge in United States District Court in New York found in favor of the plaintiffs, ruling that the reporter, Melissa Ludtke Lincoln, had been deprived of her rights of due process and of the equal-protection clauses of the Fourteenth Amendment. The Stadium clubhouses thereby became officially, if uneasily, heterosexual, but the issue is not yet at rest, for Commissioner Bowie Kuhn, reacting to this seemingly minimal alteration of custom as if it posed a threat to the game equal to the Black Sox scandal, is carrying the case to a higher court and meanwhile has enjoined all of the twenty-five remaining clubs from opening their clubhouse portals to women. Since these matters seem to call for more extended comment than I can find space for in this crowded report, I hope to review them at some other time—and will return now to the outdoor news of the game.

One more shower of statistics is inescapable. The violent head-to-head competition between the Red Sox and the Yankees for the American League East title this year was made possible by the simultaneous achievements of two great young stars, Jim Rice and Ron Guidry. Rice led the batters in both leagues in hits, triples, homers, runs batted in, total bases, and slugging percentage. His four hundred and six total bases were the most in the league since 1937. Thirty of his forty-six homers either tied the score or put the Red Sox ahead. And so forth. Ron Guidry's twenty-five wins and three losses for the Yankees this year constituted the highest winning percentage (.893) of any twenty-game winner in baseball history. His earned-run average of 1.74 ties him with Sandy Koufax for the lowest E.R.A. posted by any left-hander since Carl Hubbell's 1.66 in 1933. (Bob Gibson's 1.12 in 1968 is the lowest for all modern-era pitchers.) Guidry won his first thirteen decisions without a defeat, and threw nine shutouts in all—the most in his league since 1916, when Babe Ruth had the same total. Guidry's record since the All-Star break last year stands at thirty-nine wins and five defeats, including two Series and two playoff victories. And so on. In post-season balloting among the members of the Baseball Writers Association, Guidry was the unanimous choice for the Cy Young



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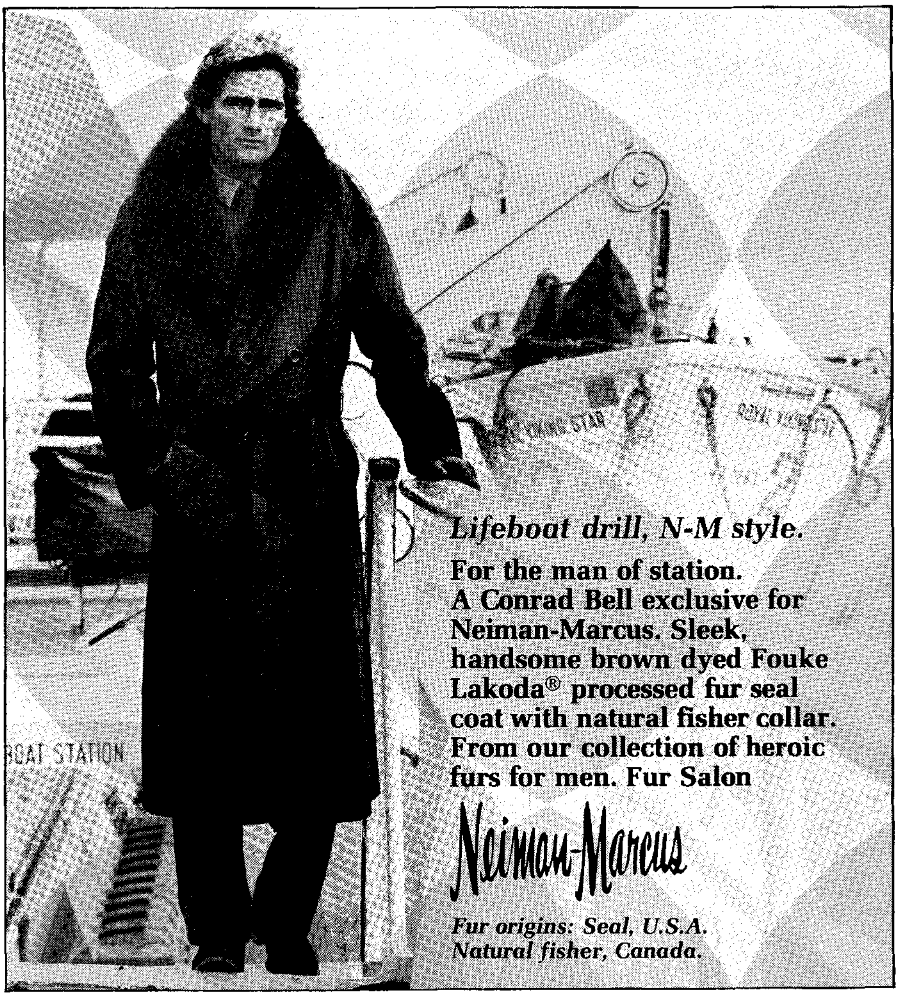
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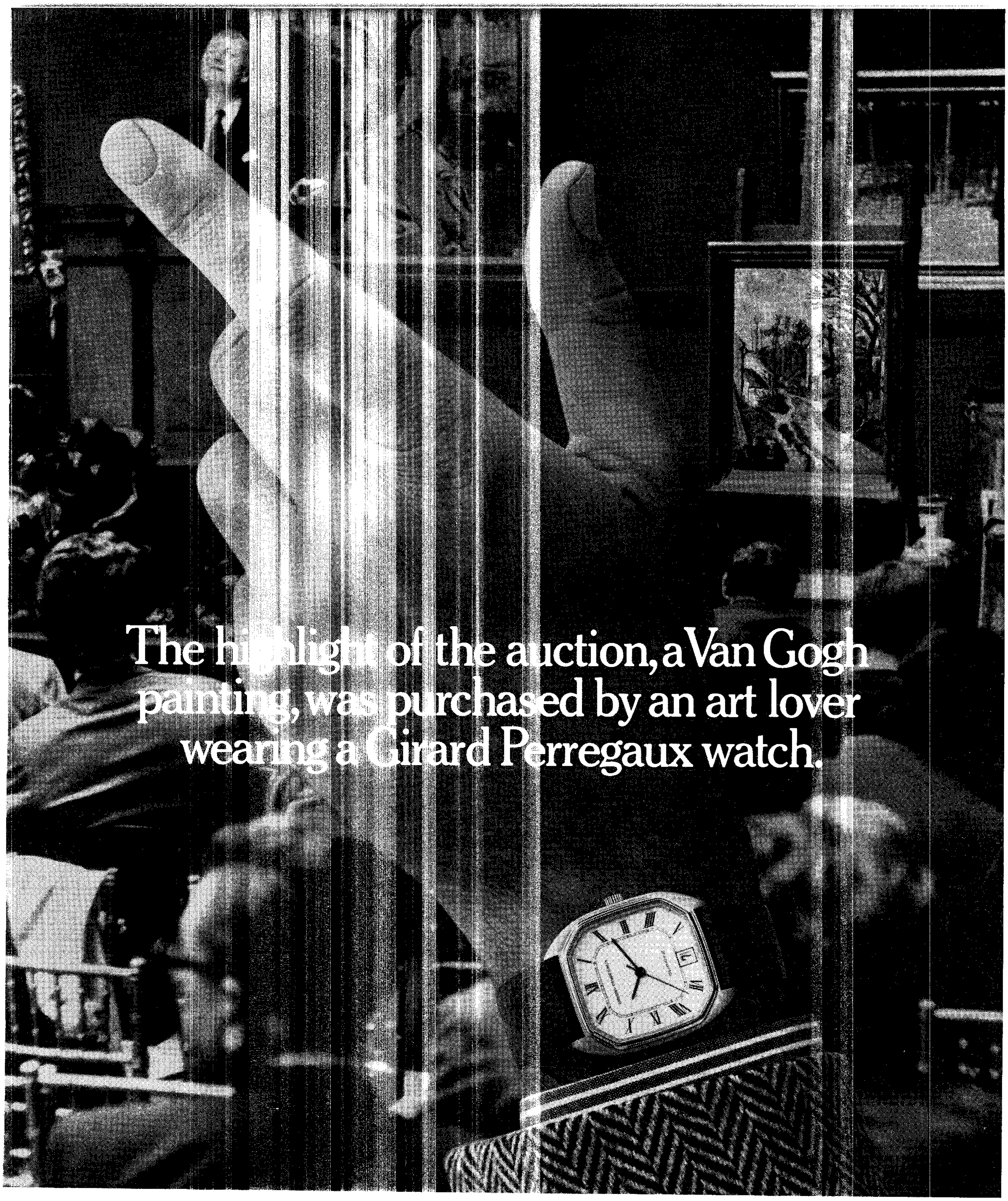
Award in his league and Jim Rice was selected Most Valuable Player. The members of the selection committee for the latter award were forced to make a choice between Rice and Guidry, which is like being asked to award a prize to a novel or to a concerto.

Both men are immensely strong, of course, but their appearance could not be more different. Rice's power is always visible—he is six feet two and weighs two hundred and five pounds and is a picture of the ideally proportioned athlete—but never more, perhaps, than when he is fooled by a pitch and manages to get only a bit of the bat handle on it and still somehow muscles the ball out over the infield on a line. With Guidry, one wonders always where all that heat is coming from. He is skinny and bowlegged, and weighs about a hundred and sixty pounds. His motion is quick and economical, and the secret of his superior fastball may lie in his upper-body movement, led by his right shoulder, which at the last instant drives forward and downward toward the batter with a sudden, pistonlike swiftness, releasing the power in his left arm. American League batters have told me that Guidry's fastball is too quick to be attacked, because one can simply lose sight of it while striding; one must lie back and shorten stroke and hope for a piece of the ball at the last instant—a maneuver that makes the hitter terribly vulnerable to Guidry's other main weapon, a swift, down-ducking slider that sometimes seems to cross the plate at shoe-top level. This was only Guidry's second full season in the majors—"He's still just a green pea," his manager, Bob Lemon, said recently, in a tone of wonder—but his pitching intelligence is mature and subtle. He is not a thrower, and his every pitch, including the slider, contributes to a thrilling major chord built around the great tonic, which is the fastball. Strangely enough, the Yankees have had very few great strikeout pitchers over the years, and the Stadium crowds this year fell into the delightful habit of rising to their feet whenever the Cajun Conjurer got two strikes on a batter, and screaming in unison for the almost inevitable coming K. When it came, Guidry would settle his cap with a swift double-touch, fore and aft, as he does after every pitch, and then walk up the mound to the rubber in four jerky backward steps, looking like a figure in some backward-running comedy footage from an old silent movie. Here, to be sure, there was no silence; in showers of noise, Guidry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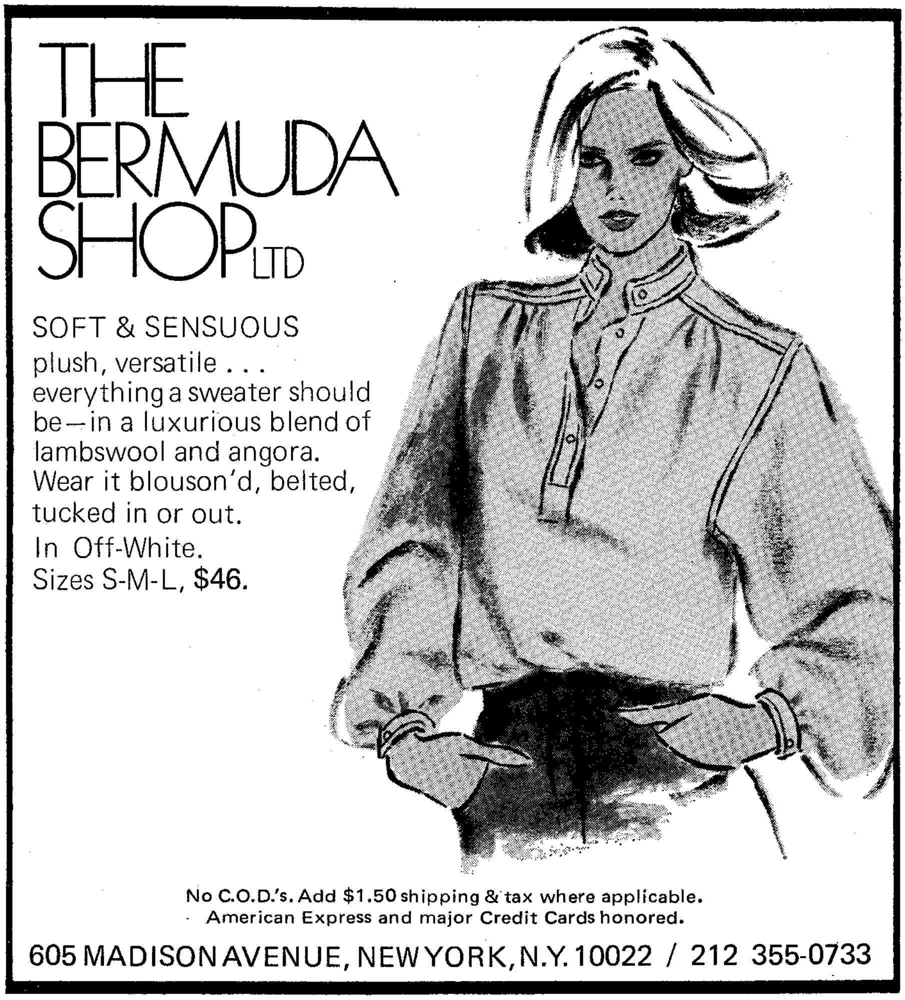

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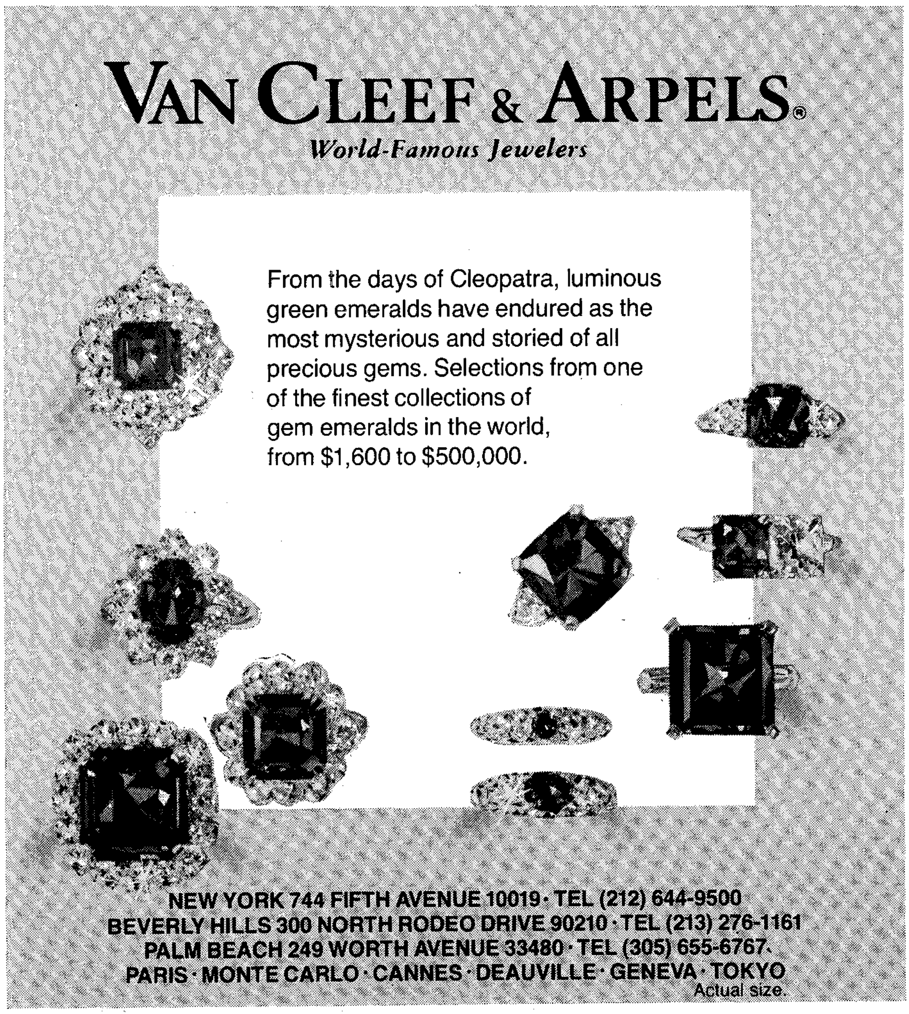

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would put up his glove for the ball and wait, motionless and composed, for the next batter to step in.

There were no such moments over at Shea Stadium this summer, where the Mets again finished dead last in their division, on merit. Doug Flynn fielded elegantly, and John Stearns improved a lot behind the plate, and Pat Zachry pitched a two-hitter (and also broke a toe while kicking irritably at the dugout steps), and Craig Swan somehow led all the National League's pitchers with an earned-run average of 2.43, and Joe Torre managed his young, thinly talented troupe with patience and class, but the club's chronic hopelessness at the plate made even these attainments seem sad. "I thought we stunk this year," Stearns said when it was all over. "We were just horrendous." Attendance barely came to a million—a gate loss of sixty-three per cent since 1970, when the club drew 2,697,479 customers and was considered one of the prime franchises in the game. There are some good young Mets arms in the minors, but no bats, and it looks as if the main entertainment at Shea Stadium next year will again turn out to be Willie Montanez's all too rare home-run trot—a slow, four-cornered dance, during which he approaches each base with a dozen tiny steps and then a large leap, like a show hunter clearing a fence.

Other teams had more fun and more company. The Dodgers drew the first three-million gate ever—3,347,845 fans in all—and the Giants, who unexpectedly led the Dodgers and the rest of the N. L. West for thirteen weeks of the summer, picked up more than a million new customers; it was only the fourth time any club had pulled *that* off. The big gainer in the American League was Milwaukee, which broke its previous highest home attendance by more than four hundred thousand. This, too, was done on merit. The Brewers finished third in the demanding American League East, behind the Yanks and the Red Sox, but they won ninety-three games—enough for a pennant in some years. The Brewers led both leagues in home runs, hits, and club batting—and perhaps in sheer pleasure. Their astounding pickup of twenty-six games over their 1977 record is attributable to thirty-four homers off the bat of Larry Hisle, a free agent who signed last winter for more than three million dollars, and to outstanding seasons by an erstwhile part-time outfielder, Gorman Thomas (thirty-two homers), an erstwhile bad-arm hurler, Mike Caldwell (twenty-

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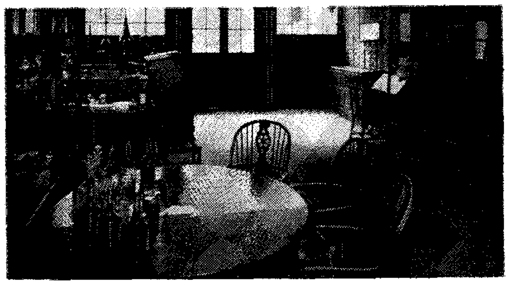

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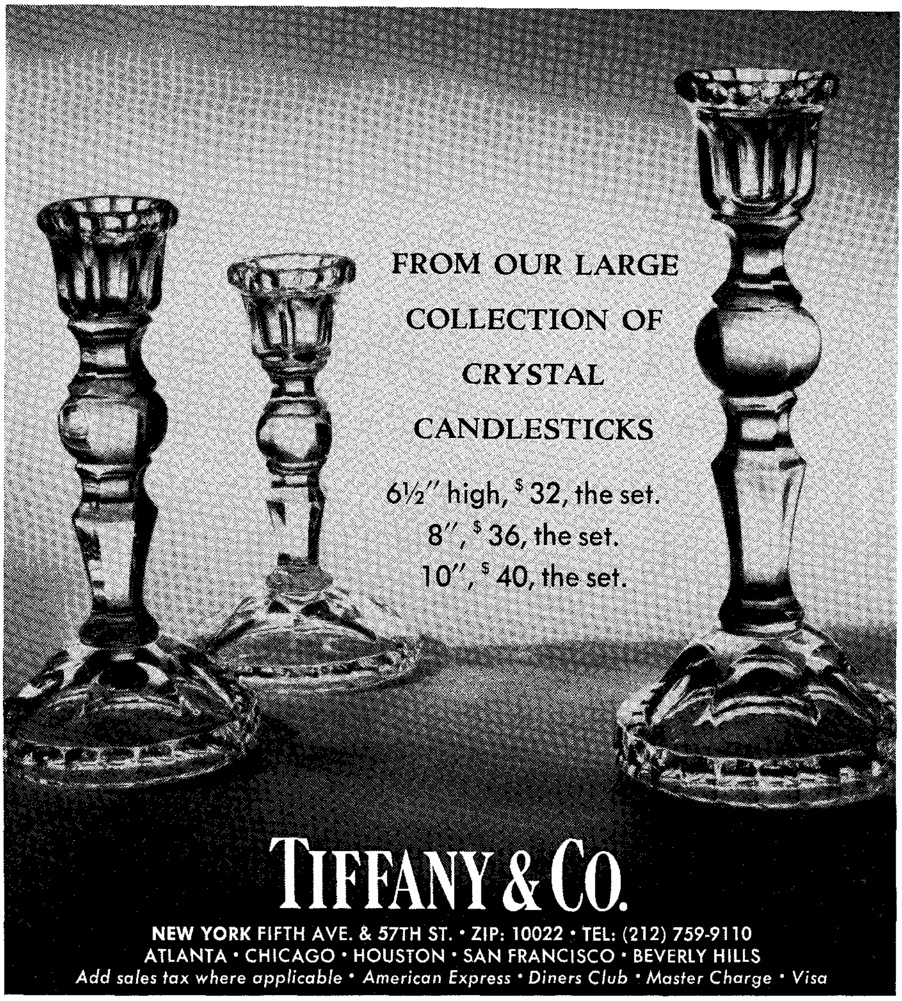

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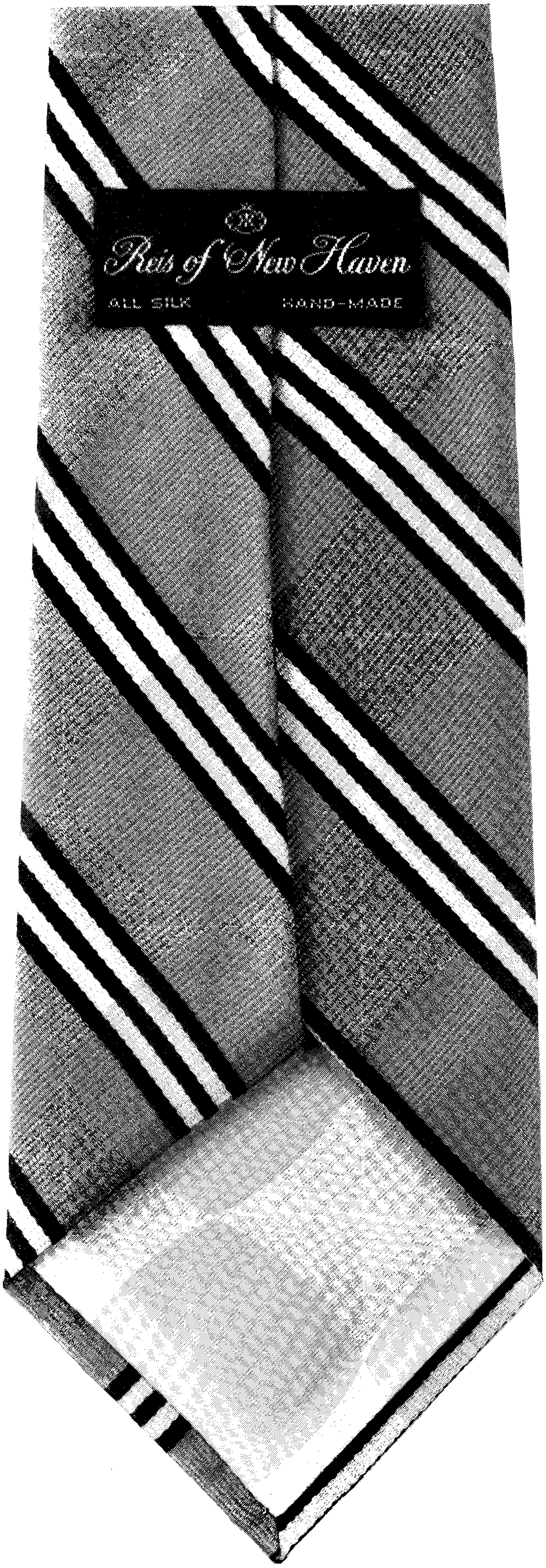
two wins), and a couple of dashing twenty-two-year-olds, pitcher Lary Sorensen and infielder Paul Molitor, but most of all, surely, to the arrival of George Bamberger, a longtime pitching coach with the Orioles who was signed on to pilot the team by the Brewers' new general manager, Harry Dalton.

I MADE it out to Milwaukee in the middle of July and visited Bamberger in his office at Milwaukee County Stadium just before a night game with the visiting Red Sox, who were then leading the second-place Brewers by eight games.

"I guess everybody in the state is surprised by us," Bamberger told me. He is a round-faced, rumply sort of man, with a half-moon smile. "I know I am. I thought this team could play about .500 ball this year. We've had some eyeopeners all right, but the best thing this club has going for it is our mixture of youth and experience. You hear a lot of talk about leadership on a ball team, but it isn't always so easy to find it. But the leaders here are people like Larry Hisle and Sal Bando and Don Money, and they *lead*. They are men, and the kids really look up to them. I look up to them, too. I don't know if you know it, but I didn't want this job. I'd never managed, and I was all set in Baltimore. I just wanted to stay in baseball a couple more years. I let Harry Dalton talk me into coming. But before I said yes I asked about what kind of people there were here—the kids and the rest of them, too. If they were going to be a pain in the ass, I sure wouldn't have taken the job. I'm no dope."

It was Sheboygan Night that night at County Stadium, and an hour before game time there were hundreds of cookouts going on in the jam-packed parking lots, and the evening air was delicious with the smell of kielbasa. The incoming traffic on the East-West Freeway was backed up all the way to the Schlitz plant. It was a family crowd, by the looks of it—parents, boys and girls, grandparents—and when the game began the roomy, smoky old steel-post grandstands were stuffed with optimism and clapping and repeated, thunderously bawled choruses of "Roll Out the Barrel." There was a full moon over the left-field bleachers. Lary Sorensen pitched, and held the Bosox hitless for the first four innings, and Larry Hisle hit a two-run homer in the third, bringing the screeching hometowners to their feet and setting off the modest but live home-run show



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up above the scoreboard: zip! came "Bernie Brewer" down a chute from the balcony of his Tyrolean chalet, kersplash! into a mammoth beer stein, which emitted balloon bubbles into the night sky, hooray!

The dangerous Red Sox began to come on in the middle innings. Brewer second baseman Paul Molitor made a wonderful play in the seventh, fielding a high looper way over behind first base and then turning a hundred and eighty degrees in midair to throw out Yastrzemski on a force at second. But George Scott singled after that, and so did Butch Hobson, and so did Frank Duffy, and when Scott was signalled safe at the plate after a peg from the outfield, catcher Charlie Moore was so incensed at the call that he allowed the ball to roll unnoticed out of his mitt while he argued it, and Hobson, who had never stopped running, scored another run. He came all the way around from first base completely unseen by Moore or by any of us (who was *that*?), because we were so intent on the rhubarb. The Sox broke the game open in the eighth—two singles, a balk, a walk, a three-run homer by Carlton Fisk—and won it by 8–2. Too bad, of course, but quite an evening, all in all, for Sheboygan, and for the rest of us, too.

A DEADLY smugness descended on me at this point in the baseball summer. After that night game in Milwaukee, the record of the Red Sox—*my* Red Sox—stood at sixty-two wins and twenty-eight losses, and the pennant race in the American League East looked almost over. The Boston batting was awesome. Fred Lynn was hitting .327, Rice was at .322 (with twenty-three homers), Yastrzemski was at .311, and Dwight Evans had eighteen homers. Only nine pinch-hitters had come up to bat for the team all season. On the mound, Dennis Eckersley—the young power pitcher acquired from Cleveland just before the season started—was eleven and two, Bill Lee was ten and three, Mike Torrez was twelve and five, and Luis Tiant was seven and two: forty wins and twelve losses for the four starters. The defense—with Lynn's range and Evans' incomparable arm and glove in the outfield, and with the harelike new second baseman, Jerry Remy, meshing impeccably with shortstop Rick Burleson in the infield—looked impregnable. Carl Yastrzemski said that this club had the best pitching and the best defense of any Boston team he had played on. In the previous month, I

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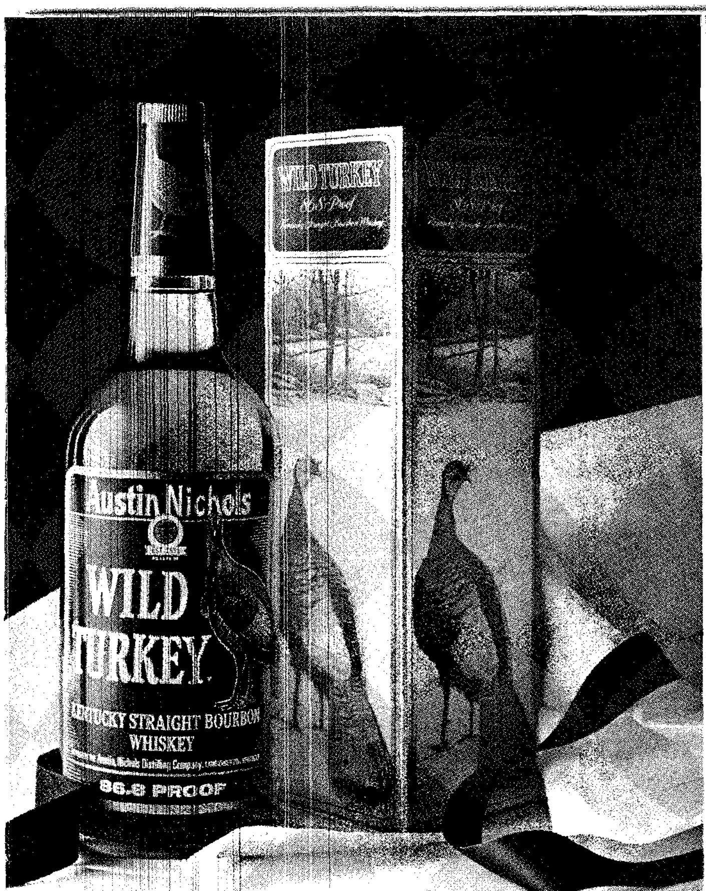
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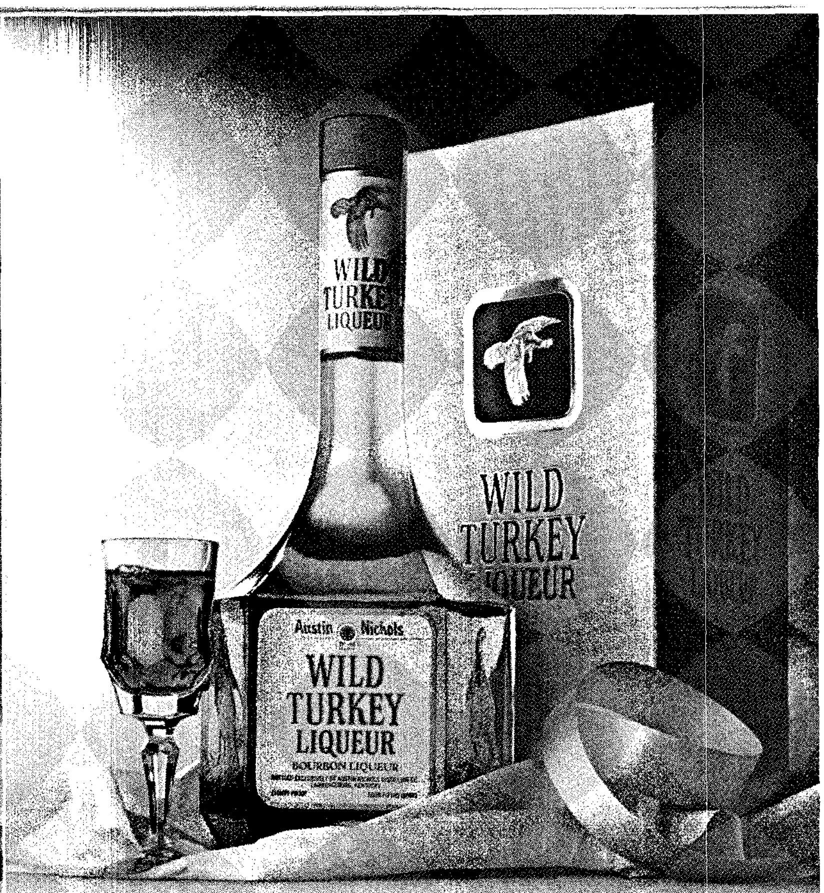
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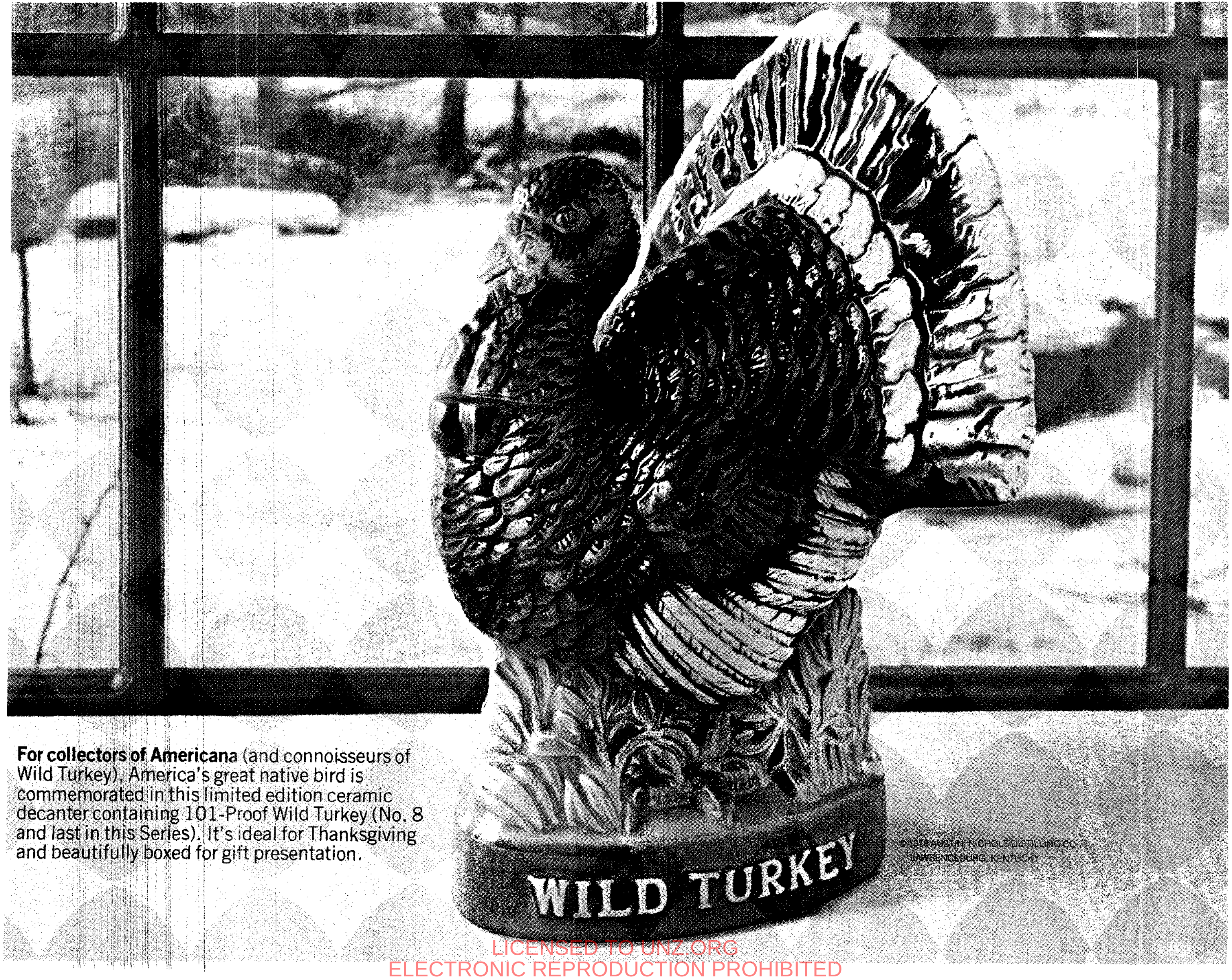
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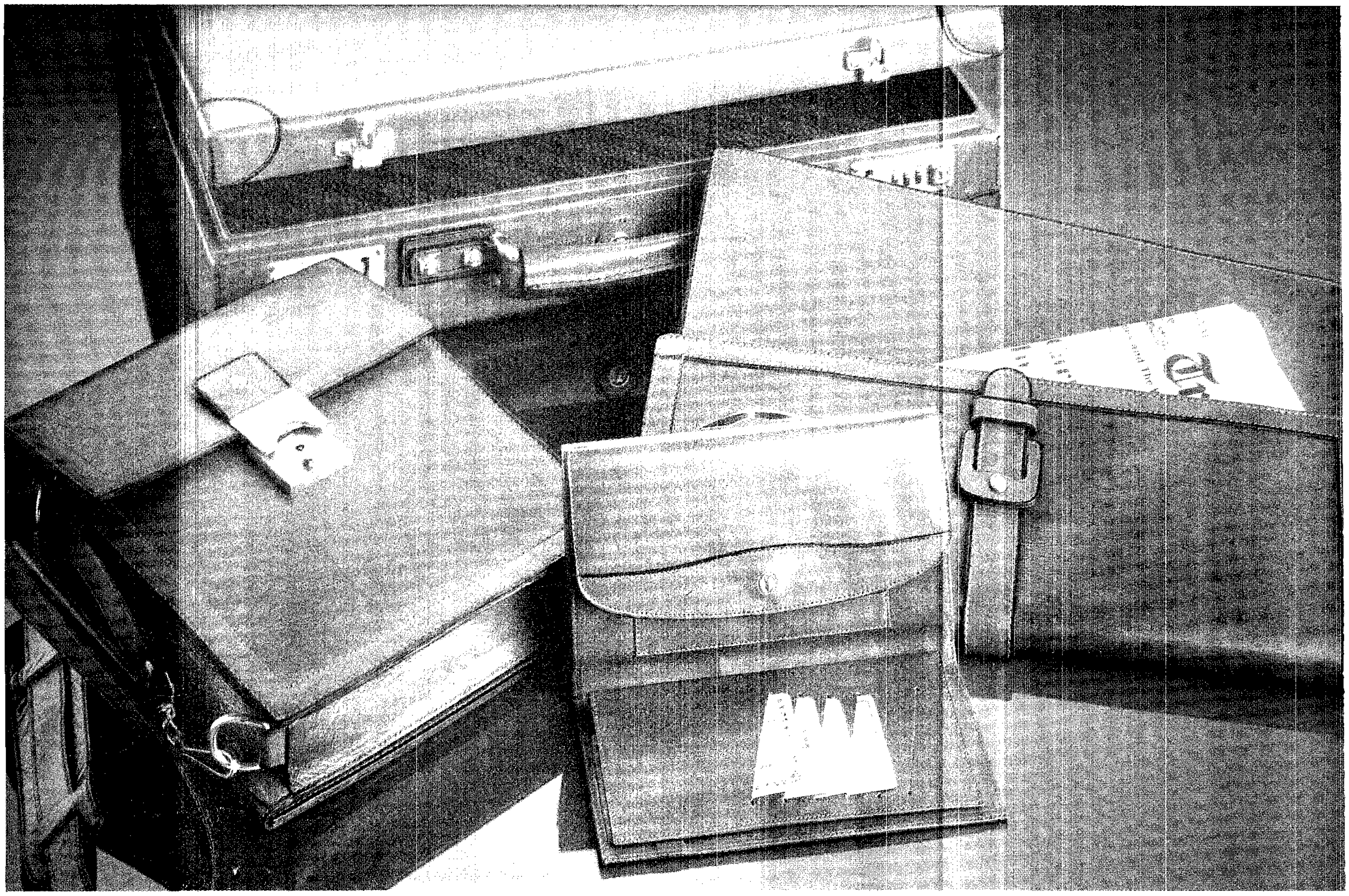

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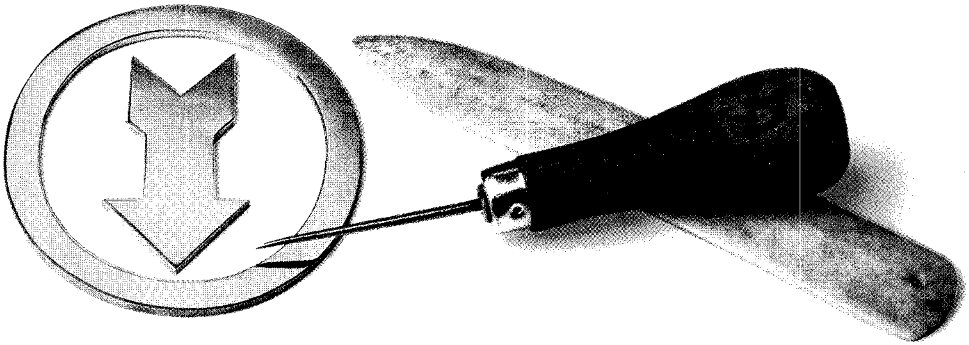

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had watched the Bosox overwhelm the Yankees, winning four out of six clamorous games in Boston and New York. Eckersley, who had never beaten the Yankees before, whipped them three times in twelve days. The defending champions seemed broken by injuries and dissension. Mickey Rivers, Bucky Dent, Willie Randolph, and Thurman Munson had been sidelined or had gone on the disabled list for various periods; Reggie Jackson was having trouble with his eyes and his psyche. The champions' pitchers, once overabundant in depth and skill, were in the worst shape of all. Don Gullett, Andy Messersmith, Catfish Hunter, and Ken Clay had all been shelved with arm miseries; young Jim Beattie had been shipped back to Tacoma; Ed Figueroa was struggling. Up in Boston, Catfish Hunter was tried again in late-inning relief and instantly gave up four hits, two of them homers, before Yastrzemski struck out—perhaps intentionally, in order to save the Cat further humiliation. Young and utterly anonymous pitchers—Dave Rajsich, Bob Kammeyer—were hastily called up from the minors and thrown into combat, like Eton boys at Passchendaele. The famous rivals looked so ill-matched that when their July 4th game at Fenway was rained out, after a one-sided Boston win the night before, I had a commiserating, condescending feeling of relief. It would be fairer and more fun for the two teams to play later on, when the odds were better. The Yankees went off to Texas and then to Milwaukee, where they were swept by the Brewers in three straight. By the time of my visit there, the Yankees were fourteen games behind, and, by their own admission, out of it.

In baseball, Yogi Berra once said, you don't know *nothing*. One thing I didn't know was that the Red Sox would lose the next night in Milwaukee, and would continue that road trip by dropping six of their next seven games. Rick Burleson's absence with a damaged ankle for twelve games was the first check to the team's Mercedes-like passage through the summer landscape. The Yankees, meanwhile, began to motor in the opposite direction, moving from fourteen games behind to eight behind in the space of eight days. Another thing I didn't know was that Catfish Hunter's fortunes were undergoing a dramatic alteration. Immediately after his appalling outing in Boston, he had been treated by the Yankee physician, Dr. Maurice Cowen, who put him under anesthesia and manipulated his damaged pitching

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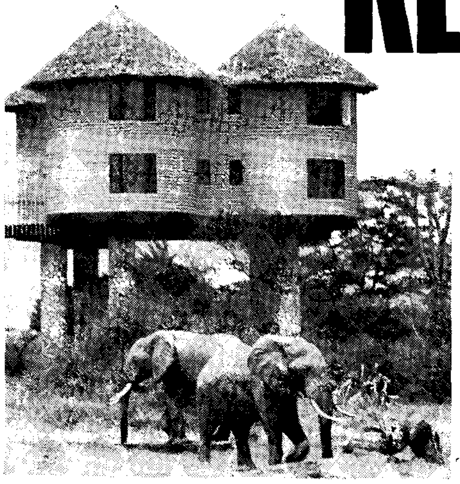

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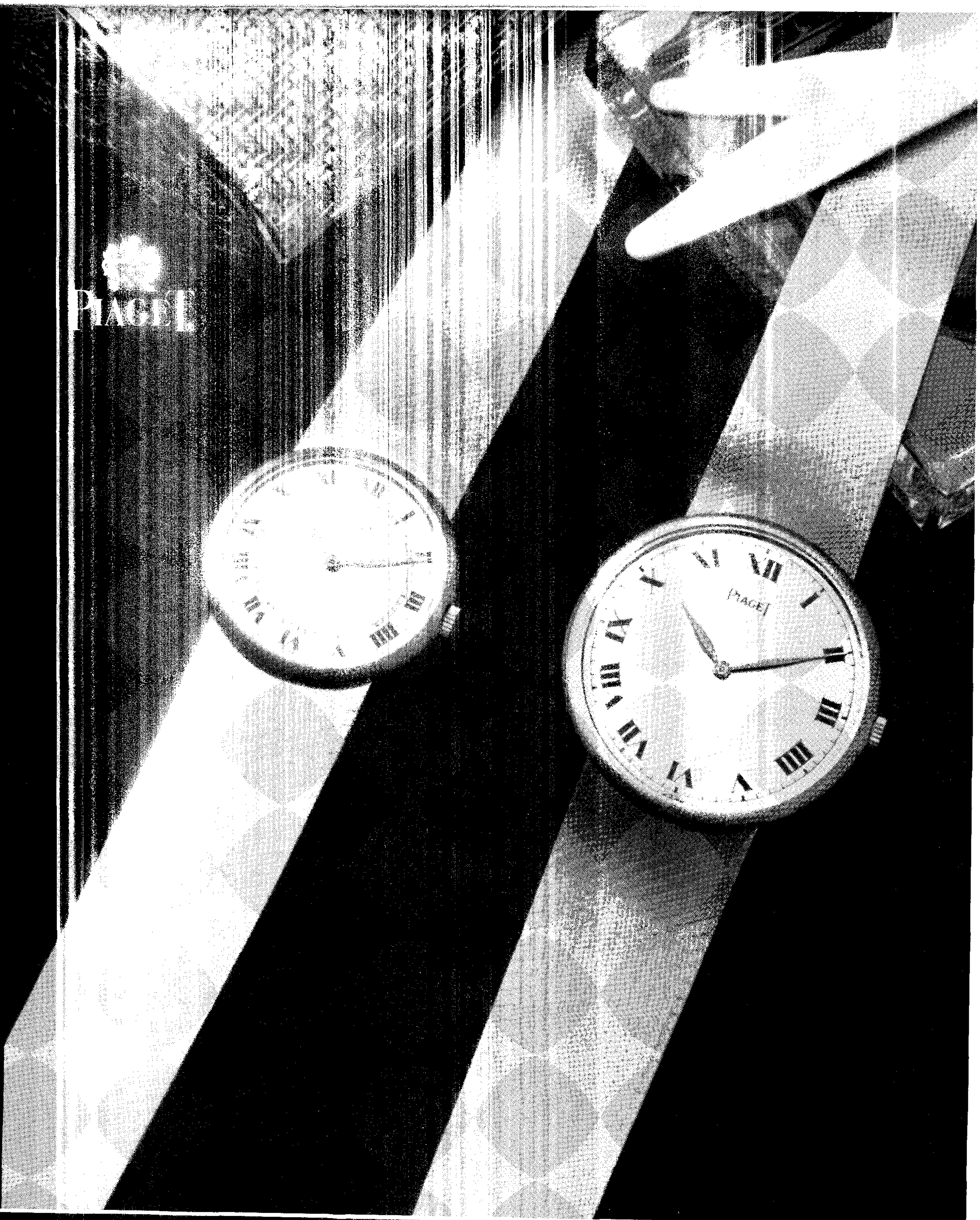
arm; the Doctor said later that the popping noise when he broke the adhesions in Hunter's shoulder was so startling that for a moment he thought he had broken the pitcher's arm. Hunter played catch with his son the next day and reported that he had thrown without pain for the first time in two years. A little later, he had a very poor outing against the Indians, but again felt no pain. He then won his next six decisions in a row, and the Yankees' pitching was restored.

Another thing I didn't know was that Billy Martin would resign his job, on July 24th (after some alcoholic and ill-considered words about his employer, George Steinbrenner), and that Bob Lemon, who had been released earlier in the summer as manager of the White Sox, would take his place. No autopsy will be attempted here on this celebrated but moldering cadaver of sports news, or its startling sequel—the announcement by Steinbrenner that Billy Martin would return as the Yankee manager in 1980, with Bob Lemon moving up to the general manager's office. Speculation cannot determine what effect the change of managers had on the Yankees' triumphal course through the rest of the season; for that matter, no one has been able to prove that a *manager* was ever responsible for winning or losing a single ballgame. What is clear is that the difference between the two men in outward (and perhaps inward) manner is antipodal—a contrast that is perhaps best illustrated by the manner in which each comported himself upon being removed from office. Martin, it will be recalled, broke down before the cameras and reporters during an extempore press conference on the mezzanine of a Kansas City hotel and was led away in tears. Bob Lemon, after being relieved by White Sox owner Bill Veeck, because the club had gone sour on the field and at the gate, asked his boss if he could speak in private to the Chicago players before he departed. One of those players, the veteran shortstop Don Kessinger, later said to a local writer, "It was something. All he did was talk about *us*. He thanked us, and told us how good we were. He never mentioned himself once." This seems typical of the man. Bob Lemon is the only contemporary manager I have encountered who always refers to his players as "they," instead of the currently obligatory, Scoutmasterish "we." He also never makes critical comments or jokes about a player in front of his teammates or to members of the press. He is soft-spoken and outwardly gentle



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and consistently humorous, and since he has moved into his office there, the Yankee clubhouse has become a cheerful and much more youthful digs, and a pleasure to visit. In Martin's defense, it should be pointed out that the Yankees won for him last year, when the clubhouse atmosphere was tainted from April until October, and that this year's team had just run off five straight wins when Billy quit. Martin is a tough and resourceful field director, and there is no evidence that sweetness and laughter in the locker room or on the team bus are translated into winning habits on the ball field. Will Martin actually resume his pinstripes in 1980? I have no idea.

THE last traces of my baseball neutrality disappeared during the month of August, which I passed on vacation in Maine, deep in Red Sox country. Far from any ballpark and without a television set, I went to bed early on most nights and lay there semi-comatose, stunned by another day of sunshine and salt air but kept awake, or almost awake, by the murmurous running thread of Bosox baseball from my bedside radio. I felt very close to *the game then*—perhaps because I grew up listening to baseball over the radio, or perhaps because the familiar quiet tones and effortless precision of the veteran Red Sox announcers, Ned Martin and Jim Woods, invited me to share with them the profound New England seriousness of Following the Sox. Sometimes, I must confess, I did fall asleep, usually when the team was playing on the West Coast—well past midnight on Penobscot Bay—and when I awoke in the morning to the lap of water under my windows (or, at low tide, to the conversation of gulls and crows on the stony beach) I would spring up, scoreless and anxious, and twirl the dial in search of the news. Whatever the result, the previous night's game was then replayed during the morning and afternoon with my friends and co-religionists at the general store, the post office, and the boatyard, and then again over drinks at the end of the day on somebody's porch overlooking Eggemoggin Reach and, behind Isle au Haut, Fenway Park. I have spent many summers in this part of the world, but this was the first year I could remember when the Red Sox were in first place all through August—a development that seemed only to deepen the sense of foreboding that always afflicts the Red Sox faithful as the summer wanes. First place, I suddenly understood,

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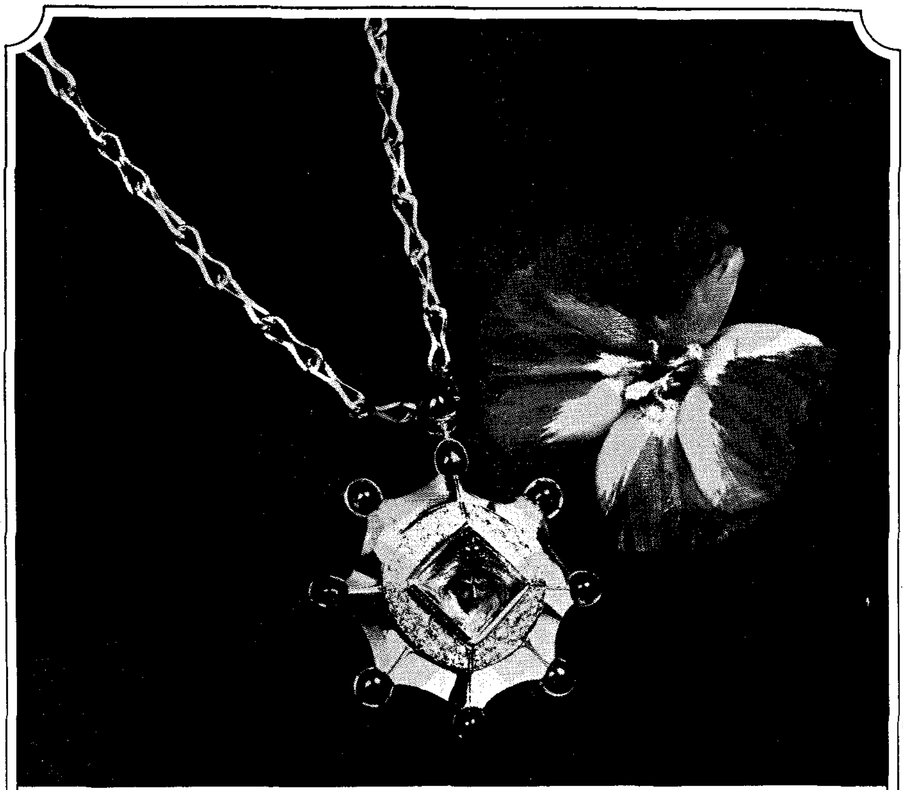
means responsibility. We Red Sox fans were like a young couple who for years had rented a nice little apartment on the second floor, dreaming and saving in the hope that someday they could afford a house of their own. Now, at last, we had it—Top o' the Hill Cottage—and for the first time we realized that the place was mortgaged, that it had to be painted and kept up and looked after, and that it could be lost. It was almost better the other way.

The Sox entered August five games ahead of the second-place Brewers and finished it six and a half ahead of the second-place Yankees, but it was—in truth as well as in our imagining—an anxious sort of month. Against the Yankees, Boston won a two-day game in which they had once trailed by 5–0, before tying it up in the eighth. Postponed after fourteen innings by rain, the game was resumed the next night, with the Sox winning it by 7–5 in the seventeenth; then they won the other game that night, by 8–1. The team fared less well against easier foes, and one began to notice that several Boston victories were attributable to plain luck. They beat the Indians in the thirteenth inning when one Cleveland infielder dropped a short pop fly and another threw the ball past third base, giving Butch Hobson a hitless inside-the-park homer. They beat the A's when Jerry Remy hit a three-run homer in Oakland just after the home-plate ump had called a foul tip on an apparent third strike—a magical foul tip that Remy himself could not detect. Down a run with two out in the twelfth inning, they beat the Angels when the California third baseman threw wildly past first on a routine play and Jerry Remy was ruled safe at home on a frightful call by the ump. (A lot of American League umpires had hard days at the office this summer.) Luckily, too, the Yankees ran into repeated difficulties with the last-place Mariners. But the Yanks kept coming on now, and a lot of Red Sox regulars were aching or were mired in slumps. George Scott struck out again and again. Bill Lee lost seven straight games and was taken out of the rotation. Lynn and Fisk and Hobson were injured. The bone chips in the elbow of Hobson's throwing arm were so painful at times that he fell into the habit of sprinting toward first base before getting off a peg; he also made a great many errors. Dwight Evans was beaned, and Jerry Remy cracked his wrist. Carl Yastrzemski had an agonizing back-pull and a sore right wrist. (Corseted and bandaged, Yaz came



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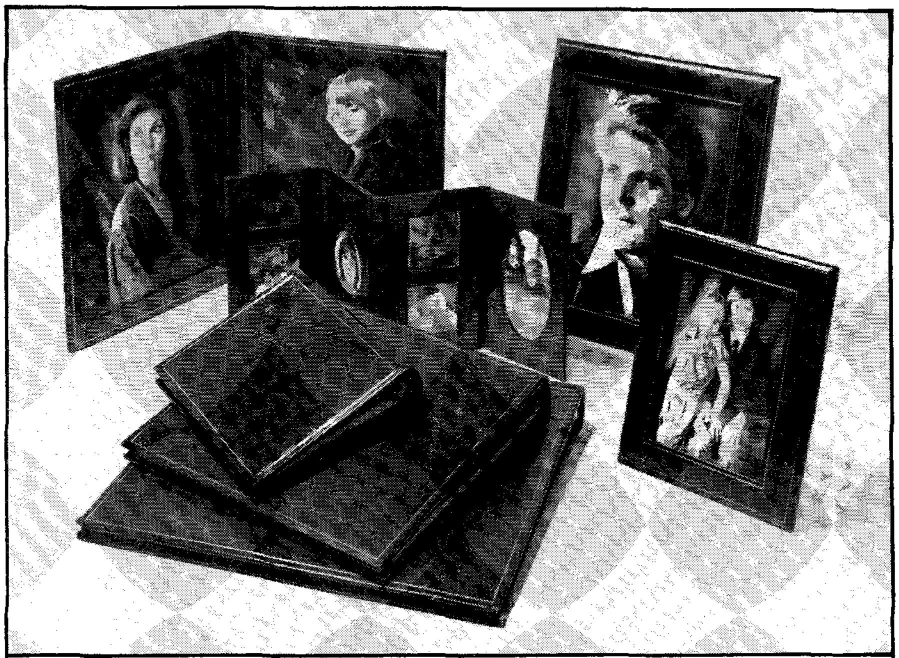

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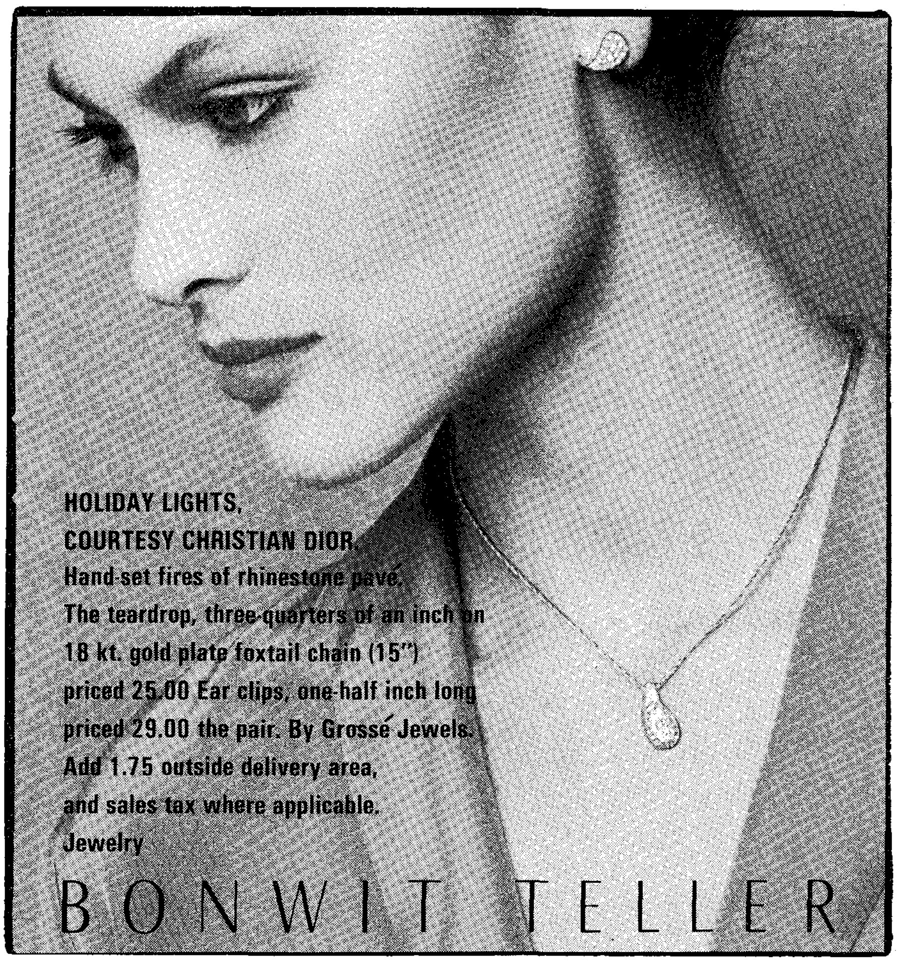

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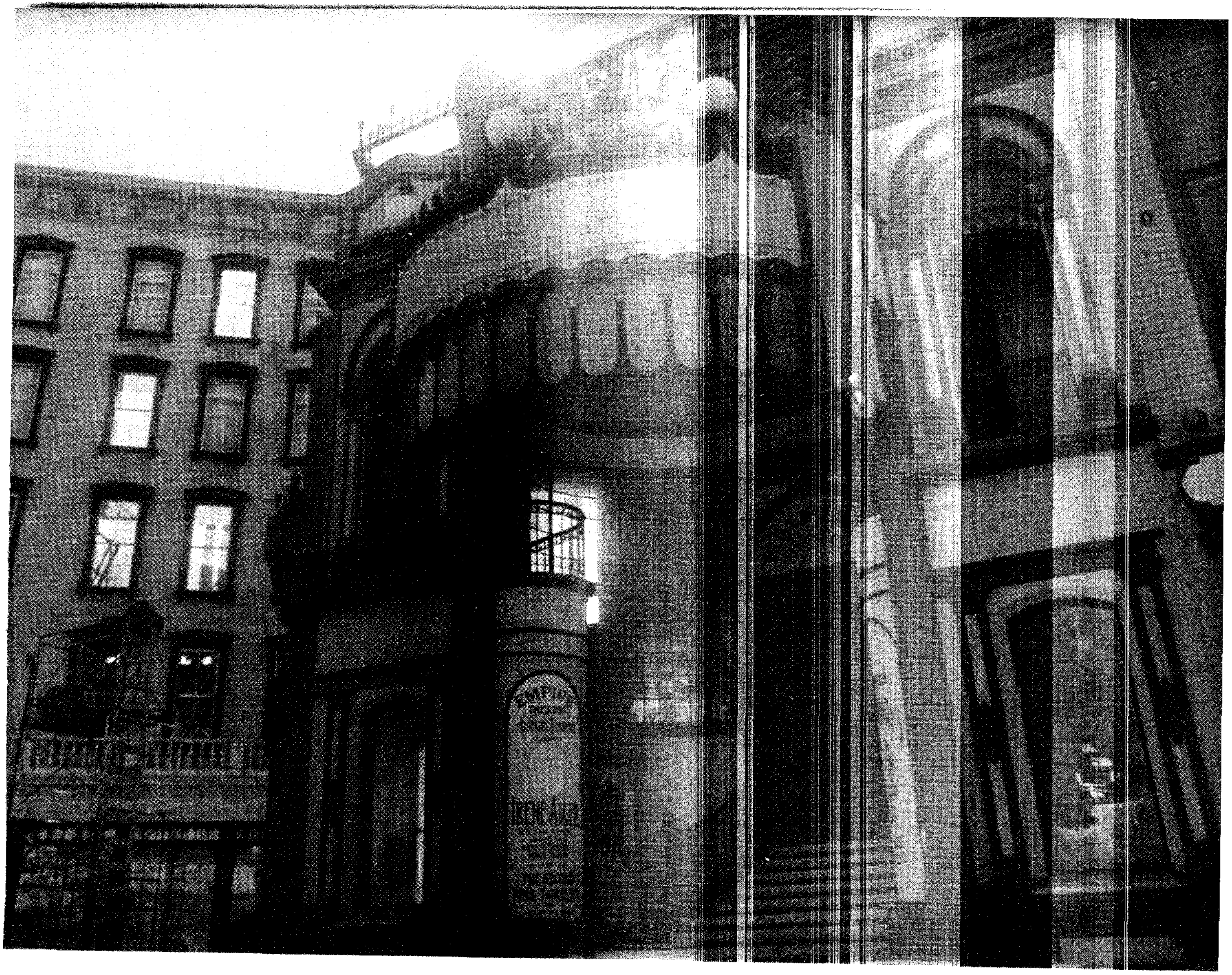
off the bench and went four for six against the Angels.) Somehow, the team won six in a row at home, and it looked as if the mortgage might be safe after all.

I CAME home tanned and confident, but my real troubles were just beginning, for the Red Sox now fell into a corpselike stillness at the plate. In one game at Baltimore, after Jim Rice hit a three-run homer in the first inning the next twenty-three Boston batters went out in order, as the Orioles won by 5–3. When the Yankees came into Fenway Park on September 7th, to begin a pair of critical home-and-home series on successive weekends, the Bosox had lost six of their last eight games, while the Yankees had won twelve of their last fourteen. The Boston lead was down to four games. Then it was down to three, as the defending champions thrashed the Sox, 15–3, scoring twelve runs in the first four innings. (This game, by the way, was the rescheduled Fourth of July rainout that I had so magnanimously and insanely wished to see played when the teams were more evenly matched.) The following evening, the Sox committed four atrocious errors in the first two innings while the Yankees were scoring eight runs; eighteen Boston batters went down in order against Jim Beattie, the Yanks' big freshman right-hander, and the Yankees won by 13–2. There were seven Boston errors all told. The Sox had now committed twenty-two errors and given up nineteen unearned runs in their last nine games. Keeping score, I had begun to feel like an accountant for a Wall Street brokerage firm in the fall of 1929. The cabdriver who took me home from Fenway Park that night said, "I turned that game off three different times on the radio."

The game on Saturday—Eckersley vs. Guidry on a glazy, windy, sharp-shadow day at the Fens—was better, at least for a while. In the fourth, Yastrzemski made a diving, rolling catch of Jackson's drive at the foot of the wall in left, and the relay doubled Munson off first base—the kind of play that sometimes turns a series and a ball team around. A moment or two later, however, with two Yankee base runners aboard, five Boston fielders (not including Remy, who was still benched with his injury) circled and stared and paused and pulled back under Piniella's high, wind-bent fly in short right-center field, allowing it to drop untouched for a double. At once, there came a little flurry of hits and walks, a wild pitch,



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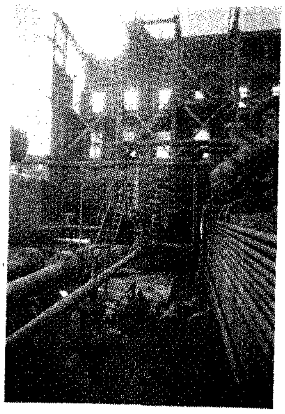

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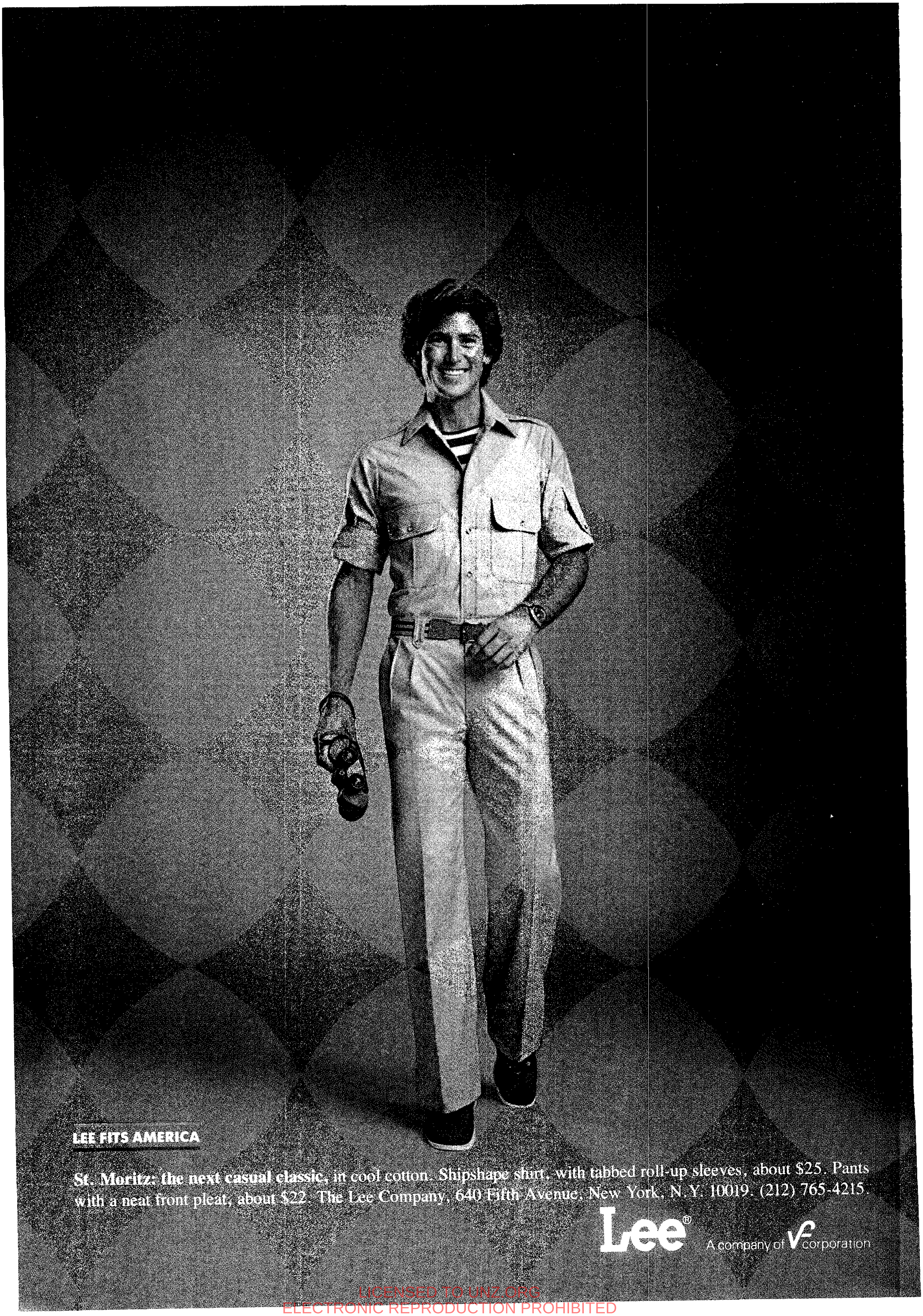

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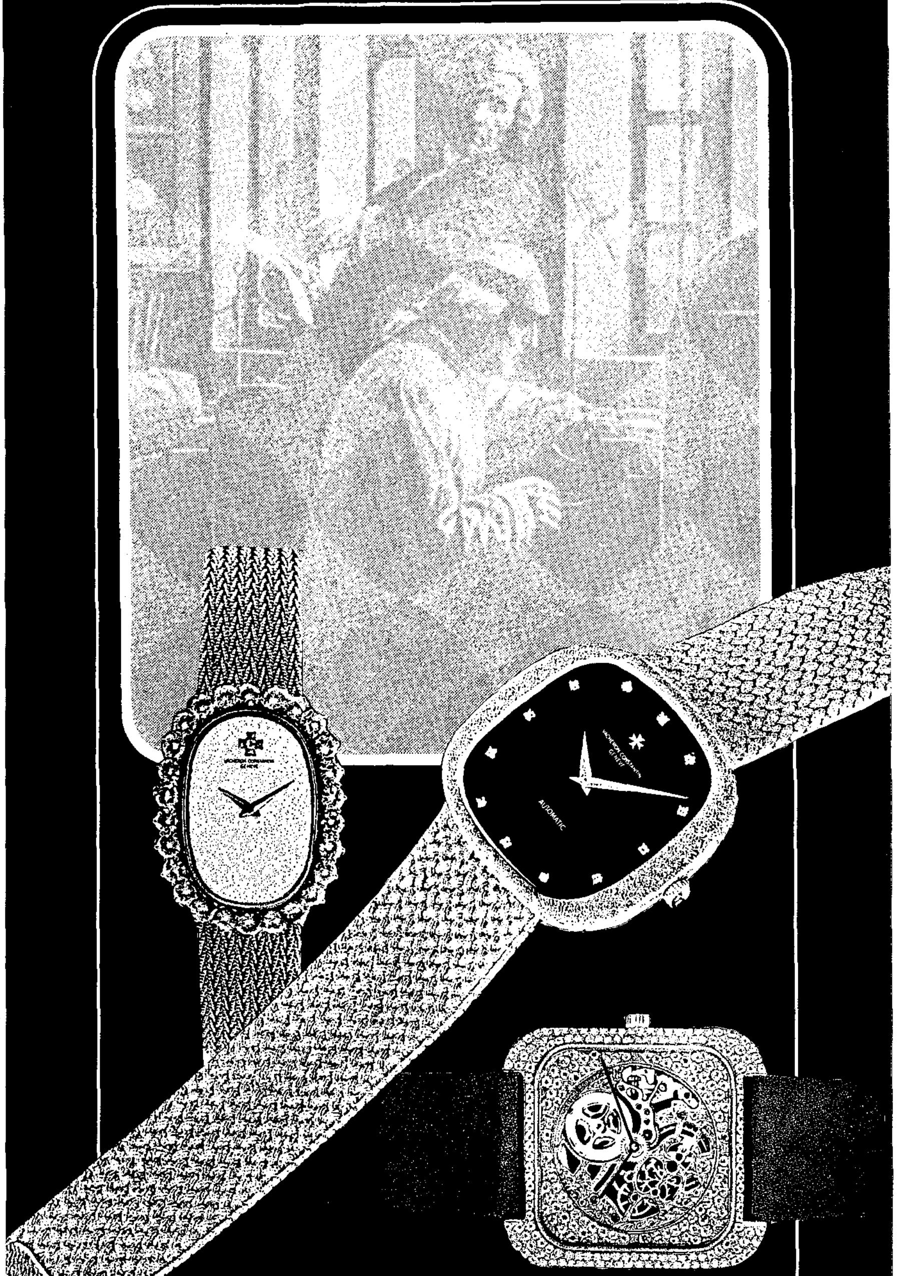
and a passed ball, and the Yankees had seven runs—and this game, too, was gone. Guidry pitched a two-hitter, so perhaps none of the rest of it mattered. I left after seven innings—my earliest departure ever from Fenway Park, I think. I didn't have the heart to come back the next day, when the Yankees won again, 7–4, and moved into a tie for first place. In the four games, the Yankees had scored forty-two runs on sixty-seven hits, as against the Red Sox' nine runs on twenty-one. Boston had also committed twelve errors, and "The Boston Massacre" had gone into the baseball lexicon.

They resumed the next Friday in New York, with the Yankees now up by a game and a half and the Stadium hordes yowling into the night like coyotes. Once again, the Red Sox made a trifling mistake in the fourth, and once again the Yankees, with two outs, scored all the runs of the game. Rivers was on second and Randolph on first when Piniella rapped into a round-the-horn double play, on which Rivers took third, and a little more; Yastrzemski (who was playing first base) took the peg and, seeing Mickey ten or twelve feet down the line, fired a hasty throw back across the diamond to Hobson, hoping for an incredible triple play. The throw went wild, past the bag, and Rivers scored on the error. Then Jackson walked. Then Chambliss homered. Then Nettles homered. Four runs. Guidry was the Yankee pitcher again, and again he threw a two-hitter. "I'm not sorry for the Red Sox, but I pity them," Sparky Lyle said later.

Saturday night's game was closer—wonderfully close, in fact, until the Yankee ninth, when Mickey Rivers led off with a triple to deep left field and scored on Munson's sacrifice fly, to win it by 3–2. Mike Torrez had been given a 2–0 lead on Jim Rice's first-inning homer, but Catfish Hunter held the Sox scoreless after that. The two big Yankee blows—a homer by Reggie Jackson and Rivers' triple—each came when Torrez had fallen behind on the count by two balls and no strikes and had then come in with a careful, fatal bad pitch. The Boston clubhouse was whispery and tomblike after that loss, and we circling writers eyed each other silently, like volunteers at the site of a catastrophe. The Red Sox won at last the next afternoon, behind Eckersley, but I did not attend. I couldn't stand it anymore.

What happened to the Red Sox? There have been other famous foldups in baseball, of course—the 1951 Dodgers, the 1964 Phillies, the 1974 Red



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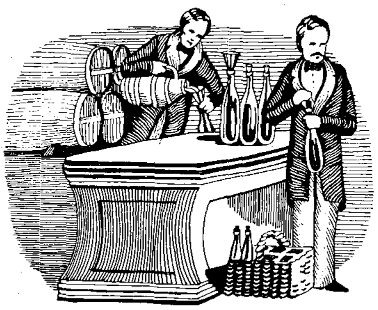

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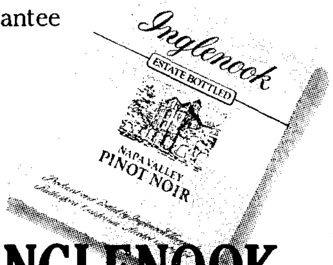

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Sox (who led their league at the end of August and then lost twenty of their last twenty-eight games)—but this collapse, particularly during those four games against the Yankees at Fenway Park, appears unique. The Red Sox, to be sure, were suffering from multiple injuries and from coinciding slumps on the mound and at the plate, but their sudden mass inability to catch and throw the ball—sometimes to make even the most routine infield plays—is unparalleled and inexplicable. That week, Carlton Fisk took one of the Boston reporters aside in a hotel lobby and muttered, "Tell me something. *What's the matter with us?*" No one can say. In fairness to the wonderful team that beat them, it can be suggested that the Red Sox failed because in many respects they were exactly the opposite of the Yankees. They were heavy-footed, for instance, and rarely made the exceptional play, in the field or on the bases. They had no one in the lineup like Mickey Rivers, who puts such pressure on pitchers and fielders with his wandlike bat and his quickness around the base paths, and who so often seems to tilt a game with a tiny hit or a long one; I doubt that Yaz would have tried for the impossible triple play against any runner but the anxious-making Rivers. The Red Sox had no bench strength to speak of (how often in September we fans remembered Bernie Carbo, who was sent away in an ill-considered deal just before the season started), and their batters, through bad stretches as well as good ones, continued to swing from their heels, looking for the long ball that they have lived by all these years. The great green wall at Fenway, which lies three hundred and fifteen feet away from home plate down the left-field line, is traditionally held to bemuse visiting pitchers and hitters, but I have come to believe that it is the Green Wall mentality which so often brings down the apparently indomitable Boston ball teams in the end. In their heart of hearts, I suspect, Boston hitters believe that a single and a hit-and-run and a sacrifice fly constitute a scruffy or demeaning way to score a crucial late-inning run; the proper Bostonian style is two triples off the top of the wall. The team at its best is awesome, but it is slow and luck-prone (good and bad) at other times, and at its worst it resembles wet concrete. The Yankees, by contrast, seem capable of playing four or five different kinds of offensive baseball; in the first game of the Massacre, the 15–3 affair, they hit sixteen singles. Finally, I must observe

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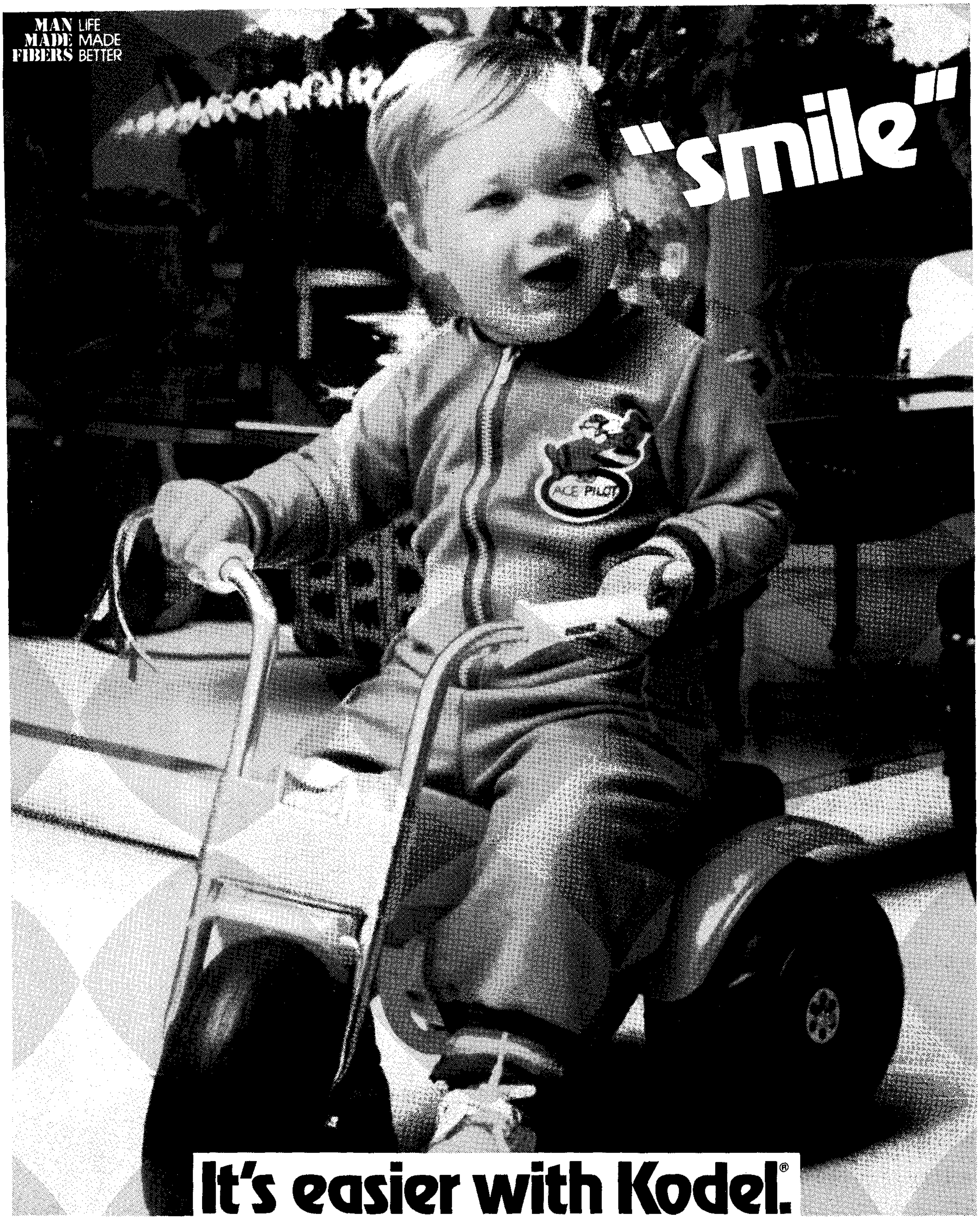
that the Sox appear too restrained or introverted by nature to turn their troubles into a purging anger on the field. The Yankees are raunchy and disputatious and hard for most of us to cotton to, but their scandals and harsh words somehow translate themselves into a cheerful and extremely dangerous pride when the going is toughest. The Red Sox are a team of watchers and quiet talkers, with a few true eccentrics and emotional zombies among them. The leaders, Carlton Fisk and Carl Yastrzemski (Yaz especially), burn within, and sometimes burst into beautiful, fiery deeds on the field, but their finest feats—the impossible late-season batting outburst, the fabled catch, the historic homer—appear as isolated and hallowed events, almost too painful in their personal cost to be emulated or enjoyed. These are decent, lonely men caught up in a dream of one perfect and thus perfectly unattainable season.

MY own September sufferings became so comical and unbearable that I took them to California for a few days, hoping for some help from my other favorites, the Giants. I got there too late. Just before my visit, the Giants had dropped five out of six games on a road trip, to slip four games behind the Dodgers, whom they now had one final crack at in a pair of home games. They lost them both, and eventually finished the season in third place in the National League West, behind both the Dodgers and the Reds, and six games out of first place. It was plain to me that I had become a baseball Typhoid Mary (with me in the park, my two old heartthrobs lost ten consecutive crucial games in the late going), but for some reason I was not much downcast by the Giants' defeats. The happy, bundled-up night crowds at Candlestick Park seemed to bear little resemblance to the shocked and heartbroken multitudes I had just left at Fenway. These San Francisco rooters looked younger, for one thing, and it occurred to me that since the Giants had drawn so poorly for the previous three or four years, most of the fans held an affiliation of much shorter duration than the old Boston bloodlines and were less afflicted by Sophoclean memories. The Giants themselves were young, too, most of them, and now, evidently afflicted at last by self-doubt, they made a lot of boyish mistakes—collisions in the outfield, gratuitous long leads given to enemy base runners, fatal pauses on the base paths—all of which were seized upon by the alert, oppor-



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tunistic Dodger veterans, who won by 7–2 and 8–0.

In the stands and in the home-team clubhouse, I got the feeling that almost everyone would look back on this Giants season with gratitude, forgetting its sad ending and keeping instead a picture gallery of its unexpected pleasures: Vida Blue gesticulating and laughing in front of the dugout as he led the roaring midsummer crowds in cheering; Jack Clark, the big, free-swinging young outfielder, tagging up after a fly in San Diego and scoring the winning run against the Padres all the way from second base ("JACK CLARK IS GOD" was the message I saw on an upper-deck banner); Mike Ivie hitting a pinch-hit grand-slam home run against Don Sutton before the biggest crowd in Candlestick Park history (and hitting *another* pinch-hit grand slam in Atlanta); Bill Madlock smashing into Pirate shortstop Frank Taveras to break up a ninth-inning double play in Pittsburgh, in a game that the Giants then won on a squeeze bunt by Rob Andrews in the eleventh ("NEVAH GIVE UP!" is the huge, wavery message painted on the wall of the tunnel between the Giants' clubhouse and the dugout, an exhortation by Winston Churchill daubed there this spring by Rob Andrews); and two successive, brilliant victories at home against the Dodgers in early August—just before two losses to the same team, which first suggested that this might not be a miracle autumn on the bay after all. "All our games have been thrilling," Bill Madlock said to me.

I also talked to the Giants' sachem, Willie McCovey, who passed the five-hundred-homer mark this summer. He is forty years old, and played on the San Francisco Giants' only World Series club, in 1962. He is an enormous and gentle man, with massive hands, an elegant nose, and strange, Oriental eyes.

"When you're younger, you always think there are a lot more years of baseball ahead," he said. "When you get to be my age, you think a little more about what's passing. In 1962, I'd have bet my life's earnings that it wouldn't take this long to get close again—I thought we'd be in it for the next five years, easy. But you don't ever know in baseball. You don't even know if you're going to be there on the same team the next year. So there's a lot more emotion for me this year. I've been more anxious for us to win, because it could be the last time for me."

I said that it seemed to have been a

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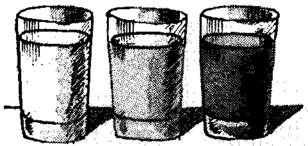
Ah, what rum drinkers don't know about rum. So Myers's thinks it's time to raise some eyebrows.

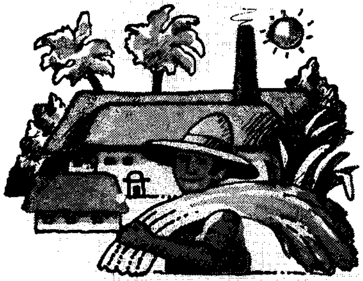
The first fact of rum. Rum comes in three shades: white, gold, and dark. Some light rums are blended to have a barely noticeable taste. Their flavor might fade in the drink. But Myers's is blended specially to be more flavorful. The Myers's comes through the mixer.



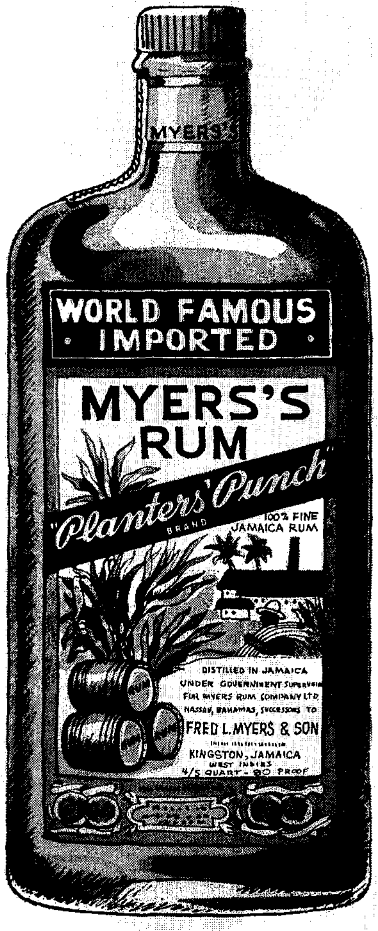
Another surprise. Dark rum isn't any stronger than light rum. Both are the same alcoholic proof. So Myers's isn't any stronger, even though it has a tastier rum flavor.

More revelations. Myers's is more expensive. It's imported from Jamaica where it's made slowly, in small batches. The richer taste is worth the time. And the price.

Still another little known fact. Caribbean bartenders mix Myers's into exotic drinks made with lighter rums. They trust Myers's to enhance the flavor. So discover for yourself the dash that Myers's adds to a simple Rum & Cola. The extra punch Myers's adds to a Planters' Punch. Here are the recipes for your pleasure.



Myers's Planters' Punch: Combine in shaker, 3 oz. orange juice, juice of ½ lemon or lime, 1½ oz. Myers's. Add 1 tsp. superfine sugar and dash of grenadine. Shake well and serve in tall glass filled with ice. Add orange slice, cherry.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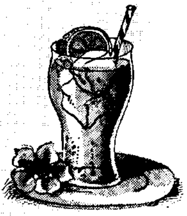
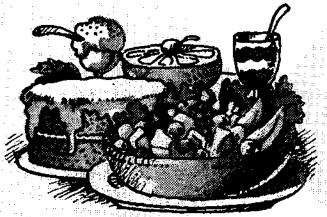


Myers's Rum and Cola: Into a highball glass, add 1½ oz. Myers's Rum. Fill glass with cola beverage. Add slice of lemon or lime, and stir.

And finally, one last point. Dark rum is better to use in cooking than light rum. Myers's adds a fuller rum flavor to foods. Try sprinkling Myers's over grapefruit halves. It's a simple way to create an interesting first course. Myers's makes so many rum recipes even more delicious.



So now that you know the facts, your choice should be clear: Myers's Rum. Because if you like rum, it's time you discovered the pleasures that wait for you in the dark.

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painful season all around, for the fans as well as for the players.

Most ballplayers seem to have almost no awareness of the people in the stands, but McCovey responded at once. "The fans sitting up there are *helpless*," he said. "They can't pick up a bat and come down and do something. Their only involvement is in how well you do. If you strike out or mess up out there, they feel they've done something wrong. You're all they've got. The professional athlete knows there's always another game or another year coming up. If he loses, he swallows the bitter pill and comes back. It's much harder for the fans."

I returned to Candlestick Park once more, for a now almost meaningless game against the Atlanta Braves, which the Giants eventually lost. There were only a few thousand of us there—the smallest crowd of the year—and I sat in the sunlit stands behind first base. My neighbor in the next box was a very thin, elderly gentleman from nearby Santa Rosa, who wore a buttoned-up plaid flannel shirt and two caps—an orange-and-black Giants cap over an old cardboard visor, which he had pulled over to one side of his forehead to keep the sun off his face. He wrote out the Giants' lineup with a pencil on a three-by-five card.

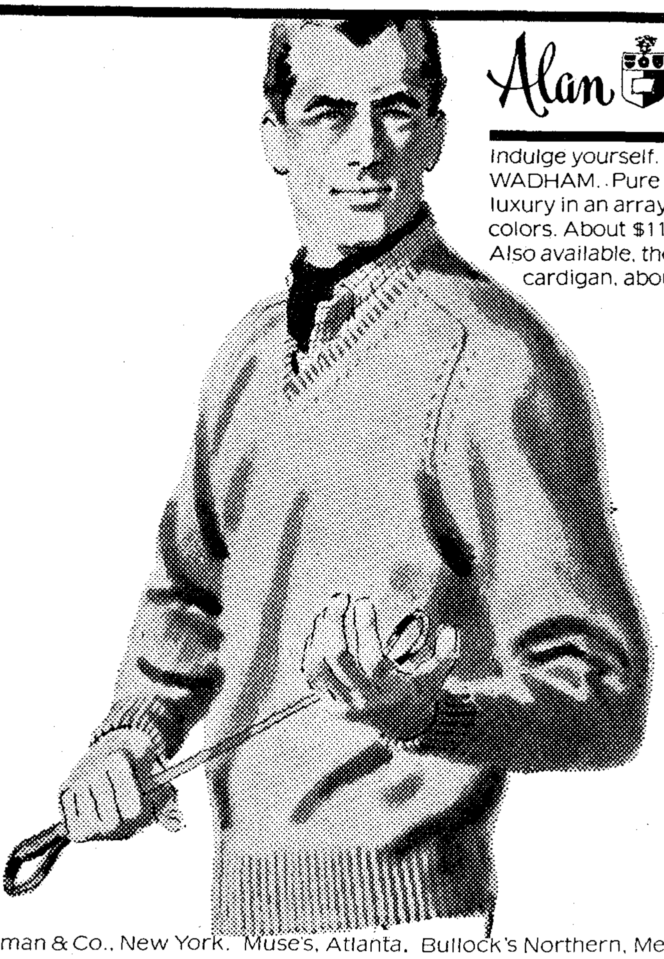
We fell into conversation during the slow, almost eventless innings, and he told me that he and his wife had season tickets but that they came only to the afternoon games. "My wife's out taking a little nap in the parking lot right now," he said.

I asked him how long he had been a Giants fan.

"Oh, a long, long time," he said. "And before that I used to watch the Pacific Coast League teams here. All the DiMaggio brothers played here then. I can't remember if I really saw Joe DiMaggio play for the Seals. I don't remember everything now—not like I should. It used to be that in every vacant lot around here there'd be a baseball game going—people playing ball in every vacant lot in San Francisco. You don't see that anymore. We had the Seals here then, and the Oakland club across the bay. You could watch an Oakland game in the morning and go to see the Seals in the afternoon."

Something happened out on the field, and the crowd began to clap and cheer.

"If only there was some little thing we could do to help them," the old man said, echoing Willie McCovey. "All this hollering don't help none. But I come whether the Giants win or



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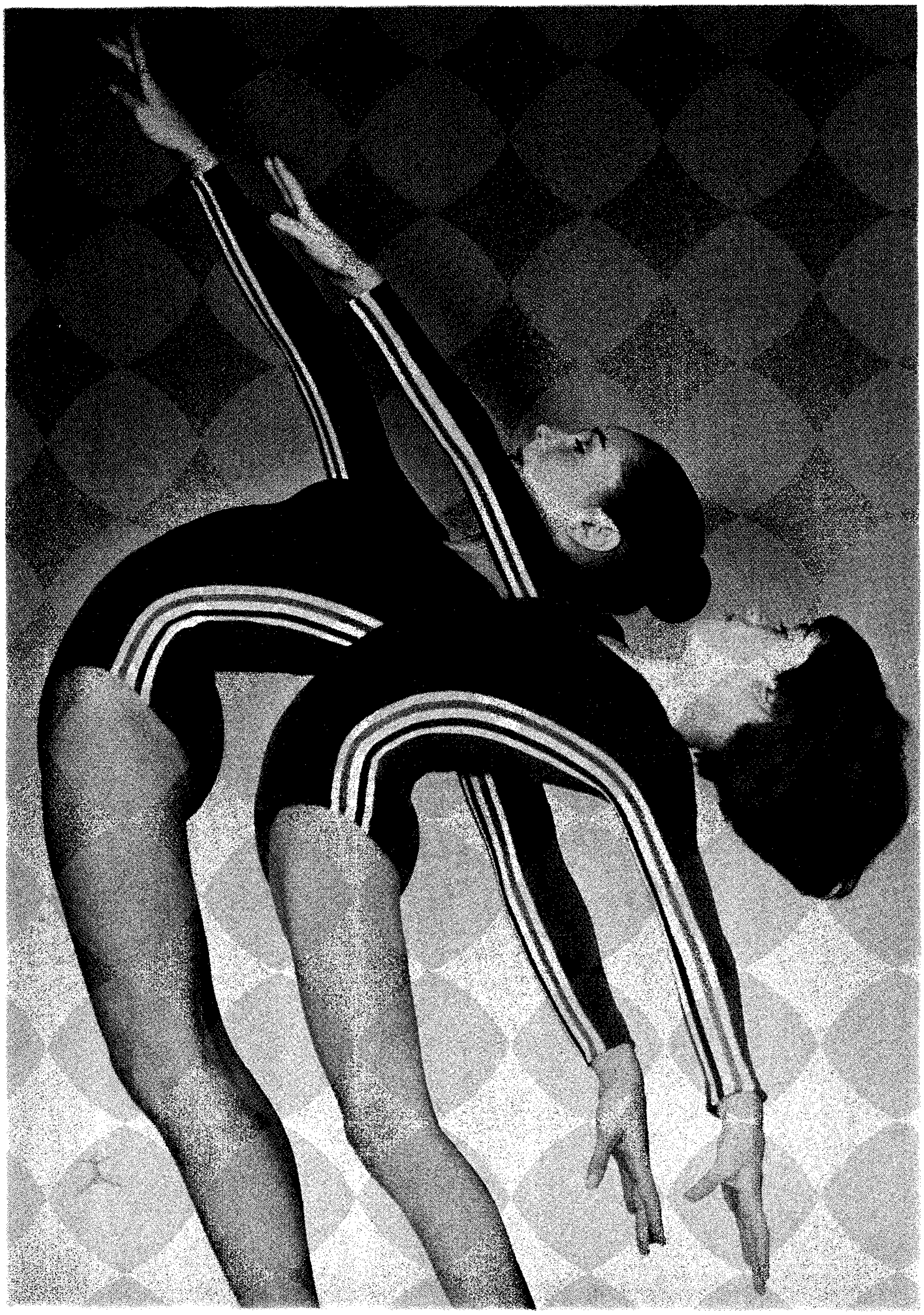

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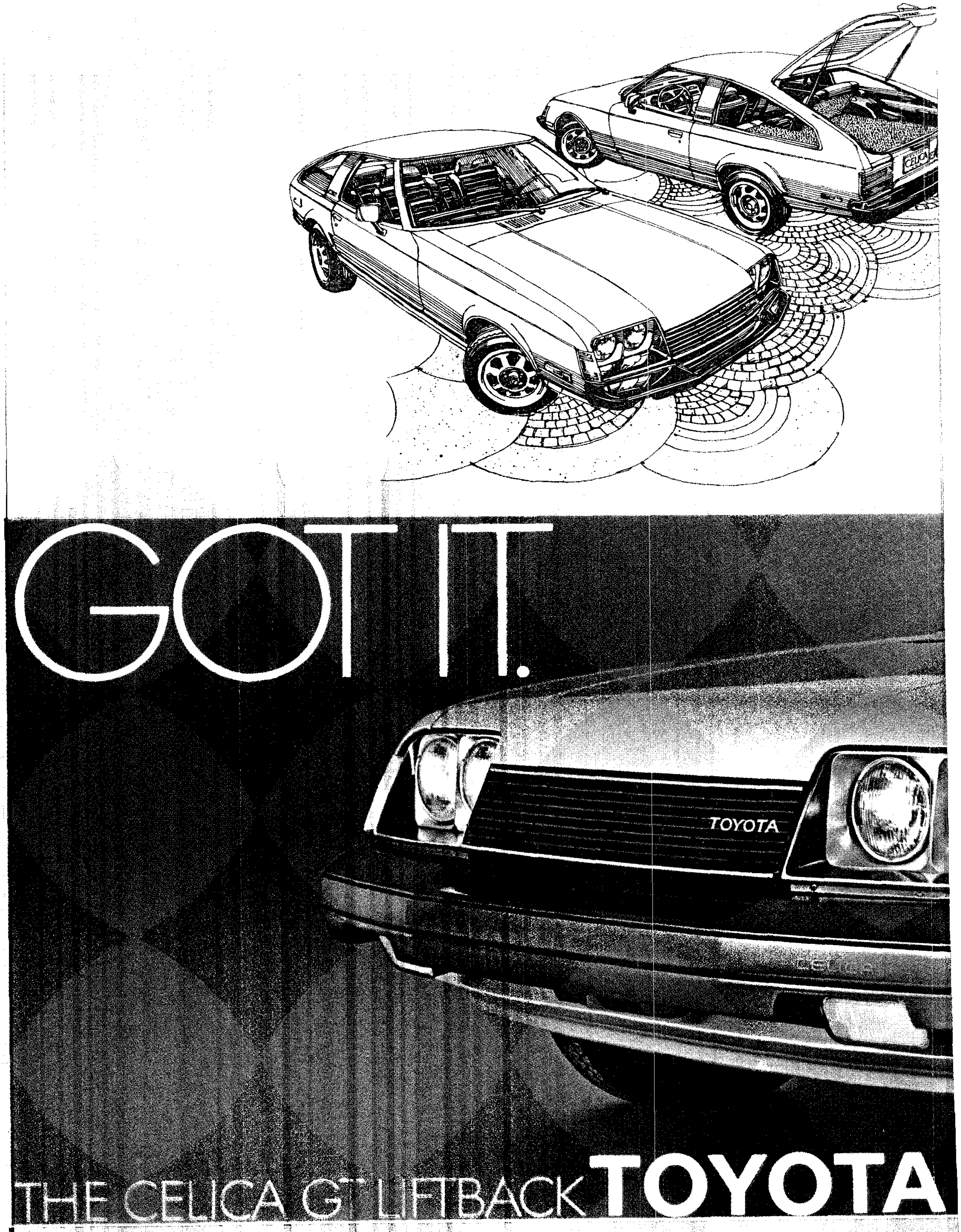
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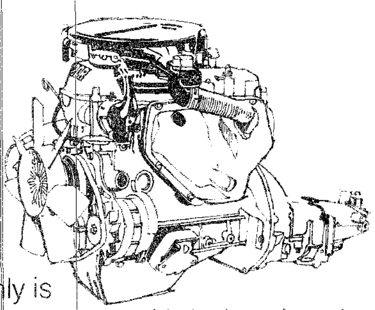

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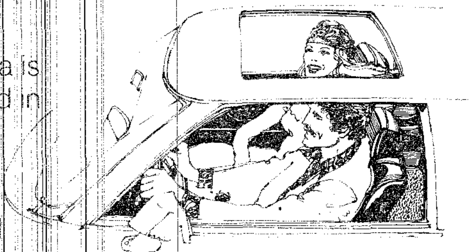

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lose. It's good to be at the game. I just like the game, I guess."

In the sixth or seventh inning, I went off to get a hot dog, and when I came back my friend was gone. The Giants lost in the twelfth inning, but I didn't mind at all. It was good to be at the game.

THE best part of the baseball year was just ahead. The Red Sox recovered their poise after winning that final game in Yankee Stadium, and picked up a game and a half on the league leaders in the next six days, to cut the lead to a single game, with seven to play. The two teams, which had alternated between strength and frailty throughout the year, now steadied to their duties, each winning on six successive days against lesser clubs in their division. The Red Sox had the closest call, pulling out a fourteen-inning affair at Toronto in which the Blue Jays loaded the bases in the eleventh and again in the thirteenth but could not score. The Yankee margin on the last Sunday morning of the season was still one game.

Unable to decide which park to visit, I stayed home that Sunday and frantically manipulated the dials of my television set, like Captain Kirk at the controls of the Starship Enterprise, as I tried simultaneously to bring in the critical plays from the Indians-Yankees game at the Stadium and the Blue Jays-Red Sox game at Fenway Park. Unsurprisingly, I usually clicked away from each field just before some significant moment, but finally, after I had added a radio to my instrument console, the broad messages began to come through. Rick Waits, a left-handed Cleveland curveballer, stifled the Yankee hitters while his teammates were jumping all over Catfish Hunter and several successors, winning by 9–2. Up at the Fens, Luis Tiant threw a masterly two-hitter against Toronto, in a game that the Bosox finally broke open with late homers by Burleson and Rice, and won 5–0. "THANK YOU, RICK WAITS," the Fenway scoreboard said in lights when it was all over. The two clubs were tied at ninety-nine wins and sixty-three losses apiece, and a one-game playoff at Fenway Park would settle it the next afternoon.

Before I departed for the Hub, I thought at length about the Red Sox, whom I had given up on so often in the times of their worst troubles. Here, at the very last, they had won twelve of their final fourteen games, including the last eight in succession, and not only had achieved the tie but had some-

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how preserved themselves as a team worth our emotion and attention. Anything less, given their horrible earlier fall from grace, would have stamped them for good as characterless losers—in their own minds as well as in the forever hoping, forever doubting mass unconscious of the New England fans—with bitter and unimaginable consequences. The same result would have come, I believe, if the Red Sox had collapsed in the playoff game. But that didn't happen, either.

By every standard, the playoff was a classic—a game that held us spellbound for every moment of its two hours and fifty-two minutes. Omens and citations hailed its arrival. The Boston *Globe* quoted Dickens ("It was the best of times, it was the worst of times . . .") in its pre-game story that morning. Ron Guidry, the Yankee starter, could pick up his twenty-fifth victory by winning the game. The team that won it would step onto the marble plinth of one hundred wins for the season—and into the East-West playoffs the next day. Mike Torrez, the Red Sox pitcher, had been a Yankee last year but had quit the club, with considerable bitterness, to become a free agent. The only three pitchers to beat Guidry this year (Caldwell, Flanagan, Willis) were all named Mike. Carl Yastrzemski said, "Today is the biggest ballgame of my life."

It all meant such a lot that nobody in the shirtsleeved, sun-drenched crowd seemed to have much fun. The cheering, when it came, was savage but abrupt, quickly terminated again and again by the weight and anxiety of the occasion. It was a game played for the most part in a profound, crowded silence. The first real noise was an ovation for Carl Yastrzemski—the captain, the nonpareil—as he stepped up to bat in the second inning, and the second, and much louder, explosion of sound came an instant later, when he pulled Guidry's second pitch on a low, precise parabola into the right-field stands, *just* fair. Fisk and Lynn followed with hard, long outs to the farther reaches of the park, and it was clear that Guidry on this day was a little below his untouchable best. But the Yankees were attacking Torrez, too—a double by Rivers in the third, a frightening line drive out to right field by Jackson—and the strange, waiting silence again fell over the park. No one in the bleachers was moving; in the crowded bullpens, the pitchers and catchers sat immobile in two silent rows, as they stared in, riveted, through the low-lying, glary sunlight. On the

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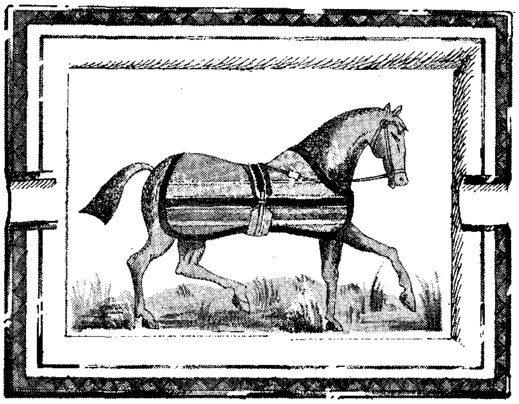
mound, Mike Torrez, all emotion, repeatedly kicked the dirt and shook his head as he battled home-plate umpire Don Denkinger for the corners. Then he would heave in a great breath of air and blow it out again, and fire another fastball. When his turn came, Guidry, a little pitching machine, reared and threw, touched his cap, walked backward, did it all over again.

Torrez opened the fifth by walking Roy White, and Brian Doyle, the rookie Yankee second baseman who was filling in for the injured Willie Randolph, rapped the ball to the right side on a hit-and-run, just as he was meant to, moving White to second. Bucky Dent popped up, on a killing Torrez pitch that came in on his fists. Mickey Rivers bounced deep to short, where Rick Burleson, glimpsing Mick flying up the line, wheeled at the last instant and threw instead to Hobson at third, who tagged White, sliding in, for the third out. Wonderful baseball.

After six innings, Torrez had surrendered only two hits, and in the home half of the sixth Burleson doubled, moved along to third on a bunt by Remy, and came in on Rice's single—hit on sheer muscle off an excellent pitch by Guidry. Rice went to second on Yaz's infield out, and Fisk was passed intentionally. Freddy Lynn worked the count to three and two, and, as the runners flew away, lashed a deep drive to the right-field corner, where Piniella, hunching over and half averting his head against the frightful sunlight, pulled it in on the run—a difficult, crucial chance.

Two runs ahead now, and perhaps feeling more comfortable, Torrez surrendered singles to Chambliss and White. With two out, he threw a high slider—only a middling-good pitch at best—to Bucky Dent, the ninth hitter in the Yankee order, and Dent lofted it down the left-field line and just into the netting above the wall, for a three-run homer. The silent, apprehensive crowd had been right after all. Since that day, I have heard some Red Sox fans complain that Dent's minimal blow would have been an easy out at any other park, including Yankee Stadium, but this is unacceptable. Those who live by the wall must die by the wall. And this bitter railing at fate (or at Mike Torrez) does not take into account what the Yankees did next, still with two outs, when Mickey Rivers walked and Thurman Munson, swinging against Bob Stanley, the new Boston pitcher, doubled him home. In the top of the eighth,



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Reggie Jackson hit a lead-off homer, to make it 5–2 for the Yankees. For me, these deadly secondary shocks are the absolute certifying mark of a champion. You cannot open the door to the Yankees by as much as a centimetre, for they will kick it down.

The Fenway silence after these disasters was blown away for good in the bottom of the eighth, when the Red Sox, down to their last six outs of the year, rallied for two runs. Remy doubled (Gossage was the Yankee pitcher now), and came scooting home on Yaz's single to center. Carlton Fisk battled Gossage interminably, barely fouling off his fastballs again and again, and singled on the tenth pitch. Then Lynn singled, too, to bring it to 5–4. With two out, George Scott stood in ("Boom-ah! Boom-ah! Boom-ah!" the bleachers cried), and struck out, swinging.

I left the press box and went down into the dark, ancient grandstand, standing between home and first among hundreds of clustered, afflicted rooters who had gathered behind the sloping stands for a closer look at the end of it. Peering over shoulders and around heads, I saw Burleson walk, after one out in the ninth. Now Jerry Remy whacked a hard drive to right, and Lou Piniella, paralyzed by the glaring sun, froze in the field with both arms outstretched, unable to see the ball. Suddenly it rematerialized and bounded in front of him, a foot or two to his left but within reach. Backing up, he gloved it on the first big hop—a lucky play, perhaps, but by no means an easy one. Burleson, thundering past second, abruptly threw on the brakes and came back to the base—a final but perhaps fatal bit of Boston conservatism on the base paths. Rice flied out to right, deep enough to send Burleson to third.

Two out, and the tying run on third. Yastrzemski up. A whole season, thousands of innings, had gone into this tableau. My hands were trembling. The faces around me looked haggard. Gossage, the enormous pitcher, reared and threw a fastball: ball one. He flailed and fired again, and Yastrzemski swung and popped the ball into very short left-field foul ground, where Graig Nettles, backing up, made the easy out. It was over.

Afterward, Yaz wept in the training room, away from the reporters. In the biggest ballgame of his life, he had homered and singled and had driven in two runs, but almost no one would remember that. He is thirty-nine years old, and he has never played on a world-championship team; it is the one

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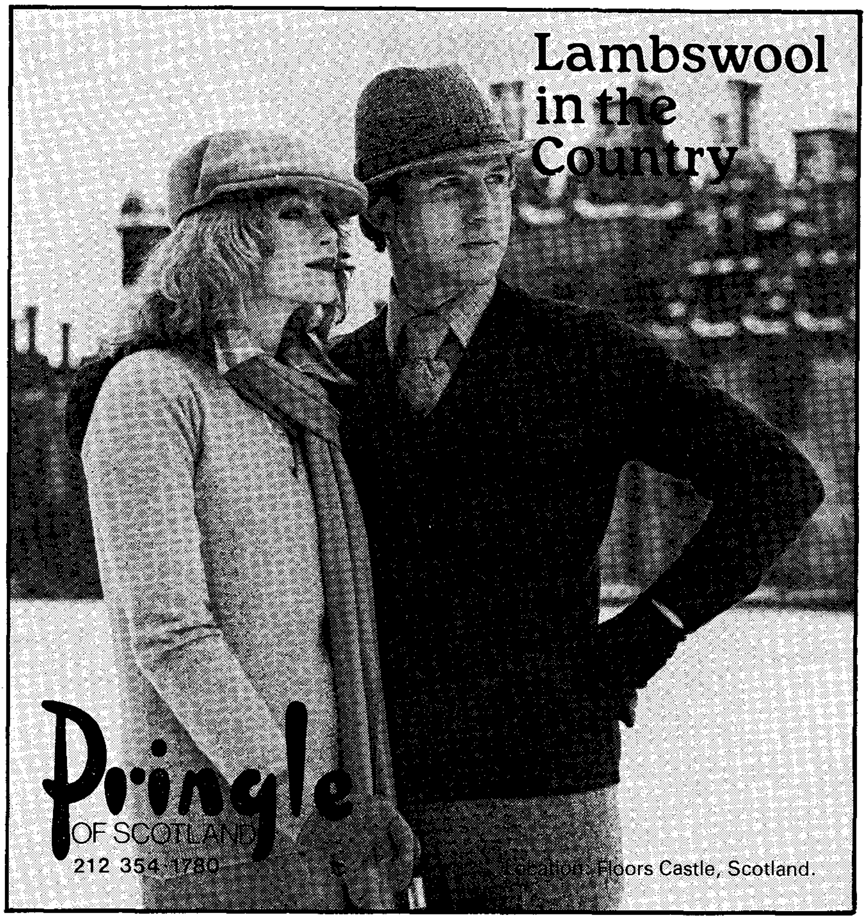
remaining goal of his career. He emerged after a while, dry-eyed, and sat by his locker and answered our questions quietly. He looked old. He looked fifty.

Later that week, many editorials and sports stories in the Boston papers explained that it was the fate of the Yankees to win always, and the fate of the Red Sox always to wait another year. Emily Vermeule, a professor of classics at Harvard, wrote in the *Globe*, "The hero must go under at last, after prodigious deeds, to be remembered and immortal and to have poets sing his tale." I understand that, and I will sing the tale of Yaz always, but I still don't quite see why it couldn't have been arranged for him to single to right center, or to double off the wall. I'd have sung *that*, too. I think God was shelling a peanut.

SOME other good ball teams were valiant participants in their local games of Capture the Flag, and were overlooked by me only because of my all-absorbing love affair with the Red Sox. The Cubs had a brief early-summer tenure at the top, and the rising young Tigers, under the guidance of Ralph Houk (who retired at the end of the season), finished with the best fifth-place record in American League history. In the American League West, the California Angels were in and out of first place all summer but fell to the Royals when their pitching aces, Frank Tanana and Nolan Ryan, both wore down at the end. The club also suffered a shocking blow when outfielder Lyman Bostock, one of the great young hitters in the game, was murdered in an off-the-field shooting incident. In the National League East, the Pirates, behind the formidable Dave Parker, made two separate assaults on the first-place Phillies in the final month, winning twenty-four straight games at home before succumbing on the last Saturday of September. The satisfaction felt by fans of the Royals and the Phillies upon their teams' attainment of divisional pennants must have been accompanied by a cruel anxiety—a presentiment almost instantly borne out when both clubs were beaten in the playoffs for the third year running. In deference to these bruised and perhaps despairing partisans, I will try to be brisk in my account of the double championships.

I travelled first to Veterans Stadium, in Philadelphia, where the home team appeared to be still trembling over its epochal letdown in the third playoff game last year, when the same visiting



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Dodgers rallied for three sudden runs and the win in the ninth, after several gruesome Phillies malfeasances. No such outcome was possible this year, since the Phillies quickly fell behind 7–1 in the first game, which they ultimately lost, 9–5, and then died at the plate in the second, losing by 4–0. The opener was more like batting practice than a championship game (Steve Garvey hit two homers and a triple), and the only real pitching to be seen was some exemplary Dodger relief work by a large right-handed fastball-thrower named Bob Welch, who is twenty-two years old. The next day's shutout was a mesmerizing four-hitter by the Dodgers' Tommy John, whose left-handed sinkerball accounted for twenty-one ground-ball outs. The Phillies fans booed their heroes throughout the evening—a local custom, like scrapple for breakfast—and the elegiac post-game remarks by veteran home-team catcher Tim McCarver summed up the Philadelphia story. "I'm sorry we have to look for reasons for rationalizing the way we play," he said, "but we do."

Out in Los Angeles, the Phillies rallied for a time, winning the ensuing game 9–4, behind their pitching star, Steve Carlton, who helped himself by hitting a homer and driving in four runs. They performed courageously the next day, too (I was watching these games on the tube), tying the game on a pinch-hit seventh-inning homer by Bake McBride, but then lost it all, in a new and exquisitely painful fashion, when their estimable Gold Glove center fielder, Garry Maddox, made an error on a routine fly ball in the tenth inning, and the Dodgers instantly administered the coup de grâce, winning by 4–3. Nobody—I least of all—can understand what happens to the Phillies in the autumn. Their post-season record, going back to the World Series of 1915, now stands at three wins and seventeen losses.

The Royals, who had taken the Yankees down to the last inning of the fifth playoff game in each of the last two years, did less well this fall, losing in four. This time, the pennant may have been settled in the very first game. Playing on their home carpet, which suits their fast, singles-hitting team so well, and facing a Yankee pitching staff that was in tatters after so many extended late-season cliff-hangers, the Royals managed a bare two hits against Jim Beattie (who was pitching for Dartmouth three years ago) and were blown away, 7–1. The Yankees, clearly flying after their

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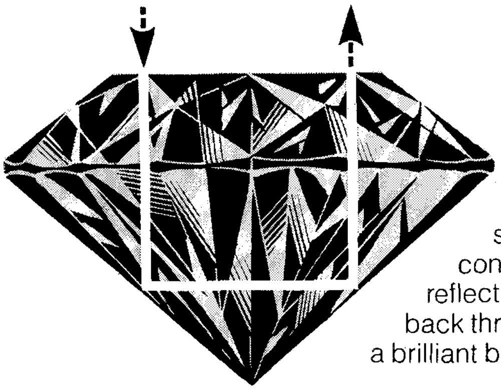

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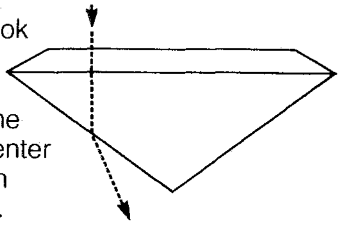

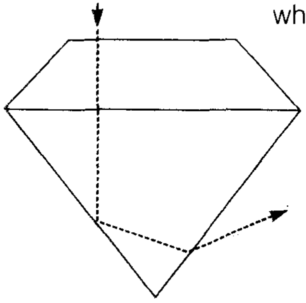

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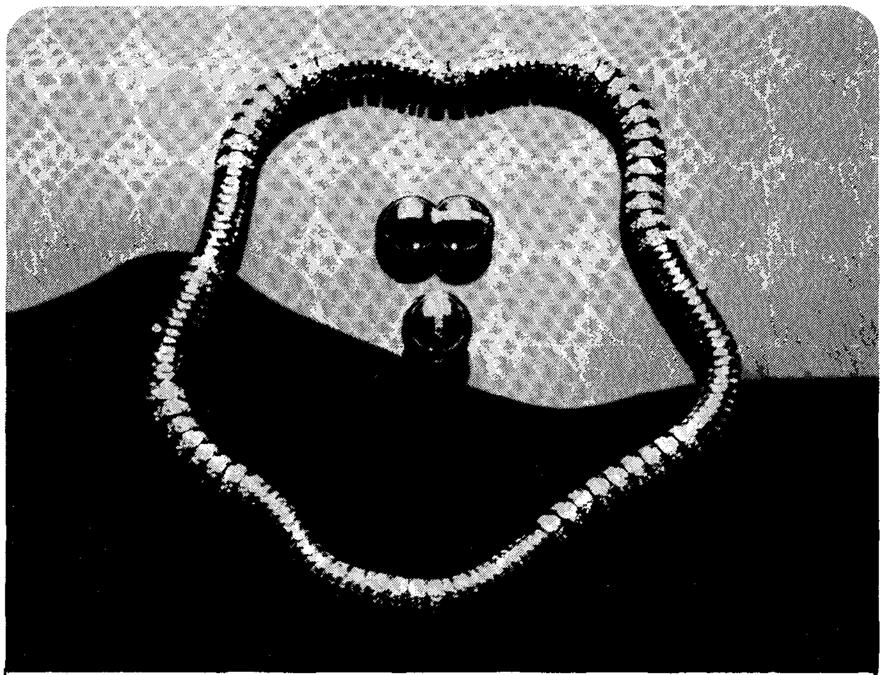

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victory in Fenway Park, banged out sixteen hits, including a single, a double, and a three-run homer by Reggie Jackson. The Royals turned things around the next day, routing Yankees starter Ed Figueroa in less than two innings, and coasting to a languid 10–4 win. Now the teams repaired to Yankee Stadium, where they had at each other in a rip-roaring, extraordinarily exciting, sustained baseball entertainment, in which we saw the lead (which never exceeded one run) erased, won back, or reversed seven times in eight innings. George Brett, the blond, square-jawed Kansas City third baseman, who won the American League batting title in 1976, was playing with a damaged right thumb and a torn left shoulder, both of which were due for post-season surgical repairs, but he did not, in truth, seem much handicapped. He opened the game with an upper-deck homer, struck off Catfish Hunter's second pitch of the afternoon. Batting with one out in the third, he hit a homer that restored Kansas City to the lead, by 2–1. Leading off in the fifth, he homered once again (still against Hunter), to tie the game at 3–3. The reciprocating blow, three times repeated, was delivered by Reggie Jackson in the even-numbered innings: a homer, a run-scoring single, and a four-hundred-foot fly ball, caught at the top of the center-field wall, which also scored a run. The cries of wonder and passion in the sunlit stadium became almost continuous—one sustained afternoon shout—and it occurred to me that the old sports-page locution "ding-dong action" should have been kept in its box all these years and then taken out, still fresh in its tissue paper, for this one particular game. There were other chills and thrills: a costly throwing error by Freddy Patek, a violent, almost operatic protest by Lou Piniella after he was called out at the plate by umpire Ron Luciano, and more—so much activity, in fact, that I always seemed to be about a page behind in my notes. In the eighth, the Royals tied the score again, against Goose Gossage, and then retook the lead at 5–4—this time without Brett's help—thus preparing the stage for the grand crescendo, which was Thurman Munson's monstrous four-hundred-and-twenty-foot, two-run homer into the left-field monuments in the bottom of the same inning, which settled it at 6–5, New York. "It seems like we keep winning the exciting games," Lou Piniella said afterward.

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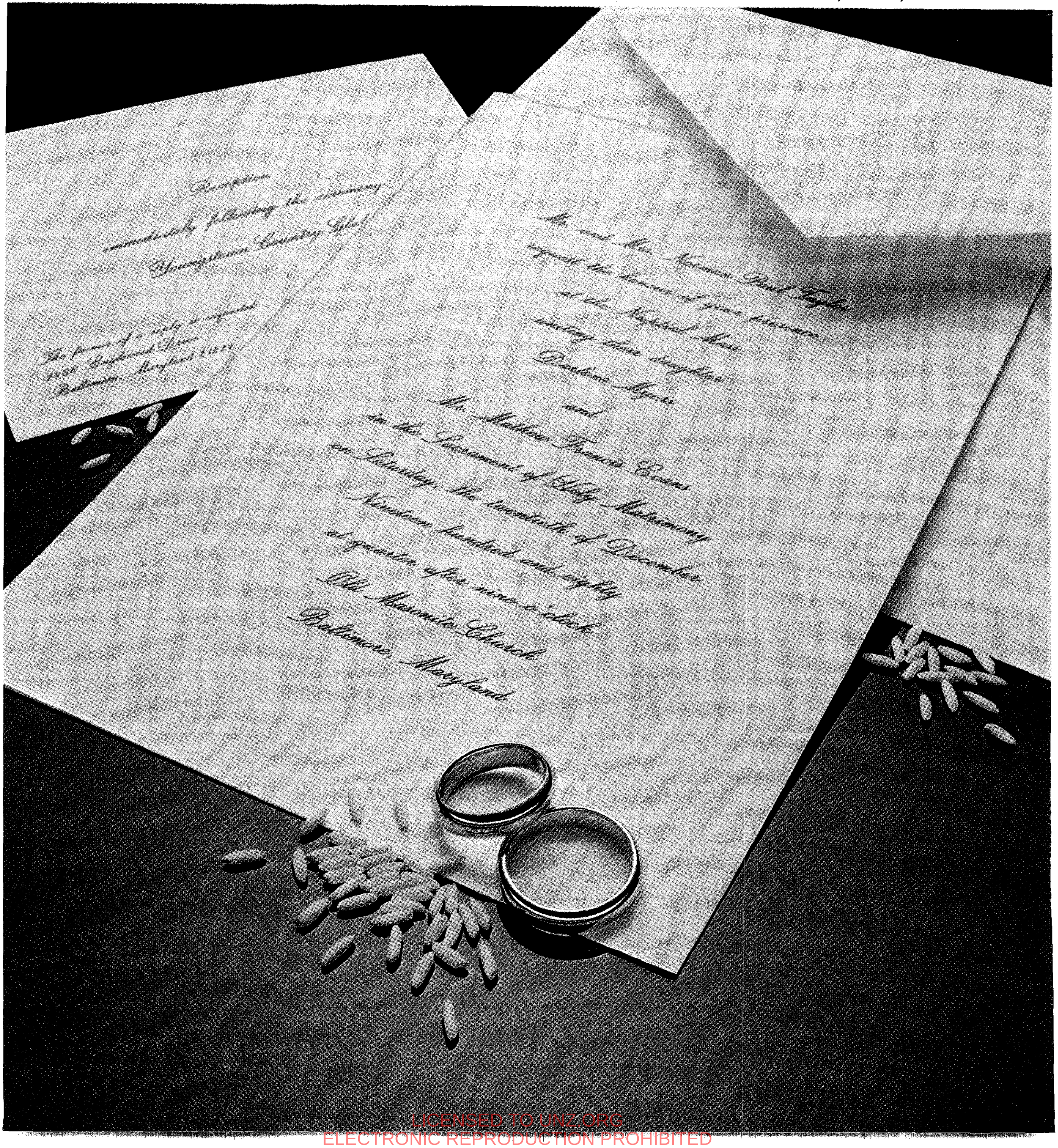

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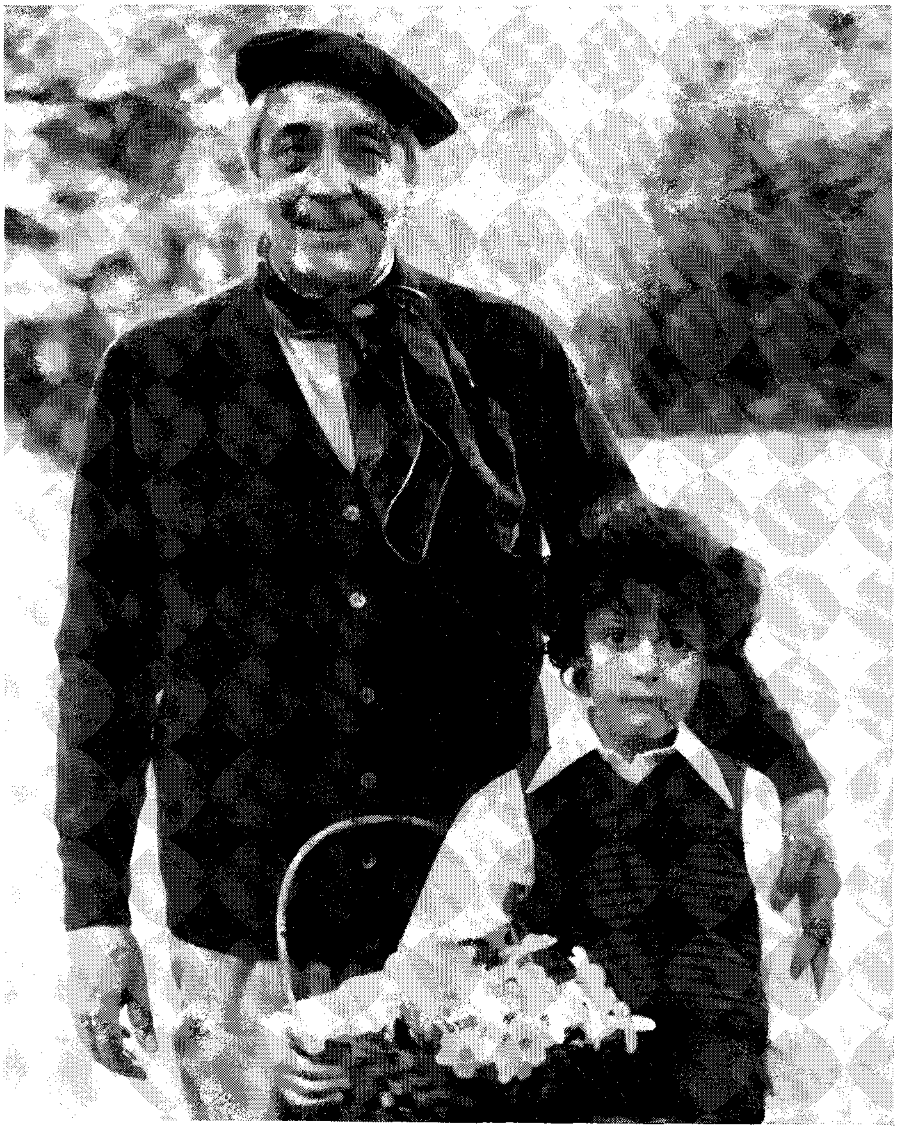
all this in the upper deck, in the company of his mother and two third-grade classmates. Before the game, I had taken him aside and said, "Don't be too disappointed if nothing much happens there today. Lots of ballgames are sort of dull, you know."

"I know," he said, but I don't think he really believed me. Still doesn't.

Brett started things off the next day with a triple off Ron Guidry, and scored the Royals' first run a moment afterward—the first and also the last, for this was quite another sort of baseball, though scarcely of lesser quality. The Royals' pitcher, Dennis Leonard, looked better than Guidry on this day. He gave up a tying home run to Graig Nettles in the second inning and then disposed of thirteen Yankees in succession before Roy White lofted a short solo homer into the right-field stands—a modest blow, but good enough for the pennant, because the visitors, given several opportunities, could not quite crack Guidry or the Yankee defense. Writhing in the quicksands, they went down before Gossage in the ninth—one, two, three—with the tying run on second base.

Bob Lemon, looking back on his club's dangerous, brilliant week, said that the first game, against the Red Sox, had still been the hardest one of all. "They really drug it through the knothole at the end up there," he said, wincing at the thought of it. "All this has certainly made an older man out of me, but a very happy one."

THE Yankees' six-game comeback triumph in the World Series would be unfairly diminished if we were to permit it to seem inevitable in retrospect. Since a baseball game is the most linear of all sporting events, with many hundreds of pitches and plays that can be dissected later and picked over for omens and indices, an autopsy often makes the most elusive patterns or psychologies of a game or a series appear easy. This is where the momentum turned, there was the telling throw, and look here at this tiny rent in the cloth, where the whole fabric of a team began to give way. Yes, of course; we knew it all along. What I knew for certain after four innings of the first World Series game, in Los Angeles, was that the Yankees were finished for the year. By that time, they were trailing in the game by the score of 6–0, after three Dodger home runs (two of them sizable successive clouts by second baseman Davey Lopes), and their long-range prospects were equally glum. Their pitching was worn



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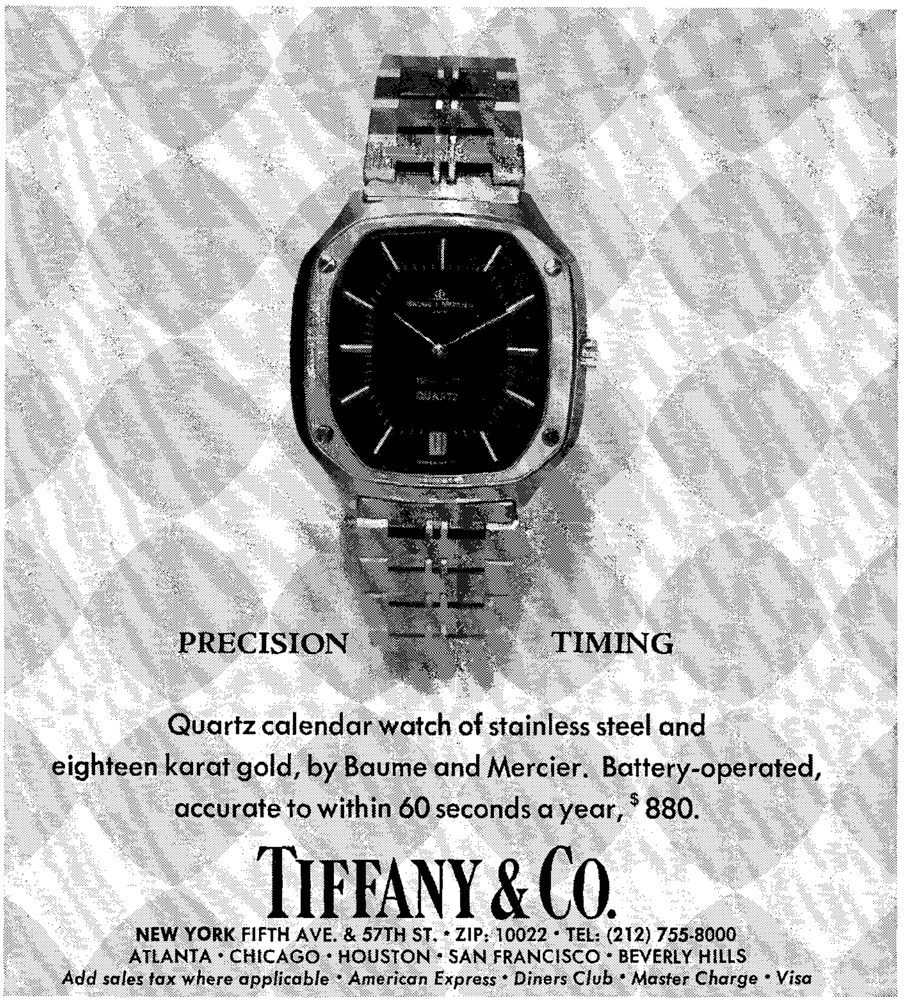
thin. Figueroa had been routed again here; Hunter had been savaged by George Brett in his last appearance; and Guidry, exhausted by his recent labors, would not be ready until later in the week. New or chronic injuries afflicted many of the regulars. Willie Randolph was out for the season. Rivers and Chambliss were capable only of sporadic appearances, Munson could not swing or throw without evident pain. The Dodgers, by contrast, were mostly fit and entirely confident; in the important games I had seen them play and win against the Giants and the Phillies in the previous weeks they had looked wonderfully efficient, cool, and opportunistic. The Dodgers had matured at last. This was their year. The Dodger fans, of course, shared my conviction, and the immense Chavez Ravine audience was ravished as the home club coasted to an easy 11–5 victory, in which a home run by Reggie Jackson—a space shot to the back wall of the Yankee bullpen—counted only as added entertainment. Tommy John again was the winning pitcher, and again the Dodger outfielders were almost able to pull up easy chairs during his tenure on the mound. As usual, I took great pleasure in watching John work. His left-handed motion seems stiff and hesitant, and even a bit awkward—a beguiling mannerism in an era of largely characterless rock-and-heave pitching styles. This delivery may be the result of a surgical overhauling he underwent four years ago, when the ruined elbow of his pitching arm was rebuilt by the addition of a bit of tendon removed from his right, or non-throwing, arm, but in any case his pitching style perfectly suits his personality, which is gentle, soft-spoken (he has a faint stammer), and mature.

The next day was even more pleasurable for the California ticketholders. It was a much more absorbing game, in which Catfish Hunter and the Yankees led until Ron Cey put the home side in front, 4–2, with a three-run shot into the stands in the sixth inning, and its curtain was unsurpassable melodrama: the full-count swinging strikeout of Reggie Jackson by the rookie fastballer Bob Welch, with two out and two on in the ninth. Before that, the Dodgers had nearly come up with a big inning, in the fourth, and only three superior defensive plays by Graig Nettles at third, including a satin-smooth double play that he began with a tag of Steve Garvey in the base path, had kept things close. But no matter; it was better this way, because of the last scene. Reggie Jackson, the October-



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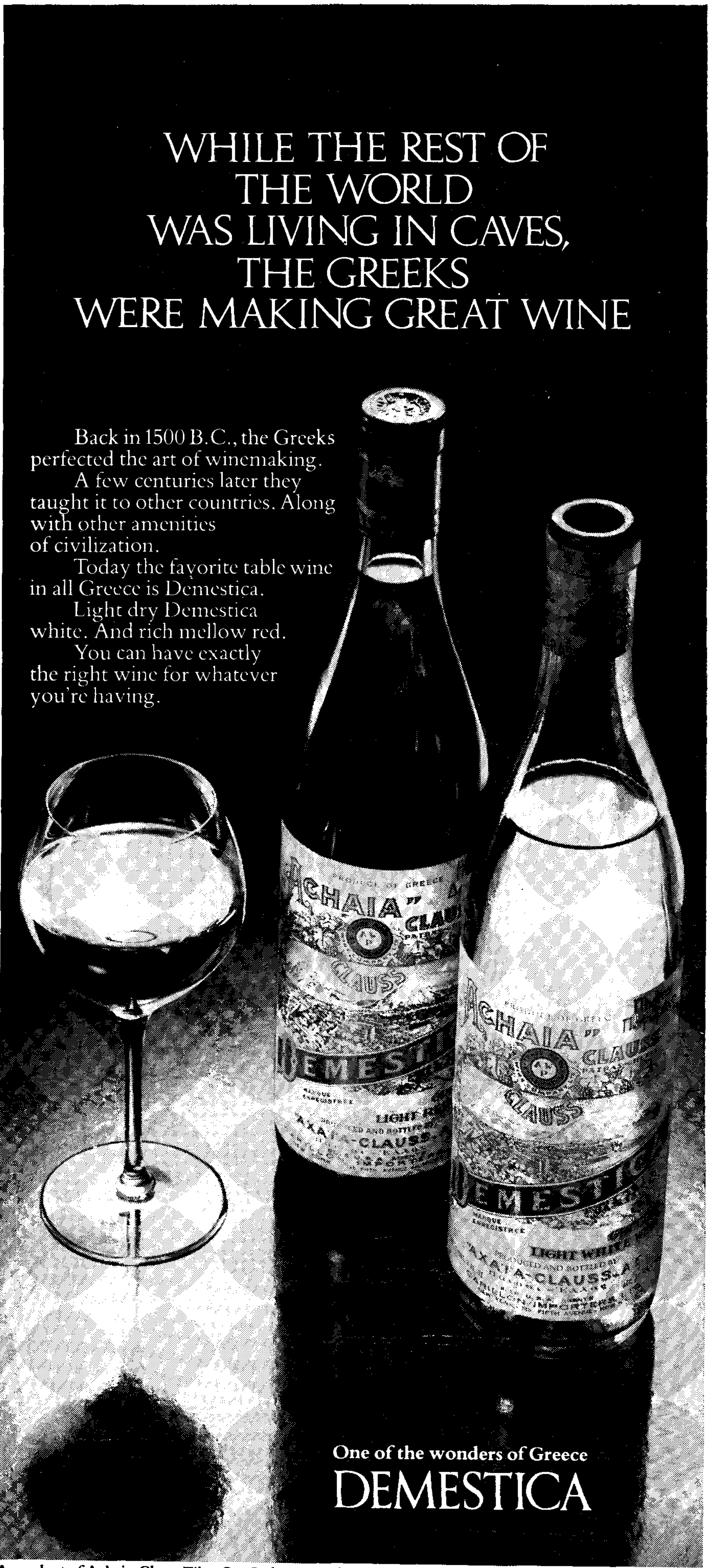
man, had already driven in all three of the Yankee runs and seemed prepared to take charge of the entire pageant once again, as he did last year, with his famous outburst of five homers, three of them in succession in the final game. Bob Welch, his opponent here, looked like a casting director's stroke of genius—a large (six feet three), strong, good-looking blond youngster who seemed a bit overmatched in these straits but who was evidently eager to make up for that with luck and courage. Although he is not yet widely known to fans, Bob Welch is far from being a baseball nonentity. I had first seen him pitch two years ago, during a trip I made with a baseball scout to Eastern Michigan University. Welch was a college junior then, and ineligible for the baseball draft that year, but his size and poise and, most of all, his exploding fastball had the normally impassive scouts in ecstasies of aesthetic pleasure. This year, Eddie Kasko, the director of player procurement for the Red Sox, told me that Bob Welch is considered perhaps the finest pitching prospect to have turned up in the past decade. "Every other young pitcher we scout now is measured in comparison to Welch," Kasko said. "He is the standard." Welch signed with the Dodgers in June of 1977 and was called up to the parent club from their Albuquerque farm team in June. He won seven games in his short National League season, including a critical win over the Giants in early August which began the Dodgers' catch-up.

The wonderful confrontation was executed in broad strokes. With the tying run on second base in the person of Bucky Dent, and with Paul Blair leading off from first, Jackson needed only a single to do his primary task, but his full, staggering foul cut at Welch's third fastball, on the one-and-one count, told us that Reggie was not interested in shortening up. This was all or nothing: the famous millionaire slugger was going to take the kid downtown. Two more burning fastballs were fouled off, with Reggie's lurching swing each time causing him to resemble a dangerously defective drilling machine, and we were all on our feet, yelling and pointing and laughing. Jackson took a ball, fouled off a high pitch, and took another ball, to run the count full. I had been secretly hoping that Welch would attempt a change-up, because it seemed possible that the Jackson machinery would break into several pieces when he swung at it, but Bob Welch, too, want-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ed this entertainment pure. He stared in, stretched, and reared, the two runners took off, fifty-six thousand fans yelled together, and Reggie cut mightily at a high fastball, swinging through it cleanly, and the game and the marvellous moment were over. Jackson was enraged at his failure, and smashed his bat in the dugout, but he calmed down quickly. "The kid beat me," he said in the clubhouse.

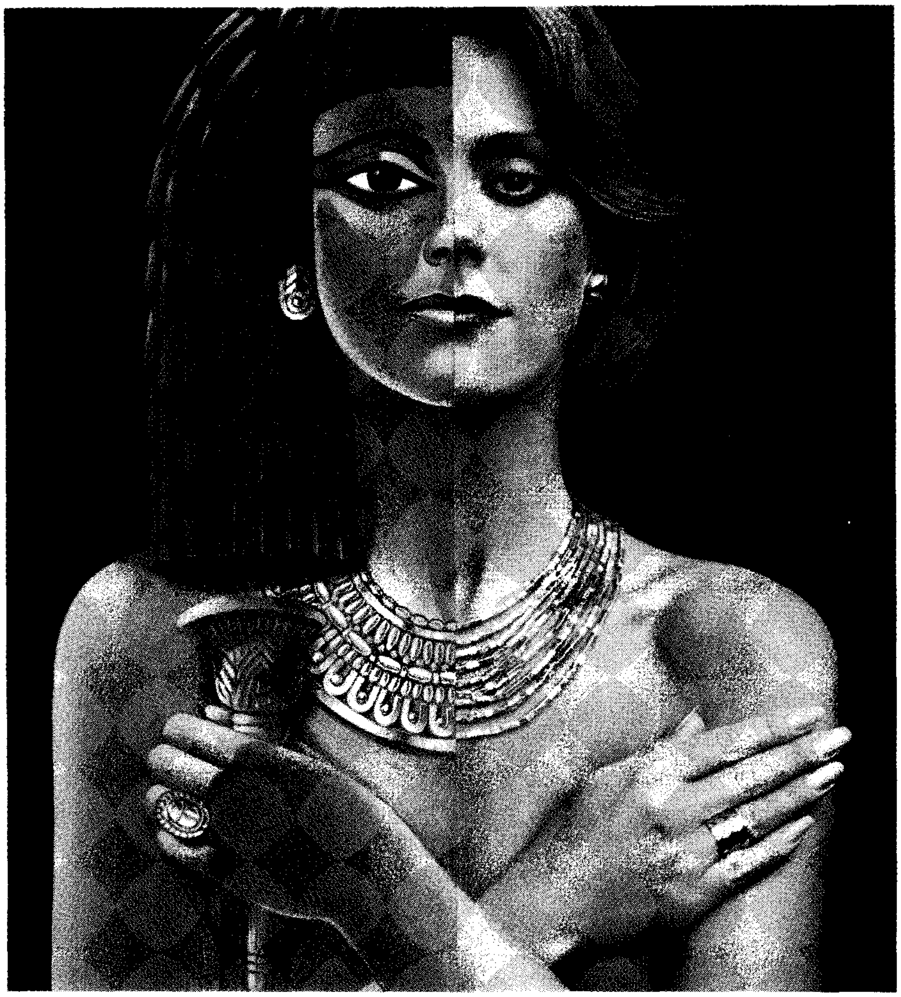
Although the Dodgers were now two games to the good, some of the Dodger players seemed less than eager about their upcoming visit to New York. As they dressed after the game, several of them brought up the matter of the Yankee Stadium fans, whom they had found to be a difficult and sometimes hostile audience last fall. "New York is very distracting," Ron Cey said. "I don't like all those obscenities. A lot of it is childish, in my opinion." Reggie Smith said, "I'm not going to be intimidated by the New York fans. It would mean a lot to win in front of them."

I found this curious, but I dismissed it as another evidence of the puzzling southern-California style, like the team's endless (and, to me, tasteless) public preoccupation with the death of its longtime first-base coach, Jim Gilliam, who died just before the Series began. The team had dedicated its World Series to him, and Manager Tom Lasorda and several players had made repeated mention of his helping spiritual presence during the first two games. Each Dodger now wore a small black circle on the sleeve of his uniform, with Gilliam's number, 19, in its center. In death, Gilliam had become another Dodger Stadium celebrity.

My own feelings about Yankee Stadium crowds, I should explain, are mixed. I do not enjoy their obscenity, and I detest their widespread drunkenness and the violence of their late-inning upper-deck brawls. On occasion, fans throw things at enemy outfielders, which is criminally dangerous. (The police say, by the way, that most of the troublemakers seem to be suburban youths, who drive to the games and often arrive at the Stadium already half drunk.) These societal disturbances are on the rise in most big-city sports gatherings, and are certainly not an exclusive problem of the Yankees, but I think the Yankee management people could do much more about controlling the young rioters in their audiences than they have attempted so far. For starters, they could do away with the largest of the three sizes of

MAN AND HIS GOLD, A SERIES

Gold on the body: the ancient urge that became a tradition.



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One would think that a behavior so universal would have a universally accepted explanation, but this does not exist. The famous psychiatrists Freud and Jung disagreed. Others, too, have studied the phenomenon and the theories range from the almost incomprehensibly profound to the almost ludicrously superficial. More serious suppositions have included sexual enhancement, social or tribal status, an inner quest for immortality, self-deception, self-esteem, superstition, religion and, as in the case of Freud, a carnal hypothesis. What is generally agreed to at this point is only that gold's attraction *is* deeply psychological and that it has touched both male and female and in every culture that has ever known the metal.

But it is a world unseeking of theories that has dedicated itself to gold adornment and today it does so on an extraordinary scale. In 1977, it swallowed up almost two-thirds of that year's new gold supply. It also helped support industries of considerable proportions—mining, refining, manufacturing—all the way down to hundreds of thousands of retailers, over 30,000 in the U.S. alone.

It should be noted that although much of the world wears gold, it wears it in different shades—some Europeans, for example, prefer slightly redder golds while in America the choice is often yellower. Karatage, or degree of real gold content, varies, too, from country to country in a variety too extensive to list here.

It seems worth adding, however, that much jewelry manufactured everywhere in the world today uses classic techniques that date back centuries, and the gold ring you wear was probably formed using a "lost wax" method known at least 4,000 years.

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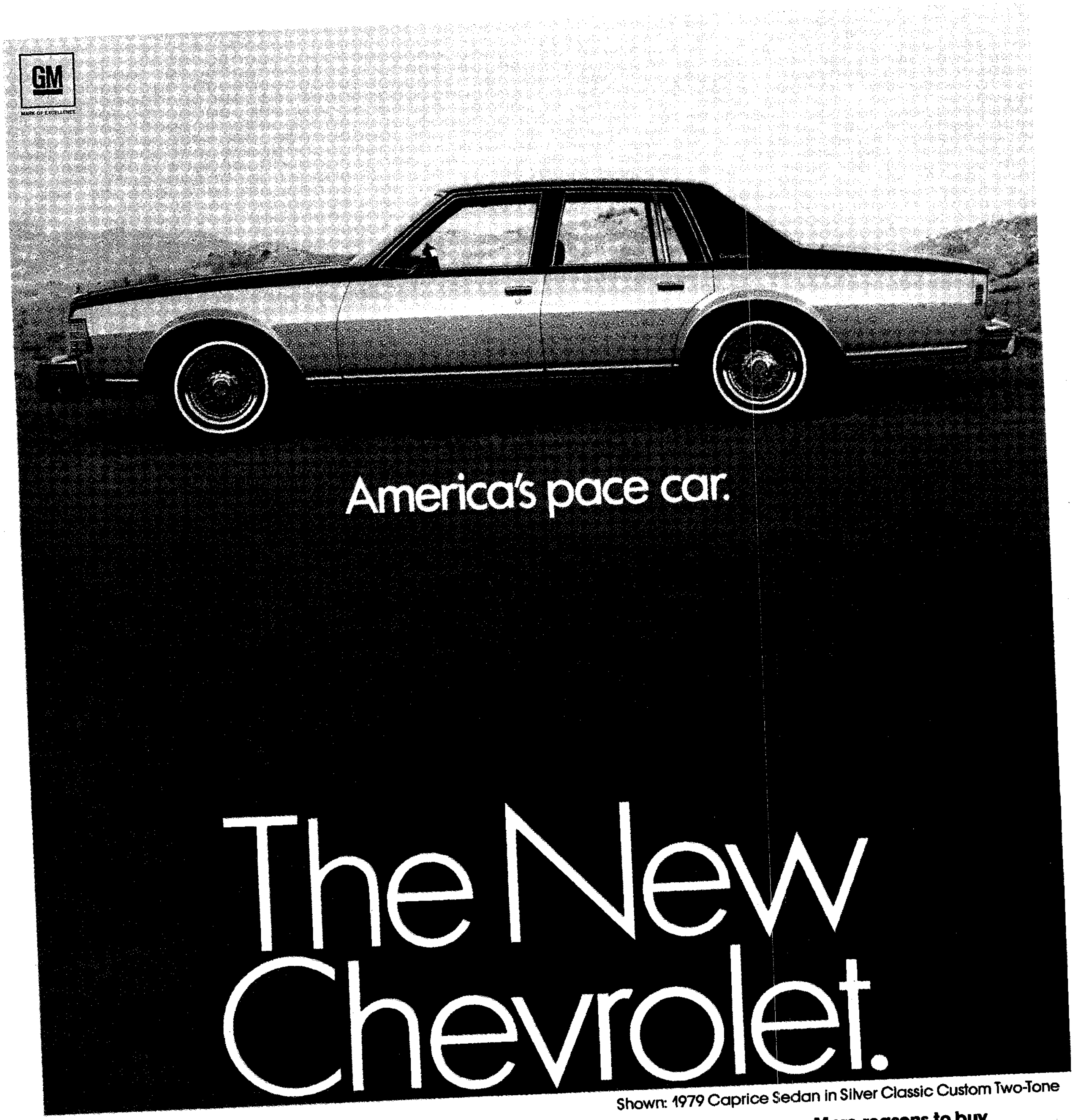

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beer container now in use at the Stadium—the "Jumbo," which holds twenty-four fluid ounces, or the same as two bottles—and they could emulate the practice instituted at Fenway Park this year, where fans are now enjoined from buying more than one beer at a time. None of this, however, has much to do with the Yankee Stadium fans' enthusiasm for their players—a screeching, passionate, hilarious extroversion that, if decibels are a fair gauge, equals, or perhaps surpasses, any other local loyalty in the game. The Yankees are loved, I sometimes think, just as deeply as they are hated; there seems to be no middle ground.

The Yankee-lovers were there in full numbers (56,447) and in full, crazy voice for Game Three. Guidry and Sutton were the pitchers, and the local citizenry screamed expectantly whenever Ron got to two strikes on a batter. But Guidry was having difficulties with his control on this evening, and wound up walking seven batters and striking out a bare four. Roy White hit a solo homer in the Yankee first, but the focus of this game, it turned out, was not the mound or the batter's box but the base paths. In the second inning, with Nettles and Chambliss aboard, Brian Doyle hit a grounder to Bill Russell, the Dodger shortstop, who flipped to Lopes at second to start the double play, but Chambliss, sliding in, tied up Lopes so neatly that he never got off his peg. An instant later, Lopes took Cey's peg for another force, but was wiped out by Doyle's body-block, which also averted a double play and allowed Nettles to score. The same aggressive, McGraw-like style of hardball again victimized Lopes in the seventh, this time with Paul Blair amputating him and forcing a low, poor throw to first—a maneuver that kept alive a three-run flurry that settled the edgy, 5–1 Yankee win. These are routine baserunning plays, of course, but the Yankees executed them vehemently. No Dodger infielder, by the way, distinguished himself in this game, or subsequently.

Even better things were visible around third base, however, for this was the game in which Graig Nettles had his coming-out party. He had plenty of business there, because of Guidry's indifferent stuff, and by subsequent estimation saved as many as seven Dodger runs in the game. In the third, he speared a line drive by Davey Lopes. Then he retired Reggie Smith by diving for his ground shot, collaring it on his knees in the dirt, and scrambling up to throw him out. In the fifth,

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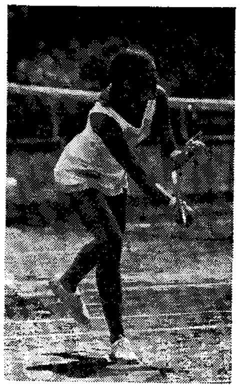

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he knocked down a difficult bouncer by Smith, holding him to a single instead of a double. A moment later, he flashed to his right to seize Steve Garvey's hard grounder; continuing with the momentum of the ball, he spun three-quarters around to his right, with his back to the plate, and got off his throw to second, for an inning-ending force. All this, of course, was done in less time than it takes to write it or read it here, and with perfect smoothness; the progress of the ball into Nettles' glove and, redirected, out of his throwing hand toward second was a single, stitchless movement. Anybody in the stands who was unlucky enough to miss this elegant maneuver was given a second chance in the ensuing inning, when Nettles graciously repeated it, as if on a televised replay; taking Lopes' tough grounder across his body and, spinning around again to his right, he threw out Mota at second, to end the inning and snuff out two Los Angeles runs.

Nettles' display vividly brought to mind Brooks Robinson's extended doctoral thesis on third-base play, which he presented in the otherwise unnotable World Series of 1970, between the Orioles and the Reds. Nettles' work around the bag this fall, like Robinson's then, made plain for a national audience what local watchers had already understood—that he is the great third sacker of his day. It also occasioned a good deal of speculation as to whether Nettles might be Brooks Robinson's superior. (It is certain that Nettles—a left-handed slugger who has averaged twenty-seven home runs per year in his six years with the Yankees—is a more powerful hitter than Robinson was.) Nettles himself seemed to have the best answer to this unanswerable question. "I feel I can play third as well as anybody," he said. "I've played it well for ten years. If I can do it for another ten years, I'll put myself in Brooksie's class." Robinson, by the way, won a Gold Glove at his position for sixteen consecutive years.

All this raises the interesting possibility that a few infielders do get better and better as the years go by. Mark Belanger, who played shortstop beside Brooks Robinson for a decade, is now thirty-four but consistently makes plays that his teammates say would have been beyond his abilities a few summers back. Nettles is also thirty-four, which would seem to be a bit past the prime for a position that calls for instant reactions, but experience and defensive adjustments count for more at the hot corner than some people realize. Like

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many other third basemen, Nettles always knows whether the next pitch will be a curve or a fastball—he receives the message from his shortstop—and adjusts, or leans, accordingly. He studies batters' eyes as they flick a glance in his direction before stepping in. Although he plays a deep third, he sometimes feints another step back, inviting the bunt.

After the game, Bob Lemon said, "I don't think anyone has ever played third base better than that."

GAME FOUR was the fulcrum; when it was over, the weight of this strange World Series had shifted irreversibly. The game was a long, multi-part affair that ran from mid-afternoon to mid-evening, with a forty-minute delay for rain in the third inning—a humid, draggy entertainment, in truth, until Reggie Smith, the admirable Los Angeles slugger (he had not been himself at the plate so far, probably because of a recent touch of the flu), whacked a three-run homer off Ed Figueroa in the fifth. Tommy John was pitching for the Dodgers, and the Yankees' prospects again appeared dismal. Then, with one out in the sixth, White singled and Munson walked, and Jackson delivered the first New York run of the game with a single. This situated the principals for the notorious events to follow: Munson on second, Jackson on first, Piniella at bat. Lou hit a soft, low liner to the left of shortstop Bill Russell, who had it in his glove for a moment and then dropped it. (Some press-box watchers felt that Russell had misplayed the ball on purpose, in order to go for two outs instead of one, but I was not convinced.) Recapturing the ball quickly, Russell crossed the bag, forcing Jackson, and threw toward Garvey for the D.P. But Reggie, who had stopped in his tracks when Russell caught the ball, was in, or nearly in, the path of the throw, perhaps fifteen feet in front of first base, and at the last instant he appeared to twitch his right hip slightly. The ball struck him and deflected past Garvey and into foul ground, and Munson, who had retreated toward second, reversed course and scored easily. The Dodgers—roaring, pointing, pleading—cried interference, but the first- and second-base umps (who were in proper position but in the wrong line to see Jackson in relation to the flight of the thrown ball) said no. The case was over, though not its endless rehearings in the moot court of the clubhouse.

The game went on. The Dodgers

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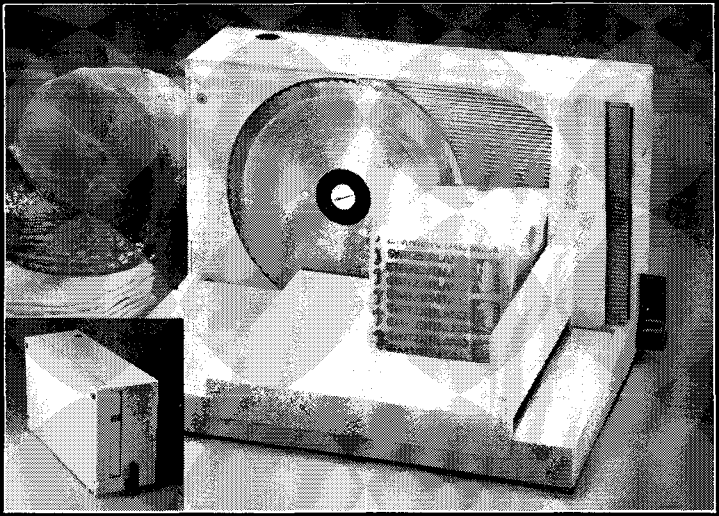

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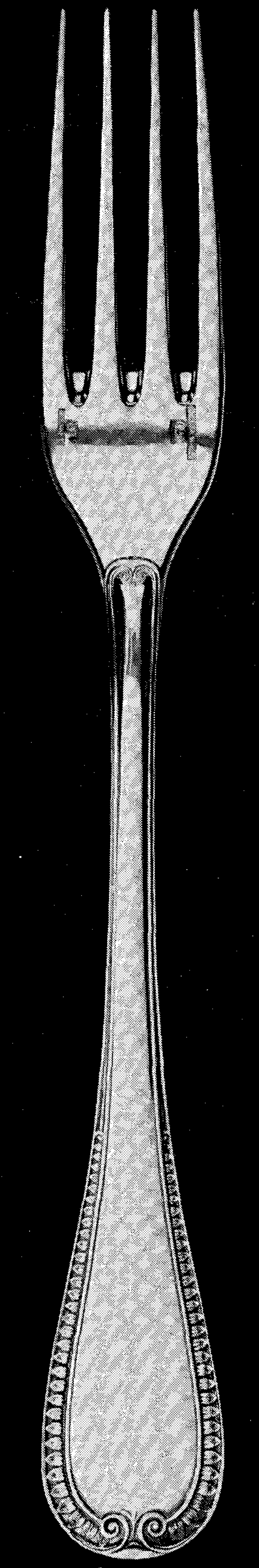

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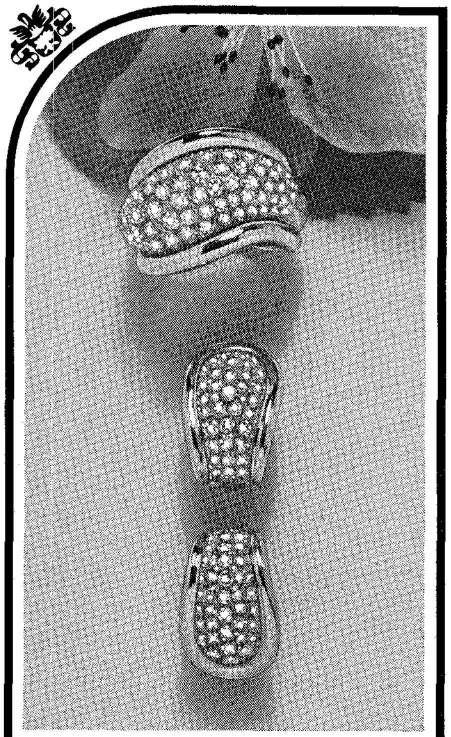
still led, 3–2, and Tommy John retired the Yankees harmlessly in the seventh. Dick Tidrow had come in to pitch for the Yanks. It was night now, and the air was fresher and suddenly much colder. The day and the weather had turned, and, with them, the pace and feeling of the game. The immense throngs packed into the long sweep of the lower stands were transformed into blackness and faces—thousands of pale oval dots, row upon row. The grass lightened, and the infield dirt, now illuminated, had turned from brown to gray. Summer was over.

Paul Blair, leading off the Yankee eighth, singled through the left side. Terry Forster came in to pitch for the Dodgers. Roy White, bunting on Forster's first pitch, sacrificed Blair to second, and Munson, his bat flashing, pulled a sudden double that bounced just inside the white foul line behind third, two inches fair. The game was tied. Bob Welch came on and struck out Graig Nettles for the last out in the eighth. Sailing through the ninth, he fanned Chris Chambliss and Jim Spencer. Gossage was the Yankee pitcher now, and he, too, looked to be entirely in control of things: two big, overpowering fastballers going head to head, throwing nothing but heat. It was riveting. With one out in the tenth, Roy White walked. After Munson popped up, Reggie Jackson, swinging less recklessly this time, nudged a single to right that moved White along. Lou Piniella cut at Welch's first fastball and missed (his helmet, as always, half toppling off, and his empty swing, as always, concluding in a little one-footed double hop on his back leg). Enveloped in noise ("Lou! Lou! Louuuu!"), Piniella took a ball and then drove Welch's next delivery—a high, outside fastball—quickly and cleanly into right center, for a hit and a run and the game. A few minutes later, in the interview room, Piniella said that Welch reminded him of Jim Palmer. "But we're all professional hitters here," he went on. "If you get nothing but fastballs, sooner or later you're going to hit one."

Of the deflection, Jackson said, "It was in my road and it hit me." He smiled slightly and enigmatically, relishing the moment. Tom Lasorda was loud and adjectival: it was interference, but nothing could be done about it.

Steve Garvey's testimony was significant, for he had been closest to the scene of the accident. He claimed that the throw would have hit Jackson in any case, and that Reggie's rumba step had been not into the ball but a bit away from it.



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I asked him if he thought Jackson's move constituted cheating.

He thought about it for a moment. Garvey, of course, is baseball's most celebrated straight arrow; his probity and his spotless image have brought him much celebrity. There is even a school in California named in his honor: Steve Garvey Junior High.

"I think maybe it comes under a subcategory of cheating," he said at last, smiling. "How does that go—you're only cheating if you get caught, otherwise it's a heads-up play?"

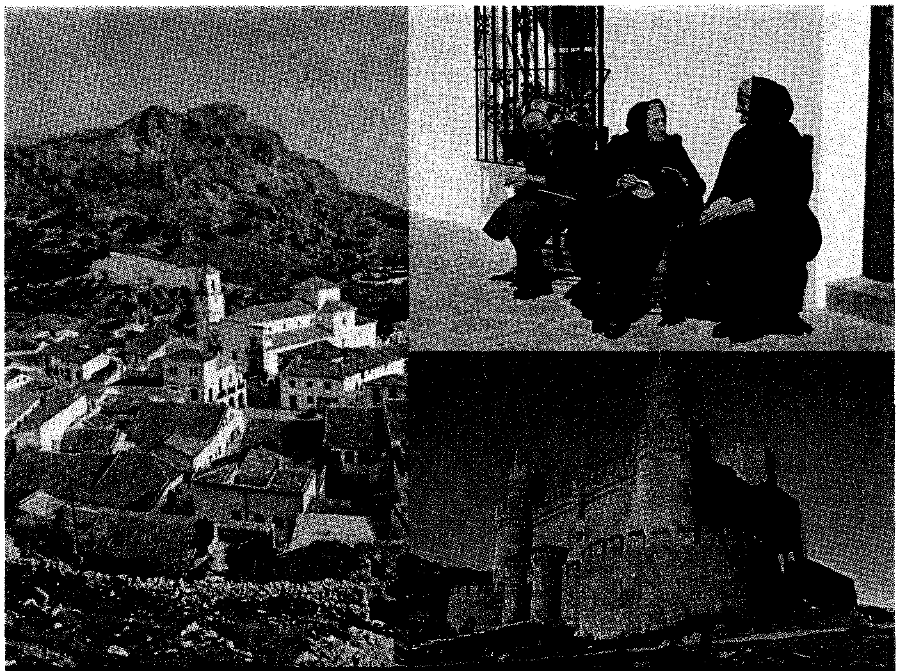
I asked him if he would have done the same thing in Jackson's place.

Again he paused. "I don't think so," he said at last.

The Jackson ricochet, in spite of its consequences in the game, was a trifle, possibly only an accident, but reactions to it diverge and are perhaps irreconcilable. Yankee-haters (there are millions of them) will seize upon it as another example of the team's unlovable, coldhearted big-city ways—its attention to the main chance, its weakness for success at any price. I tend to the other view. Baseball, in its immense variety, offers sudden, glimmering opportunities for victory—sometimes an opportunity never seen before in the history of the game—and many of these lie in the outer fringes of legality. I don't think the purpose of sport is to build purity of character, and I have a sneaky fondness for the quick-eyed player who walks in this borderland searching intently for the minute gleam of advantage at his feet, the prize among the weeds. Jackson's twitch, an almost unconscious reaction, was the same kind of baseball instinct that he and his quarrelsome, brilliant teammates on the Oakland A's demonstrated again and again during their three-year tenure as world champions in the early nineteen-seventies. They thought always about winning, and, one way or another, they almost always did win. Like the A's, these Yankees have street-smarts. They win.

AFTER that, the baseball was less rewarding. The Yankees won the next day, 12–2, in a terrible ballgame. The Dodgers made three errors and a wild pitch, and gave up two passed balls, and several of the Yankees' eighteen hits (again, sixteen of them were singles) caromed off or zipped past Dodger infielders. Brian Doyle and Bucky Dent, the bottom two batters in the Yankee order, were six for nine for the day. Jim Beattie went all the way, permitting no Dodger runs after the third inning. It was embarrassing.

The finale, back in Los Angeles



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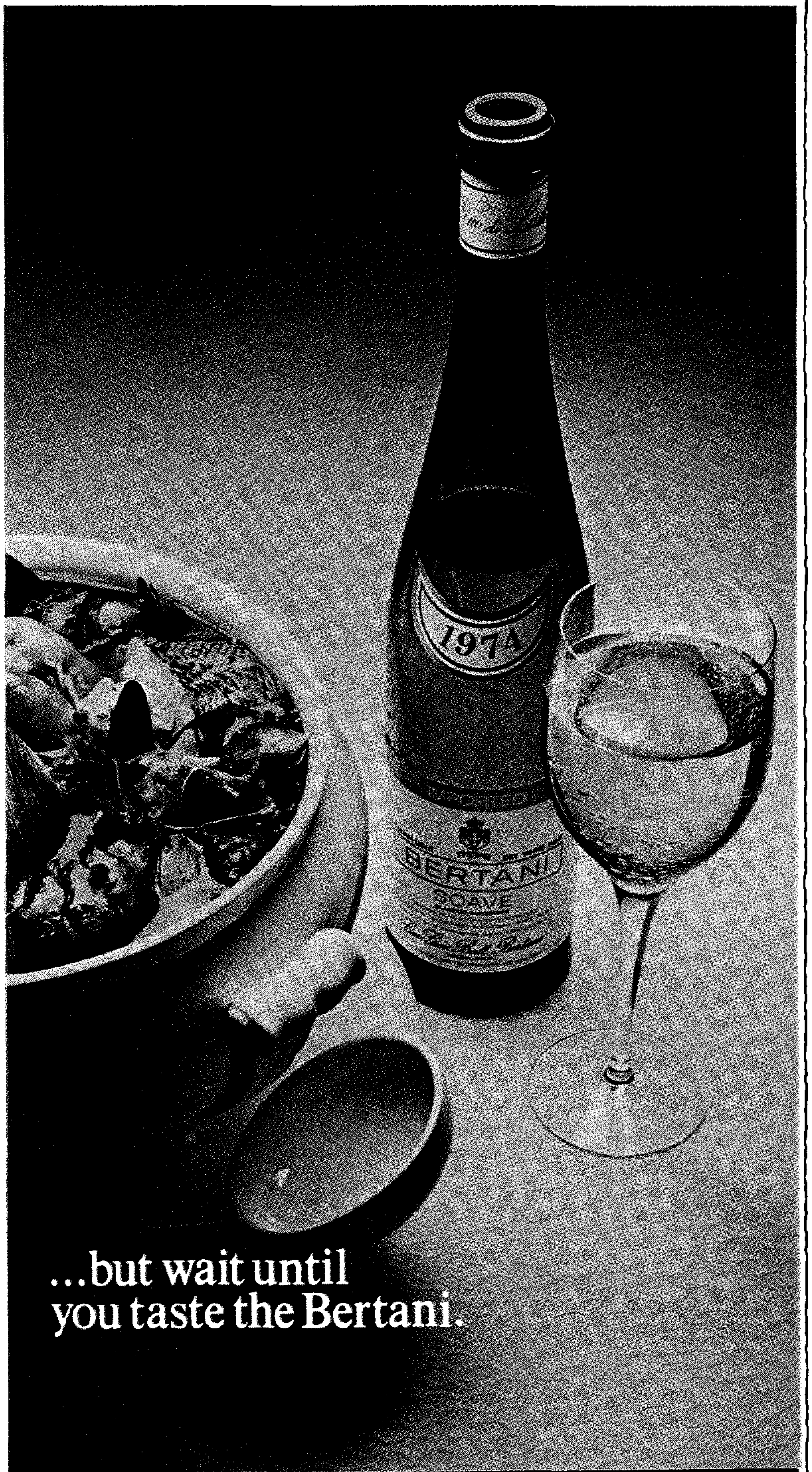

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(which I watched on television), was mercifully better, but the Yankees, behind Catfish Hunter, led from the second inning on, and won by 7–2. Doyle and Dent, enjoying themselves like kids at a picnic, went six for *eight* this time. (After the game was over, Bucky Dent was voted the most-valuable player of the Series, but several other Yankees were scarcely less splendid. Brian Doyle, for instance, played solid, impeccable ball as a fill-in at second base and batted .438; he had begun this season, incidentally, as a utility infielder in Tacoma.) The final two Yankee runs of the year came on a very long home run by Reggie Jackson in the seventh inning, struck off a first-pitch fastball by Bob Welch. Reggie tipped his hat to the Dodger fans as he crossed the plate. Everything had been settled in the end, it seemed.

As the Dodgers began to lose, they began to complain. Before they headed back to Los Angeles after the fifth game, with their two-game lead demolished and their hopes almost gone, some of them seemed to give way altogether. Tom Lasorda suggested that the heavy infield grass at the Stadium explained Graig Nettles' brilliance. Bill Russell blamed the New York sportswriters and the New York fans for the team's bad showing. "With fifty-six thousand screaming people out there, it's hard to concentrate," he said. "It's tough to play here. [The writers] are the worst. The fans are the worst. The city is the worst." Rick Monday said, "I don't like the park, I don't like the town. I don't understand their way of life."

It was not the grass or the press or the fans who beat the Dodgers, of course; it was the Yankees. The Dodgers contributed to their own downfall with their consistently poor defensive play, and they suffered at the plate because Reggie Smith was not in full health and because their other prime offensive star, Steve Garvey, fell into a sudden and uncharacteristic batting slump. The Dodgers have now lost all three World Series in which they have appeared in the past five years, and its young veterans may secretly think of themselves as losers. This is debilitating, of course, but it does not quite explain the whining of Russell and Monday, which is not at all characteristic of professional athletes. It seems to me that these malcontents, and perhaps a good many other Dodger players as well, have been distracting themselves in a significant and frightful way. This is more than a matter of style; it is a true delusion. I think the

Dodgers have begun to believe in their carefully nurtured, highly publicized image, which is that of an exceptionally attractive family of modest, friendly, good-looking young citizens; they seem to feel that in some way they embody a preserved American innocence, and thus represent a higher and more valuable element of our society than their rivals do. The team has reached a moral conclusion about itself, which is rarely a useful idea, in sports or elsewhere. This narcissism is the result of a bedazzling mix of money, youthful success, good luck, good looks, sunshine, public adulation, and ceaseless self-congratulatory public relations. It is a deeply provincial mind-set, unique to southern California, and it explains why the Dodgers—some of them, anyway—settled so readily and unquestioningly into a currently popular attitude about New York City, which is to look at the place as if it were all one piece, and to hate it. New York residents—most of them, I think—tend toward the opposite mode, which is to see their city as being made up of several thousand or several million different ideas and forces, problems and losses, horrors and triumphs, each one of which must be subjected to scrutiny and to a separate conclusion. This takes time, but it avoids dreadful mistakes. The Dodgers got the Yankees mixed up with New York City itself. No wonder they sounded like children. No wonder they lost.

The process of selectivity and judgment, the big-city shakeout, must now be applied to the big-city champions, the Yankees, if we are to see the team for what it is and to appreciate what kind of a baseball year it was in the end. The Yankees are the most distracting phenomenon of our time—even more complex and emotive than Muhammad Ali—and it is difficult to think about them without falling victim to one's feelings or conclusions about George Steinbrenner and Billy Martin, or Reggie Jackson and Joe DiMaggio, or free agents and inconceivably large sports salaries, or dirty-mouthed fans and drinking in the stands and infields being torn to bits by souvenir hunters at the end of the season. These are disturbing issues and people, but it is sad and diminishing if we can't manage to sort them out and press on to the team itself, to the baseball.

A friend of mine from Santa Monica dropped into my office a few days after the Series was over, and railed at length against his Dodgers. "They were terrible," he said. "They just

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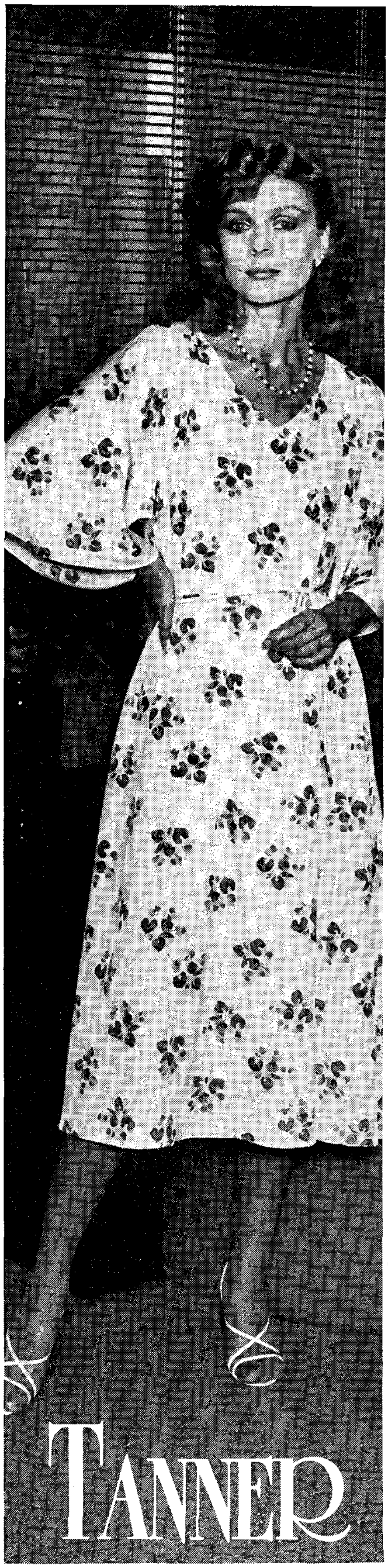

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went to pieces." I suggested that the Yankees themselves had done pretty well this year, but he would have none of it. "I can't stand them," he exclaimed bitterly. "Reggie Jackson and all the rest of them. That Jackson—nobody can convince me *he's* a ballplayer!"

Just the same, I will try. In 1977, Reggie Jackson established nine new slugging records in the World Series and tied five others. In eleven postseason games last year, he batted .306, hit five homers, and batted in nine runs. This year, Jackson was much less spectacular, but in his eleven 1978 postseason games (including the playoff at Fenway Park) he batted .400, hit five homers, and drove in fifteen runs. He was better than last year. The Yankees were better, too—so good, in fact, that there is immense pleasure for me (and I am not a Yankee fan, as someone may have guessed by now) in looking back once more at what they did. After August 24th, they won thirty-seven games and lost twelve, in the most gruelling circumstances imaginable. No other American League team has ever made up a fourteen-game deficit, and no other team has ever lost the first two games of a World Series and then won it in four straight games. The Yankees will be different next year, because the free-agent market now requires a winning team to change its personnel more rapidly from year to year. They may win again next year, but it is unlikely that they will be better. The people who most appreciated the 1978 Yankees were the 1978 Red Sox, and I will always remember the flood of compliments one heard in both clubhouses after the great playoff game in Fenway Park—all the Yankees expressing their admiration for the Red Sox players who had so nearly beaten them, all the heartbroken Boston players saying wonderful things about the Yankees. Jerry Remy, the Red Sox second baseman, said, "They're a great ball team. As far as I'm concerned, this was the World Series this year. One run at the end of the year deciding it all. . . . They're a hell of a ball team." Then he said it again. "A hell of a team."

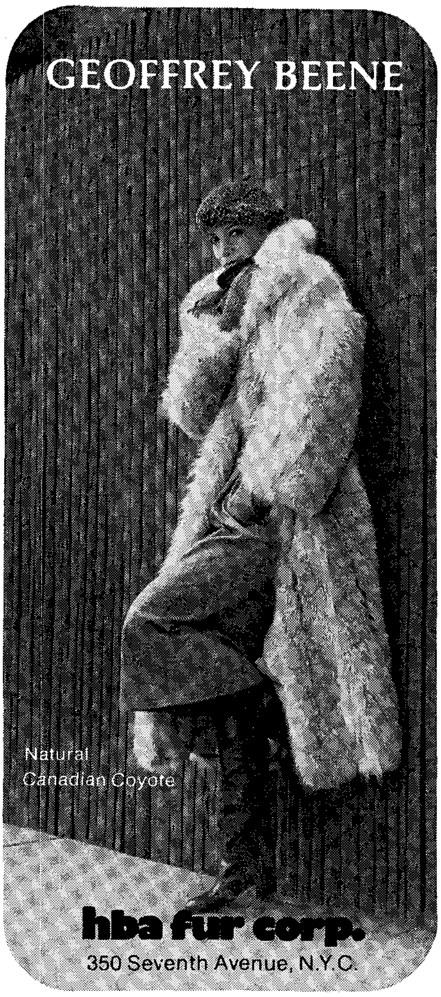
—ROGER ANGELL

•

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*Dan Fisher in the Los Angeles Times*]

Pieced together from a combination of official and unofficial sources, the story provides an unusual look at the carrot-and-stick approach that the authorities here use to keep the lid on a situation that some see as the Soviet Union's Achilles' heel.



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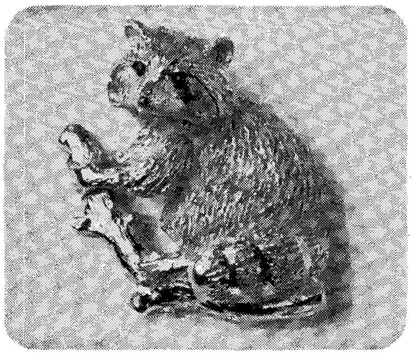

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THE THEATRE

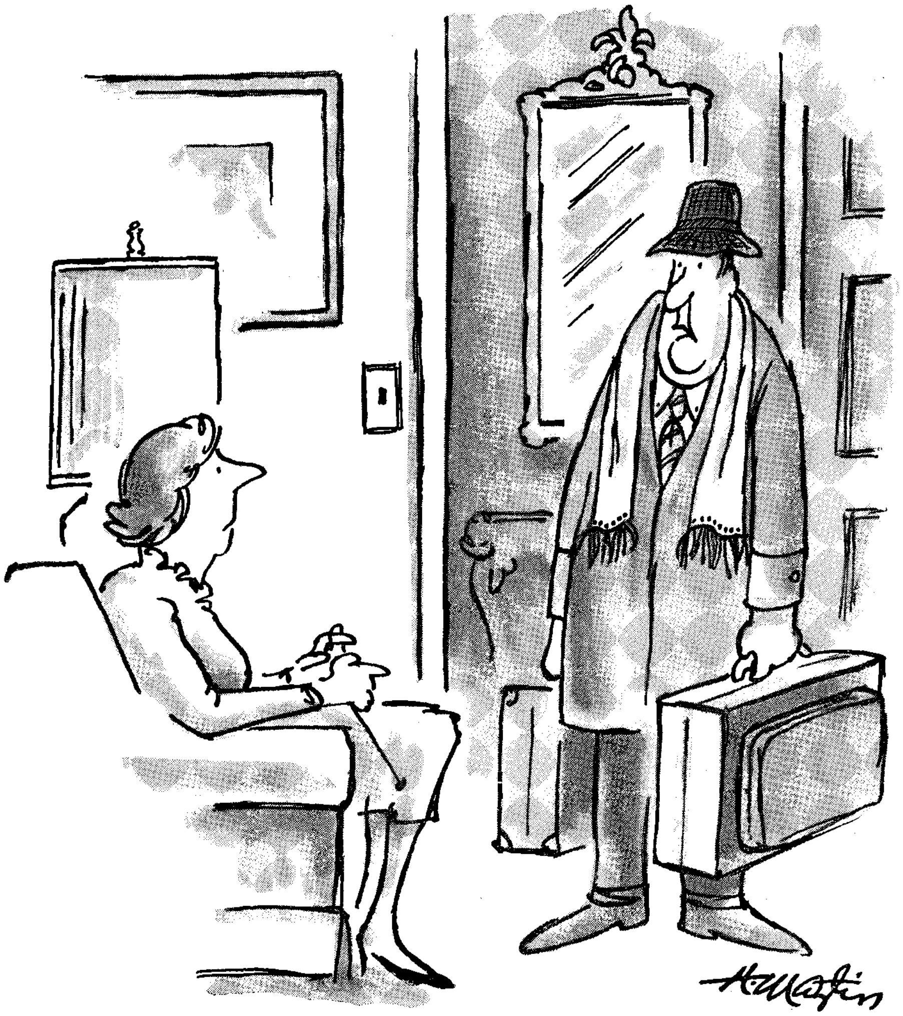
TIN

AN increasingly pestiferous irritation on Broadway is the miking of shows whether they need it or not; in theatres with admirable acoustics, where performers have spoken and sung at their ease for half a century or more, audiences are obliged to listen to totally phony sound, produced by a so-called "sound designer" (who a few years ago was merely a sound engineer). Seated at a console somewhere backstage, his minion fiddles with dials and prepares his "mix," as a chef his broth. Though audiences can observe a performer moving his lips in the usual fashion, his literally disembodied voice emerges from elsewhere—in most Broadway productions, from little black coffins suspended on either side of the proscenium arch. At first, I expected audiences to object to this technological impudence, but not a bit; it appears that we are so ear-washed by our daily, well-nigh inescapable immersion in the canned sounds of radio, TV, and public-address systems that most of us no longer regard the unassisted voice as natural. In something like the same way that children who have been brought up on frozen orange juice find the taste of freshly squeezed orange juice revolting, so audiences accustomed to a greater or lesser degree of echo-chamber sound are rendered uneasy by its absence.

I rail against this proliferating idiocy almost from one week to the next; on the present occasion, I am powerless to do so except in general terms, because I have been outwitted. A musical called "Platinum" has just opened at the Mark Hellinger; it is set entirely in a Hollywood recording studio, where it is a matter of professional necessity for everyone to speak over intercoms or on mikes, in the course of recording the songs that, as we soon discover, make up the bulk of the evening's entertainment. A voice is never heard in its ordinary resonance, but then a recording studio is as far from all the other ordinary manifestations of life—air, sunlight, rain, a rising moon—as it is possible for any of us to go, short of an embalming room. I don't condemn "Platinum" for its hyped and miked sound; I condemn it only for the fact that despite its title, it is pure tin—tin in tone, tin in intention, and tin in the sorry performance of everyone save its star, Alexis Smith.

With grace and valor and a simulation of zest that under the circumstances is downright uncanny, Miss Smith plays the part of an aging, once popular movie star who after years on the road (not a common practice among movie stars of any age) is hoping to achieve a comeback by making some hit records. She is a figure out of the forties seeking to find success in the seventies, and the unlikely group of people among whom she seeks it is an assortment of rock singers, presided over by a howling, Mick Jagger-like jackanapes of a rock star. It turns out that he, too, is aging—at thirty-one, he fears to learn that his much younger girlfriend may already have whizzed past him on the charts—and that despite his outlandish attire and deportment, he has a heart of gold. The movie actress and the rock star become lovers; it is a short-lived, bittersweet "Tea and Sympathy" romance, from which each takes sufficient nourishment to make the relationship worthwhile. The book of "Platinum," by Will Holt and Bruce Vilanch, has evidently been written in some low-sudsing detergent, and the songs—music by Gary William Friedman and lyrics by Mr. Holt—are a match for it: drip-dry all the way. The rock star is played by Richard Cox, his ambitious girlfriend by Lisa Mordente; they both work hard and lack charm. The many-colored inferno of the studio setting is by David Hays, the lighting is by John Gleason, and the remarkably ugly costumes are by Bob Mackie. The show has been directed and choreographed by Joe Layton, whose deftest handiwork is in the staging of the curtain calls.

—BRENDAN GILL



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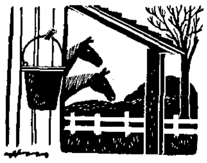
THE RACE TRACK

Goodbye, Slew



CHEERED by a crowd of twenty-seven thousand as he swept to victory after leading all the way in the mile-and-a-furlong Stuyvesant Handicap, Seattle Slew won his farewell race at Aqueduct last Saturday. The ovation that greeted him when he came back to the winner's circle matched any I ever heard for Man o' War, or the one for Secretariat after he won the Belmont by thirty-one lengths. Mrs. Karen Taylor, one of Slew's owners, was in tears as she led him into the winner's circle for the last time. "I only hope he does as well in his second life," she said. (Syndicated for twelve million dollars, Slew goes to stud at Brownell Combs' Spendthrift Farm.) The big, dark-bay colt will long be remembered by racegoers. Saturday's win was his fourteenth in seventeen starts, and he finished out of the money only once. His lifetime earnings total $1,208,726—not a bad return for Mickey Taylor, the young Washington State lumberman who gave $17,500 for him at a Fasig-Tipton yearling sale in Kentucky in 1975. Only four ran against Slew on Saturday, and it was a procession: George Pope's Jumping Hill was second by three and a quarter lengths, and Ruth E. Streit's Wise Philip was a length and three-quarters farther away. The time was 1:47⅗—two ticks off the track record. Cordero, who rode Slew, said, "He was like an airplane; I didn't ride him out." Doug Peterson, his trainer, added, "There was no need to do that, for he showed everything a champion needs to show."

ABOUT the same time Slew was winning the Stuyvesant, Spectacular Bid moved into the lead at the top of the stretch in the Heritage Stakes at Philadelphia's Keystone Race Track and romped in by six lengths in the $100,000 race for two-year-olds. Sun Watcher was second, and Terrific Son was third, three and a quarter lengths behind.

THE week started off with a thriller. At Aqueduct on Tuesday, Ogden Mills Phipps' Fluorescent Light came up fast along the rail in the stretch to beat C. V. Whitney's Banquet Table by half a length in the

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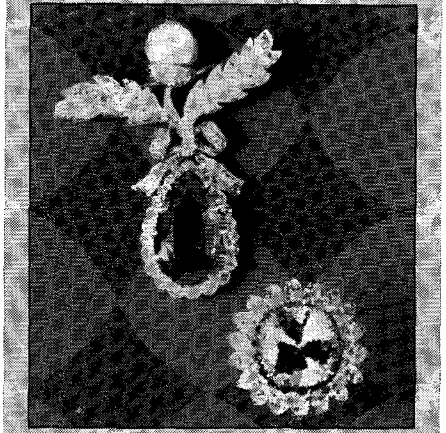

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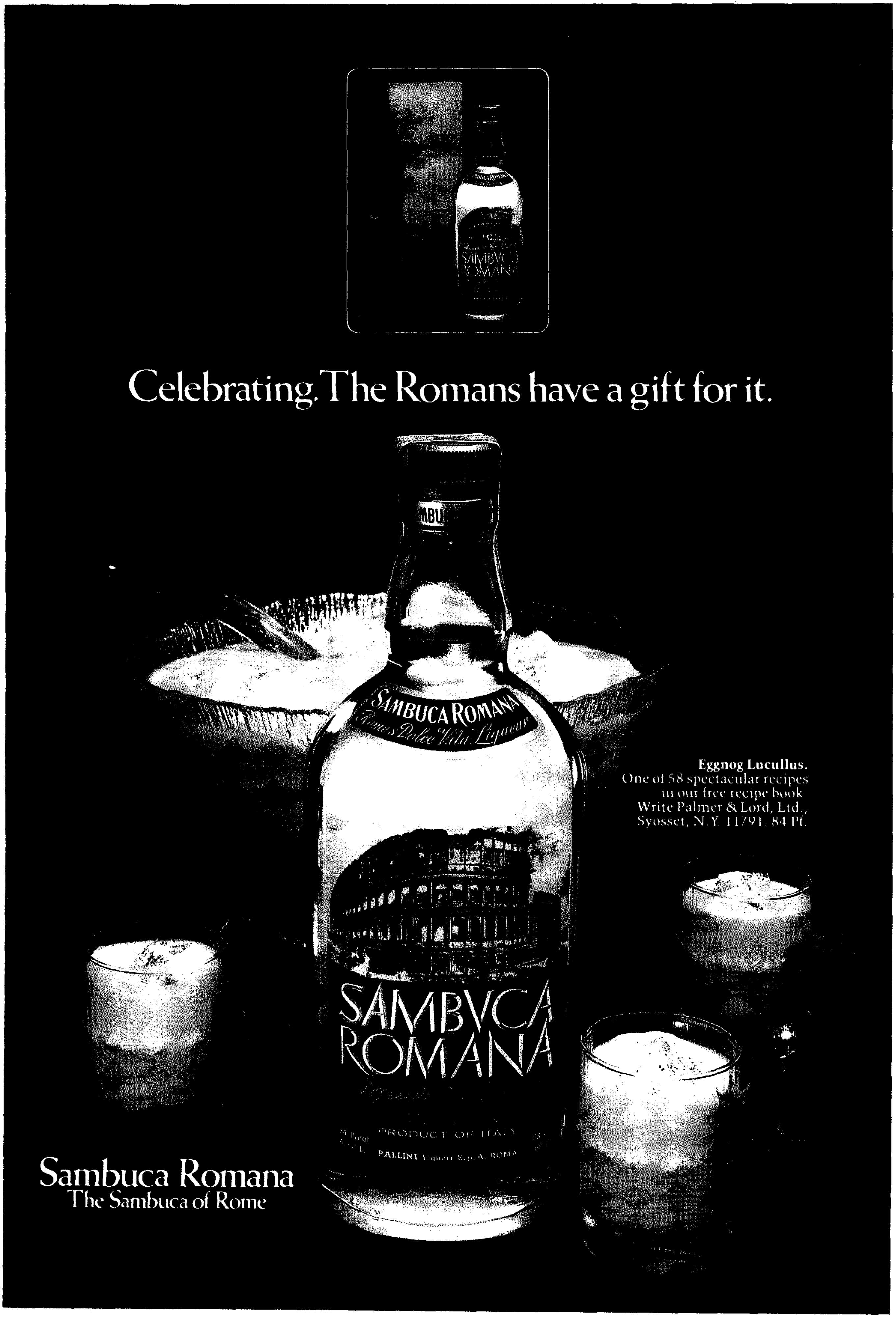
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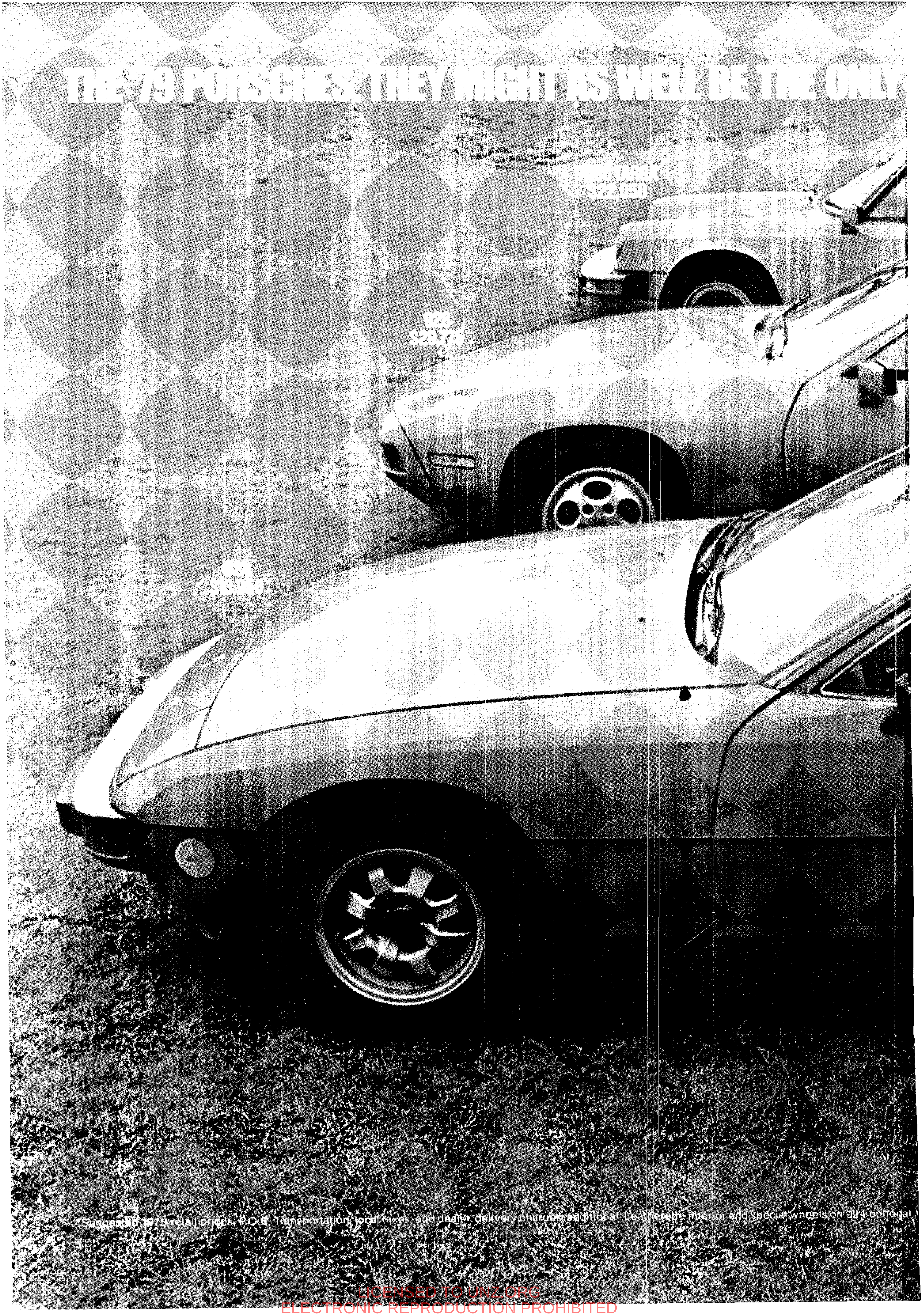
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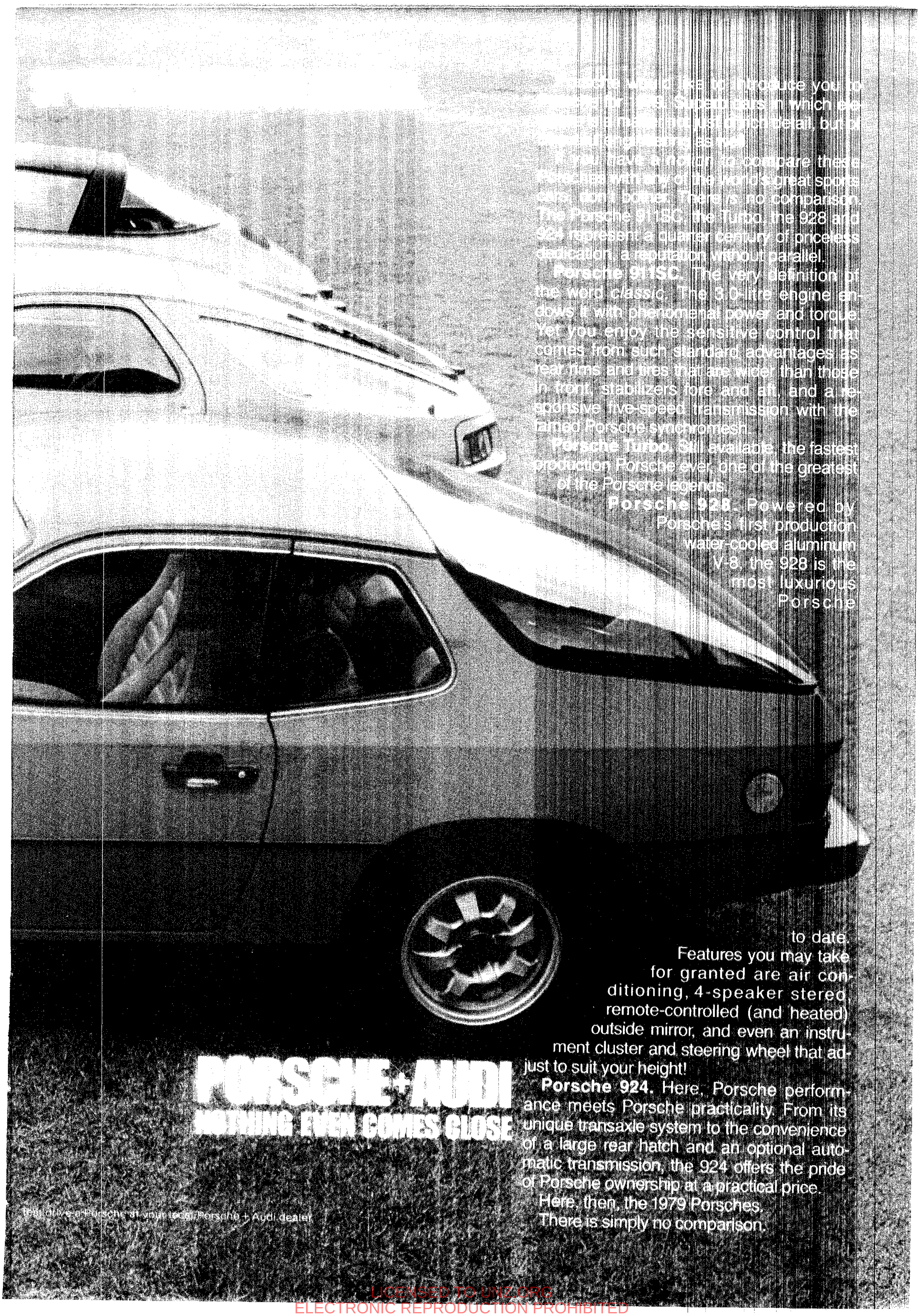

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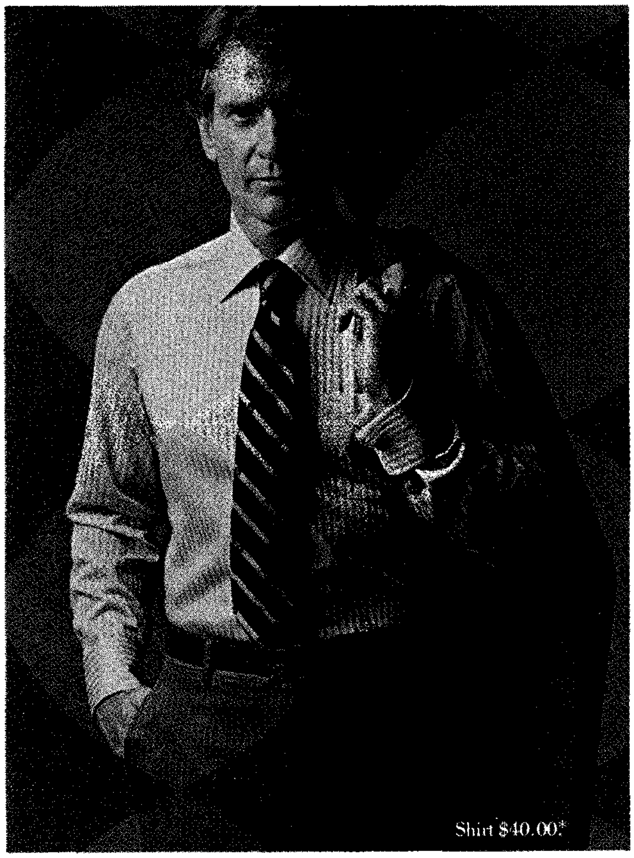
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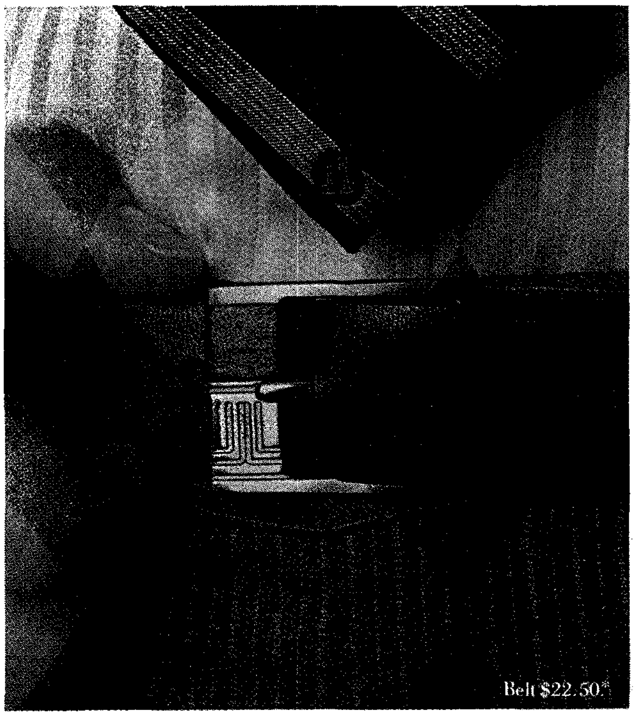
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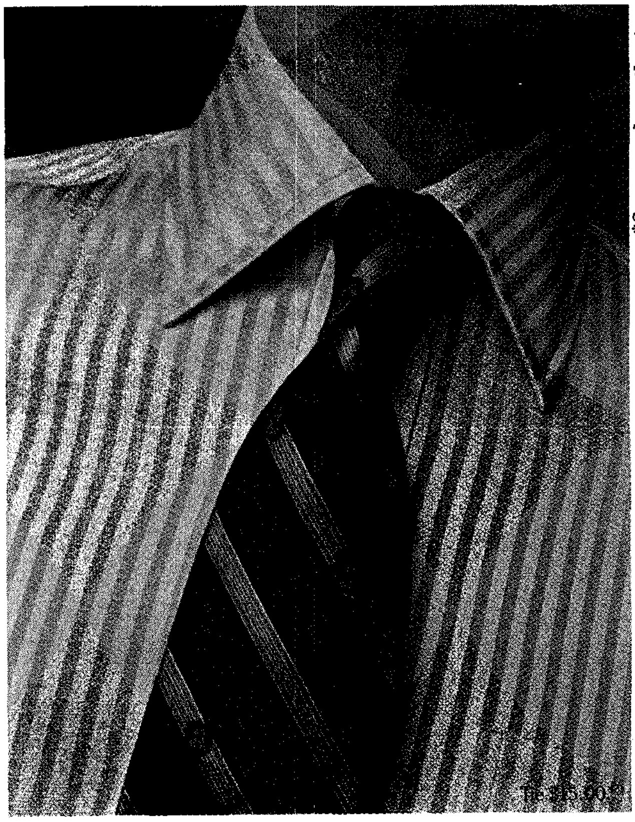
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$57,600 Knickerbocker Handicap, at a mile and three furlongs, over the turf course. Scythian Gold was third. The time for the distance was 2:14⅕—almost two seconds faster than the previous track record, set by Erwin Boy in 1976. Ten ran, and a crowd of 21,953 in the stand bet $3,491,470.

IT was the U.S.A. first, the U.S.A. second, and the U.S.A. third in the twenty-seventh running of the $200,000 Washington, D.C., International at Laurel the Saturday before last. Coming out of the pack of well-bunched runners with an amazing burst of speed, Dr. Jerome Torsney's Mac Diarmida, who is probably the best runner on grass we've seen in some time, stormed past the leaders in the stretch to beat Tiller by a head. Waya—who had beaten both Mac and Tiller in the Man o' War, and had beaten Tiller again, by a nose, in the Turf Classic—was third. The speedy French filly Trillion left the post as favorite but could do no better than fourth. Eight horses from four countries paraded in their gay blankets for the crowd of more than twenty thousand. Noble Dancer II, the onetime Norwegian champion, was quickest away and led into the stretch, but there he tired. Then Mac made his move. He'd been unprepared at the break, but Cruguet, handling him beautifully, got him into a perfect position and rode a strong finish when Tiller challenged. Waya had drawn the outside post position, and made a good try in the circumstances, finishing strongly at the end. First money was $120,000, bringing Mac's earnings to $501,984. He has won eight stakes and three allowance races on grass this season. He should get the Eclipse Award easily. Mac started as a two-year-old in Florida, but ran indifferently on dirt tracks, whereupon Scotty Schulhofer, his trainer, tried him on the grass. He did so well, winning eight stakes victories at seven different tracks, that he hasn't run on a dirt track since.

TWO days before the D.C. International, Dr. Patches, who had beaten Seattle Slew two months before in the Paterson Handicap and had followed up that win by beating sprinters in the Vosburgh Handicap, at seven furlongs, won the mile-and-a-quarter $161,350 Meadowlands Cup in New Jersey by four lengths from Do Tell George, with Niteange third.

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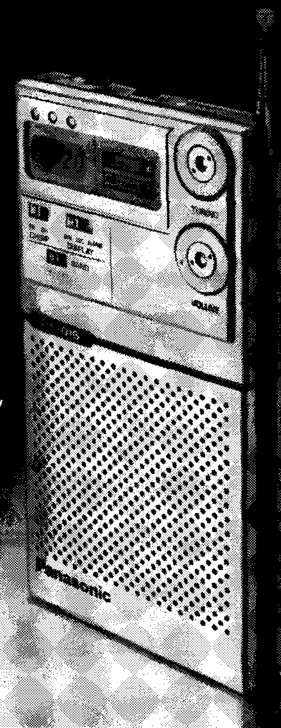

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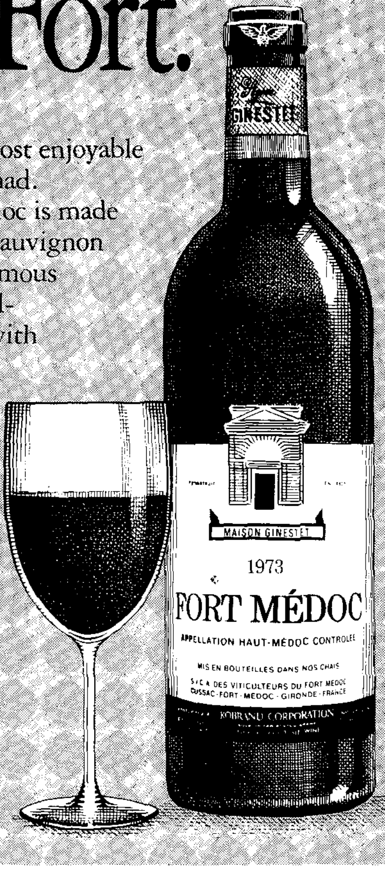

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of 46,052 another thrilling finish at Santa Anita the day after the International, when he came from far back—at one point, he was fifteen lengths behind the leaders—to win the $150,000 mile-and-a-half Oak Tree Invitational Stakes by a length from Star of Erin II. Behind them, Good Lord and As de Copas finished in a dead heat for the show. The victory brought Exceller's earnings to $1,569,002. It was as smashing a performance as his Jockey Club Gold Cup victory, and might well make him the Horse of the Year.

DAVID A. STEVENSON, who was director of racing of the Ontario Jockey Club for eight years, and who joined the New York Racing Association earlier this year as director of horsemen's relations, has been appointed director of racing for the N.Y.R.A. James P. Heffernan, the president of the N.Y.R.A., made the announcement at Aqueduct last week. A forty-two-year-old Canadian, Stevenson was formerly a jockey—he was the 1956 winner of the Queen's Plate, on Windfield Farm's Canadian Champ—and directed racing for the O.J.C. until 1975, when he retired to become manager of D. A. Wilmot's Kinghaven Farm. He will take over his duties—which include responsibility for the backstretch, for stall allocations, and for the racing secretary's office, headed by Tommy Trotter—immediately. (There was a spate of race-track rumors that Trotter would move to Santa Anita to become secretary there, but the rumors have so far been neither confirmed nor denied.)

THE Hall of Fame trainer Johnny Nerud, who brought along Dr. Patches, his sire the great Dr. Fager, the speedy filly TaWee, the 1957 Belmont Stakes winner Gallant Man, and more overnighters than you can shake a stick at, announced last week that at the end of the season, having reached the age of sixty-five, he was retiring from the stress and strain of preparing horses for Tartan Stable. He will continue to manage Tartan's racing and breeding interests. —AUDAX MINOR

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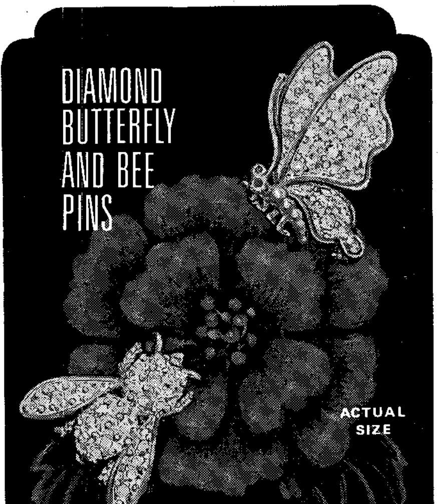
Mr John Bennett, of Amhurst Park, London, until recently chairman of the Anglo-Danish Students Society, of Davies Street, London, W1, asks us to make clear that he is not related to the English-man of the same name who was recently found guilty of biting off the ear of a Danish labour exchange official.—*London Times.*

Noted.



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U.S. JOURNAL: GREENWICH VILLAGE

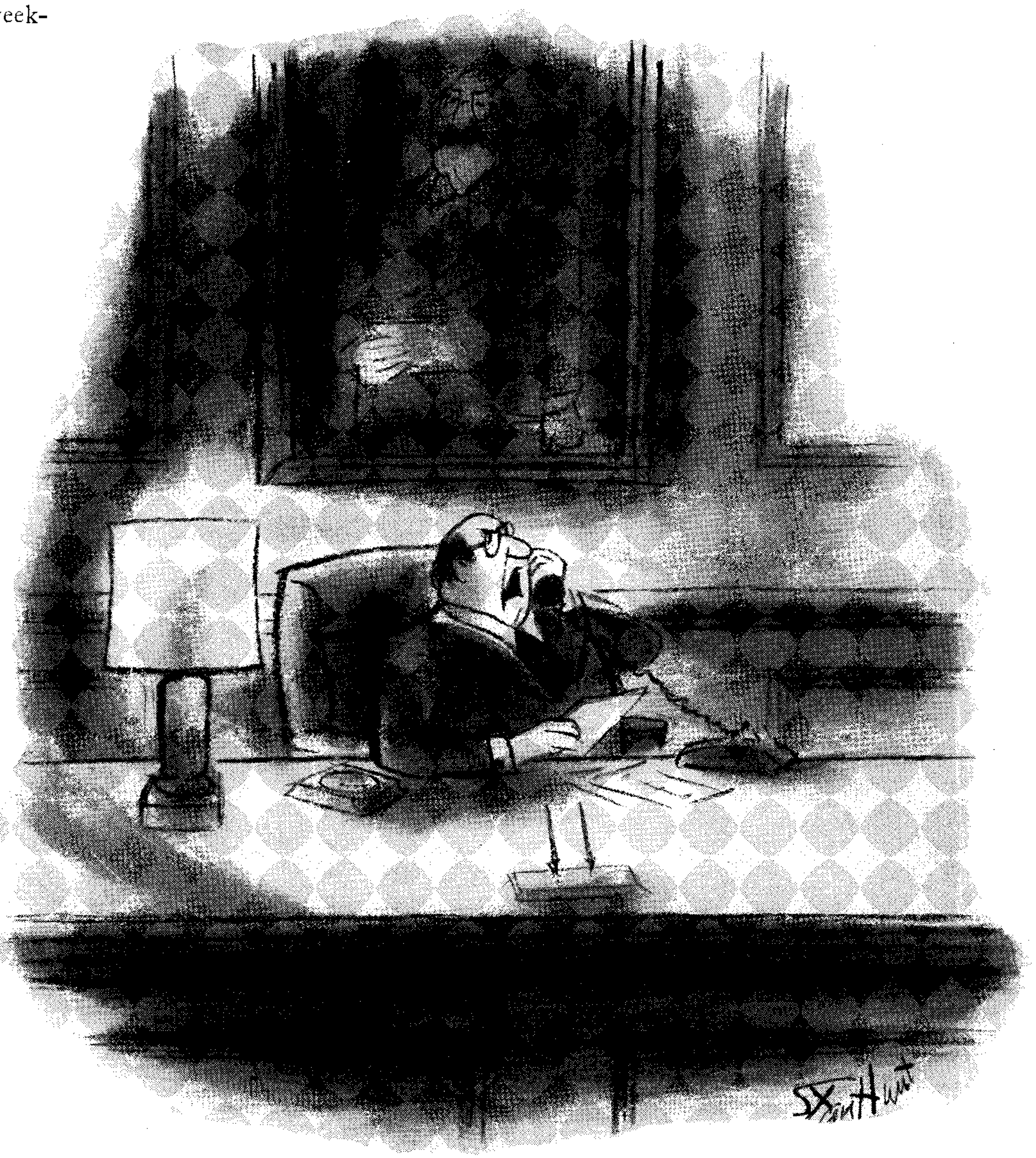
CONFESSIONS OF A GROWNUP TRICK-OR-TREATER

HALLOWEEN is my holiday. Living in New York, I had plenty of other holidays to choose from. In New York, alternate-side-of-the-street-parking regulations are suspended every year for Simchas Torah. There are people in my neighborhood who are specialists in celebrating the Feast Day of St. Anthony. It wouldn't surprise me to hear that there is someone in Borough Park or Williamsburg known among his friends and acquaintances as "a Tisha B'ov sort of guy." In New York, it is customary for several thousand people to turn out into the streets for the celebration of a holiday that people in most other parts of the country have never heard of. There are people in New York who would never dream of being out of town for Columbus Day—not the faceless sort of Columbus Day that is nothing more than an excuse for a three-day weekend but the sort of Columbus Day that calls for people who are serious about being Italian to march up Fifth Avenue. There are also people who make it a point to be in town on the day that New Yorkers mark the liberation of Greece or the unification of Germany or the birthday of Sun Yat-sen. I'm always in town for Halloween.

I happen to have two daughters, Abigail and Sarah, who are of grade-school age and celebratory temperament. The extent to which my Halloween activities are fuelled by their presence has been the subject of some discussion among well-meaning friends. There is, of course, a theory that I celebrate Halloween as vigorously as I do because my daughters enjoy it. There is also a theory that I use my daughters as an excuse to celebrate Halloween—a theory based on the belief that I have a predilection for wearing foolish masks which surpasses fatherhood. These discussions often seem to take place during the week leading up to Halloween, as I frantically prepare for the big night while many of our adult friends are so oblivious of the impending celebration that they can only stare at me blankly when I say, "What are you going as?" The discussions are sometimes provoked when a friend phones to talk to me, and my wife, Alice, says something like "He's in the basement making sure the witch piñata is still in good enough shape to hang out the window" or "He's upstairs trying to decide whether the evil-old-man mask goes better with his panama or his Stewart Granger hat."

Both of the theories about how Abigail and Sarah figure in my Halloween activities fail to take into account the long-established role of a father in passing on cultural traditions to the next generation. The responsibility rests particularly heavily on my shoulders in this case, because Alice's attitude toward Halloween borders on the blasé. Alice likes Christmas, a holiday whose modern celebration occasionally provokes in me an otherwise dormant yearning to emigrate to Israel or Saudi Arabia. As a result, we engage in one of those quiet struggles common to marriages of mixed cultural emphasis—marriages between a vegetarian and a meat-and-potatoes man, or between a Republican stockbroker and a radical feminist, or between a Christian Scientist and a pediatrician. I dare not be out of town on Halloween. If I were not here to hold up my end, I sometimes think, my girls might find themselves spending October 31st trimming a Christmas tree—pausing now and then to hand out tiny "Joyeux Noël" wreaths to the visiting trick-or-treaters.

Fortunately, we live in Greenwich Village, which is, among New York neighborhoods, particularly suited by



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spirit and architecture to Halloween celebrations. A lot of Villagers do not require a national holiday or even a Saturday night to dress in what people somewhere else might consider a costume. More important, the Village is mostly brownstones rather than high-rise apartment buildings. I would, of course, do my best to pass down the more important cultural values of our society to my daughters no matter where we lived, but, having been raised in the Midwest, where people tend to live in houses, I would find trick-or-treating in an upper-East Side high rise an experience more bizarre than any of my costumes. "Who shall I say is calling?" I can imagine the doorman saying as he stares icily at Sarah in her Winnie-the-Pooh costume, and at Abigail pretending rather successfully to be a kangaroo, and finally at me. I happen to be wearing a mask that has an unfortunate tendency to bring to people's minds any buried fears they may have about axe murderers.

Three years ago, Abigail and Sarah and I were walking down Seventh Avenue with the intention of making a second strike at one of our most lucrative trick-or-treat targets, Ken and Eve's corner store. I had changed my mask, and I felt certain we could escape recognition as repeaters. Being in the business themselves, Ken and Eve have the best supply of candy in the neighborhood. They also happen to be the sort of people who understand that giving trick-or-treaters raisins or apples or granola or wheat-germ or mung-bean crackers is finklike behavior. Around Sheridan Square, I began to hear a band playing. The music grew closer and closer. It was not marching-band music. It was the sort of music I associate with Brecht plays or a production of "Marat/Sade." Suddenly a parade streamed across Seventh Avenue in front of us. There seemed to be two or three hundred marchers—almost all of them, adults and children alike, in costume. There were also creatures beyond the costuming skill of even the most devout amateur Halloween celebrant. We were passed by a turn-of-the-century dandy at least ten feet tall, with a huge face made out of something like papier-mâché. He was in the company of a floozy even larger and funnier. A dozen marchers armed with tall bamboo poles held aloft a forty-foot serpent that bobbed and danced through the air. There was a huge lobster and a two-headed beast that looked something like a grotesque leather pig. Four or five people who looked as if they had just emerged

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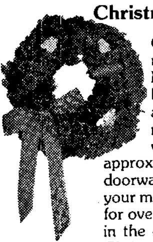

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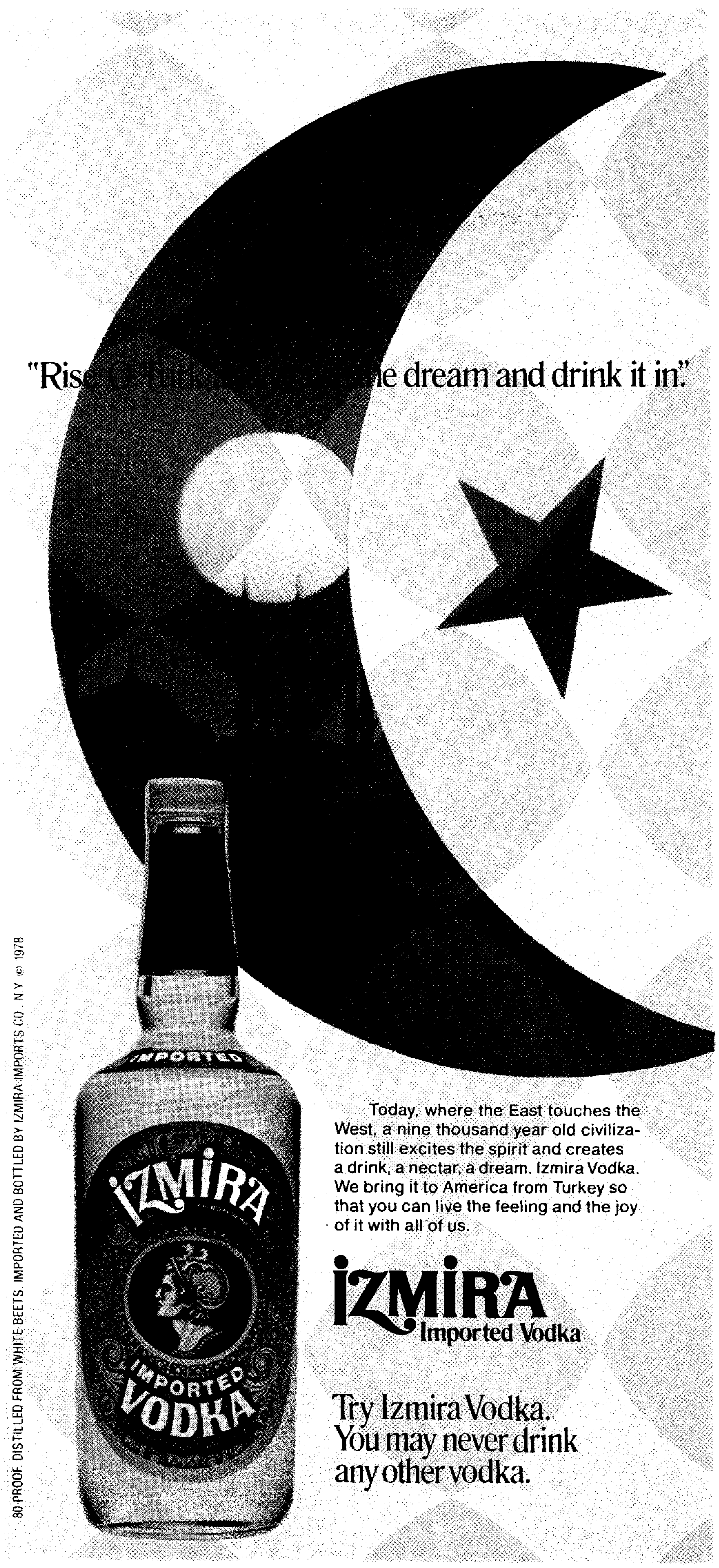
from a pyramid towed a gigantic Egyptian lion on wheels. Abigail and Sarah and I watched the parade for a few minutes, and then found ourselves marching in it—having accepted the invitation of a friendly skeleton. We marched down the street for a block or two, in the company of witches and cowboys and cancan dancers and a ten-foot lizard. The skeleton told us that what we were marching in was the third annual Greenwich Village Halloween Parade. I was furious. How could we have missed the first two?

MY interest in parades is usually limited by my failure to appreciate floats. Watching a parade that is dominated by elaborate floats, I find my attention wandering any time a marching band is not passing. During the Mardi Gras season in New Orleans, I can sometimes summon up a respectful word for the floats of the prominent krewes—in the way a visitor to the Soviet Union may politely inform his hosts that the hydroelectric generating plant he has been guided through for five hours is indeed an impressive technological accomplishment—but the sort of New Orleans Mardi Gras parade I actually enjoy is an Irish Channel marching society's street parade, which consists of a black marching band and a lot of white stevedores dressed in women's clothing and the number of official beer stops that a thoughtful planner would arrange for a parade that could take place on a hot and humid day. Floats create a rigid distinction between paraders and spectators. Who can imagine stepping into the street to join, on impulse, the Tournament of Roses? Floats seem formal and forbidding partly because of their size; they are as far out of scale to human beings as high-rise apartment buildings are. Abigail and Sarah and I had discovered, though, that size is no handicap for the right sort of beast: we had found it perfectly natural to parade alongside a forty-foot serpent.

I later learned that the man who had made the serpent—and the Egyptian lion and the lizard and the dandy and the floozy and a dozen other grotesque costumes or masks or creatures—was Ralph Lee, who makes his living creating masks and creatures for the theatre and producing outdoor extravaganzas. The dandy had been made for a Brecht play and the lobster for a play by Sam Shepard and Patti Smith and the floozy for a dance piece and the Egyptian lion for a production at Café La Mama. The Greenwich Village Halloween Parade began, in fact, be-



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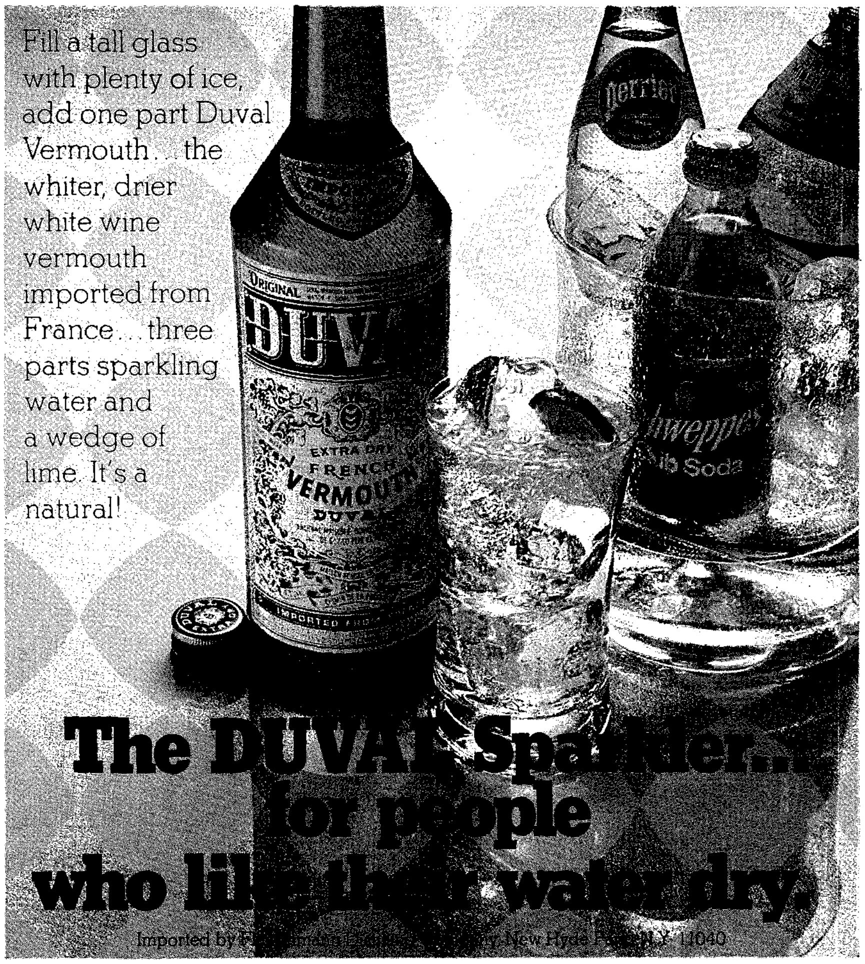
cause Lee, having decided that the time had come to hold an exhibition of his creations, simply assumed that they would be exhibited moving down the street. Finding people to move down the street with them was not a serious problem. The Theatre for the New City, a street-theatre group that was then in the neighborhood, acted as producer; people who had worked with Lee in various productions volunteered to work on the parade. Lee lives in Westbeth, a huge building in the West Village which was renovated several years ago to provide apartments for people working in the arts, and at Westbeth the supply of dancers and musicians and actors and mimes and even acrobats and jugglers has always exceeded the demand. Somebody organized a coven of witches to scream and cackle and dance at Abingdon Square before the parade arrived. Somebody rigged the lighting that suddenly illuminated some grotesqueries on a fire escape as the parade moved down Bleecker Street. By the third year, when Abigail and Sarah and I happened into the line of march at Sheridan Square, Lee, who was by then producing the parade himself, had begun attracting grants from the National Endowment for the Arts.

As a fancier of urban street events, I found that my delight at having discovered Lee's parade was tempered by doubt that it could possibly survive for long. These days, events of unstructured enjoyment in American cities seem to have a limited life span: at some point they are almost inevitably institutionalized or destroyed. The Mardi Gras masking in the streets of New Orleans, for instance, is now not easily distinguishable in crowd or spirit from the Indianapolis 500 or spring vacation in Daytona Beach, but the New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival, which began only eight years ago, is still an event at which people can enjoy themselves without worrying that they might suddenly find themselves on the wrong side of a police barricade or on the receiving end of a thrown beer can. The potential for an event's becoming successful enough to be crushed is, of course, greater in a city the size of New York, where increasing crowds gradually made the Festival of San Gennaro impossible to walk through and eventually made A Taste of the Big Apple, the eating festival in Central Park, impossible to hold. As Abigail and Sarah and I headed for Abingdon Square last year, with the idea of watching the witches perform and then picking up the parade for a few blocks, I was feel-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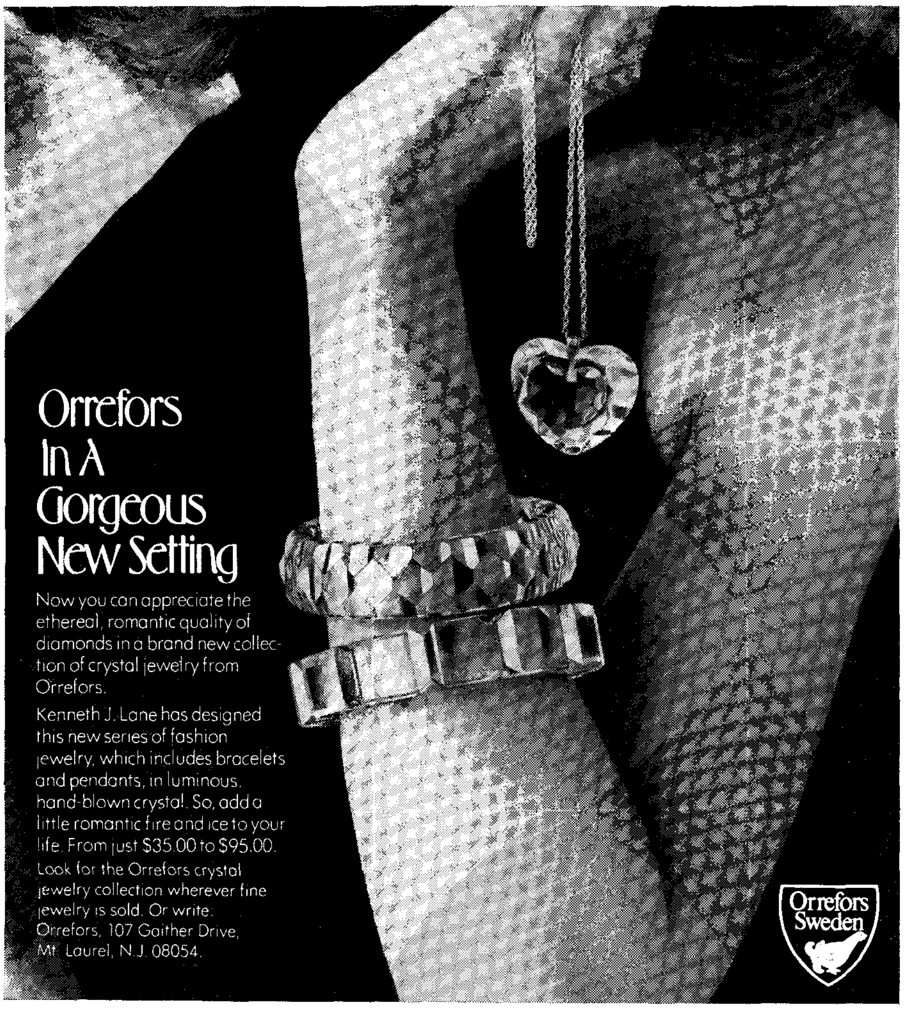
ing some trepidation—although it did not show, of course, since my entire face was covered by my evil-old-man mask.

The parade turned out to be marvellous. There were no police lines or officious marshals. Nobody was overtly in charge; it simply seemed to happen. The crowd had grown—both marchers and spectators—but the parade still had the tone of what Lee calls "a people-sized event." It remained the sort of parade at which a garishly rouged old crone, aged ten or eleven, might suddenly leap from the sidewalk into the marchers to shriek at a grownup-sized lion, who would roar back. In fact, when I realized the extent to which people played their roles in the parade—donkeys braying and witches cackling and Supermen attempting to fly through the air—I began to regret that I had chosen my evil-old-man mask. About the only activity consistent with his appearance is turning down a loan. I do happen to have two dog masks, as well as a ferocious bark.

On Halloween this year, I went to Westbeth early, to watch the parade form. I was wearing my axe-murderer mask. Everyone else in the family had decided to be a witch. Abigail and Sarah both had black capes, and Abigail, exercising the prerogative of seniority, had been given permission to wear our family's premier witch mask—a full-face rubber mask from England so hideous that it causes real dogs to bark. She also planned to wear on her right hand a grotesque rubber claw almost as scary as the mask. Alice, summoning up her full supply of enthusiasm for Halloween, had agreed at least to suggest a witch theme by wearing a conical witch's hat with an outfit that was otherwise completely unwitchlike. The witches had arranged to meet me at Abingdon Square after calling on some traditional trick-or-treat targets, like Ken and Eve's corner store. If I had harbored any doubts about the hideousness of my own costume, they disappeared as soon



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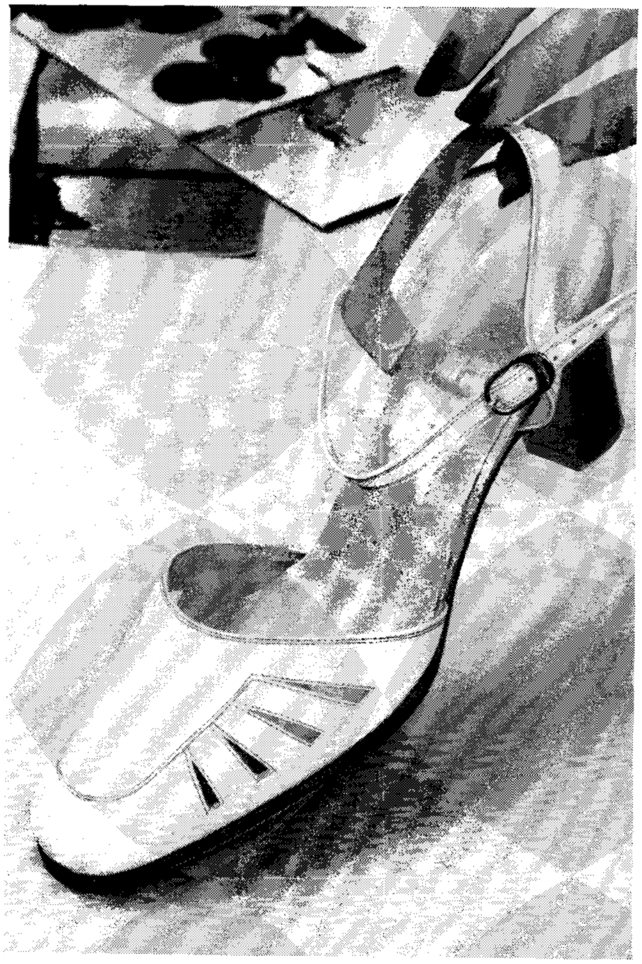

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as I arrived at the Westbeth courtyard: someone, apparently a member of the parade's staff, pointed to a bizarre ten-foot-tall strumpet who looked to be one of Ralph Lee's creations, and said to me quite formally, "Sir, would *you* like to escort this lovely young lady in the parade?"

The Westbeth courtyard, a huge square, was filled with people. A band —including a snare drummer in tails and blue sneakers, a flutist wearing a top hat and red bloomers, a pasha with a trumpet, and what appeared to be a Central American terrorist on the bass drum—played constantly. Two or three people on stilts loomed over the crowd as they danced along to the music. Every few minutes, another one of Lee's creatures would emerge from the Westbeth community room—a lizard or a dragon or a monumental version of a Siamese puppet or a five-hump camel that seemed to have been fashioned from the sort of material found on sofas in old summer houses. A covey of horned and beaked creatures ran through the crowd, hooting and screaming. A gypsy dancer spun wildly to the music, taunting a man who seemed to be Mortimer Snerd. A horse warily circled a walking Statue of Liberty. The Bride of Frankenstein and five tap-dancing skeletons tapped their way across the courtyard. At one point, a huge bug seemed to cross the courtyard high in the air—pulled along on wires—and a few minutes later, with no announcement and no pushing and nobody telling anybody else where to stand, the parade started. The one motor vehicle, a truck decorated with swamp grass, was apparently meant to be in the lead, with a rotund Lucifer sitting on the hood and mugging to the crowd. Someone in a Nixon mask danced out in front of the truck, though, juggling three oranges and occasionally pausing to flash a Nixonian victory sign.

There were hundreds of people lining the street at Abingdon Square. I couldn't spot my witches at the agreed-upon meeting place. The thought flashed across my mind that they might have stopped for some early Christmas shopping on Bleecker Street. I remained with the parade as it turned on Charles and headed across Seventh Avenue. On Tenth Street, the Jefferson Market Library—looking, as usual, like the Victorian city hall of a particularly prosperous textile town in Yorkshire—had a huge spider dangling from its tallest tower. Its second-floor windows were lit, and behind them an

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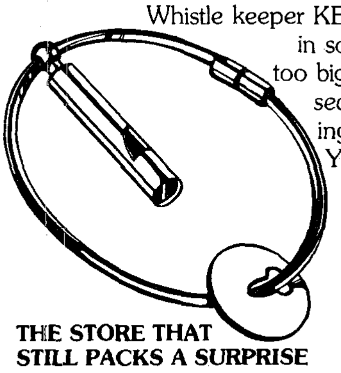

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outsize version of a shadow-puppet performance was being presented for the passing paraders. Next to me, a man dressed as a wounded veteran or an accident victim—walking on crutches, his left leg tucked into his trousers so it appeared amputated at the knee—talked about the problems of making it all the way to Washington Square, the terminus of the parade, in his condition. Another man, holding the frame of a television set and peering out of a hole that should have been the screen, dashed back and forth among the paraders telling them that it was their duty to buy the soap and deodorant he advertised.

A block or so from Washington Square, I saw Ralph Lee standing on Fifth Avenue quietly watching what he had wrought. Lee is a calm, soft-spoken man with a thick beard. He told me that there had been no serious problems all evening. Although there seemed to be several thousand marchers, I had not even seen any police except for the few required to hold up traffic as the parade moved through an intersection. I congratulated Lee on the parade, and on the devil I could see dancing on top of the Washington Square Arch. He said that he had not yet worked up the nerve to approach the city for permission to end the parade on what he considers the appropriate note—a huge bonfire in Washington Square.

Then I saw my witches. They came running over to report that Abigail had been one of the stars of the parade—frightening any number of fully grown cowboys and "Star Wars" characters. Alice, who finally seemed to have acquired some Halloween spirit, sounded quite enthusiastic as she recounted the greatest triumph: when Abigail frightened a boy from her school with her mask and horrifying cackle, the boy, apparently recognizing a familiar note in the cackle, said he would get her the next day at school. "Shake on that," Abigail had said, extending her awful claw. I gazed at Abigail, who looked terrifying even to someone who had worn the same mask a few times himself, and, to the extent that an axe murderer can do so, I beamed with pride.

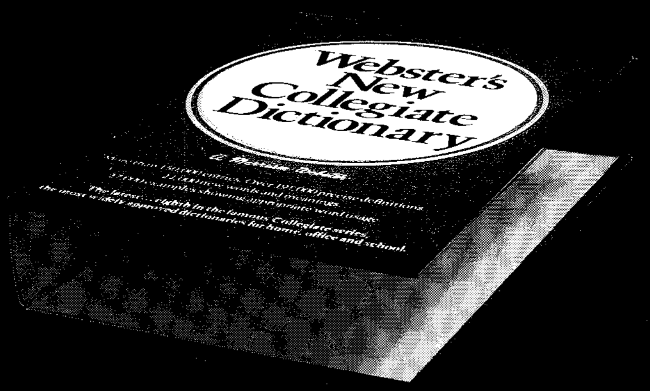
—CALVIN TRILLIN

●

It probably wasn't a surprise to the Republican high command, however. The GOP has been taking polls of its own—polls that are closely guarded secrets, but which have been used to chart their election tragedy.—*Torrington* (*Conn.*) *Register.*

We'll never understand politicians.

rip-off



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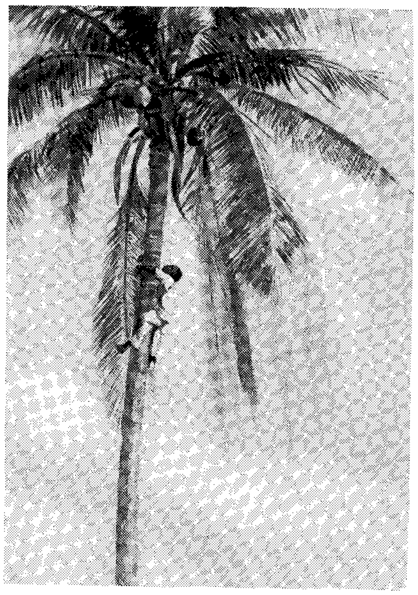

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Rocky's Knucklehead Progeny

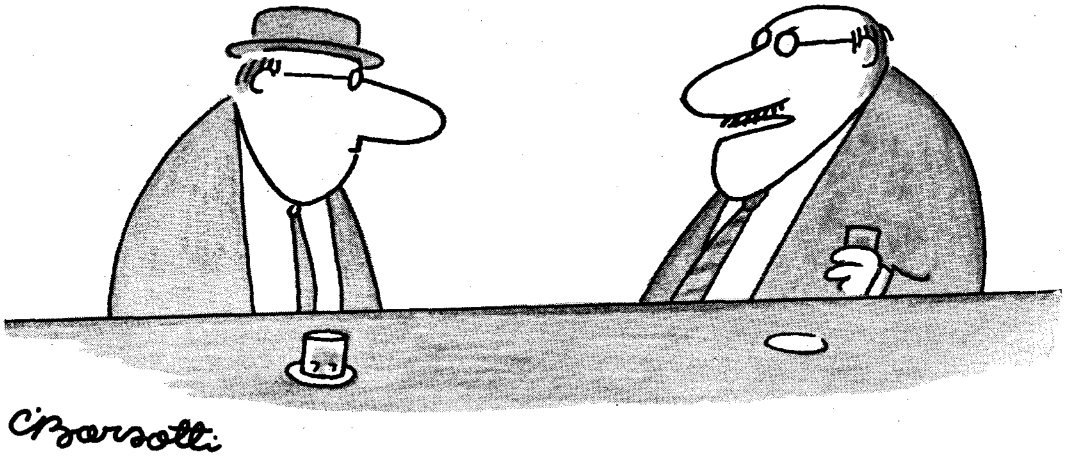
"ROCKY," a piece of innocent shamelessness, was written by its star, Sylvester Stallone, and directed by John G. Avildsen. Now they're both back, with more urban folklore drawn from the movies: Stallone with "Paradise Alley," which he wrote, directed, and stars in (he also sings the theme song, "Too Close to Paradise"), and Avildsen with "Slow Dancing in the Big City," on which he was director, co-producer, camera operator, and editor. These two movies, both set in New York, are so simplistic and unsophisticated that when you enter the theatres you enter the Dark Ages. The art of narrative has progressed a little since the Celtic bards, but no word of that has reached Stallone or Avildsen.

STALLONE plays a loudmouth in "Paradise Alley," and we're never allowed to forget it. His Cosmo is the middle one of three Italian brothers who share a basement apartment—a Dickensian dump—in Hell's Kitchen, and he shouts his entire overwrought performance at us, projecting to the deafest person in the audience even when he's talking to his brothers and they are near enough to touch. Stallone doesn't seem to know about restraint, or what can be accomplished by understatement. He writes, directs, and acts in a form of Esperanto—a basic, reductive approach to human possibilities. Everybody in the movie has one thing to express, and the only development is that midway Cosmo and his older brother, Lenny (Armand Assante), swap their things. (It's like a Jekyll-and-Hyde trade-off.)

The characters hold expressions, so that we'll have time to recognize what they're thinking. There's a studied dumbness about the people—a knot of muscle between the ears. "Paradise Alley" could do for the Italians what generations of Polish jokes have done for the Poles. The dialogues are acting-class exercises about deprived, "limited" people with a spark of illiterate poetry in them. "Golden Boy" and half a dozen other Odets plays have filtered into this movie, along with "Dead End," "Winterset," "Of Mice and Men," boxing pictures such as "Body and Soul," and the Depression according to Warner Brothers. It's an actor's baroque version of the lower depths, compounded of dime-a-dance girls, cripples, beggars, floozies, a good-hearted whore, a gentle giant who talks to a pet canary named Bella, and a Damon Runyonesque assortment of crooks and thugs. Not a single one of them seems capable of walking the two or three city blocks that would get him out of Hell's Kitchen; instead, they all dream about escape, or hatch near-impossible plans. The time is 1946, the year of Stallone's birth, which he has romanticized back to a yellow-gaslight look. The moody, embittered Lenny, whose leg was injured in the Second World War, drags himself around hopelessly; the only work he can find is in a mortuary that's like something from the Paris sewers of "Les Misérables." Didn't anybody point out to Stallone that the veterans of the Second World War were better treated than the veterans of any previous war in our history—that they received educational benefits and federally guaranteed housing loans, and that they were regarded as heroes?

What is all this early-thirties left-wing poetry of defeat doing in "Paradise Alley"? (Even the title is a neo-Odetsian irony.) It's the heritage of the Group Theatre, and it's there because it's the only poetry that American actors are trained in. The joke is that Stallone sets up the situation with the defeatism of the politicized Depression plays and movies, and so we get the simple dreamers—Cosmo's hulking younger brother, Vic (Lee Canalito), and Vic's Chinese girlfriend, the outcast Susan (Aimee Eccles)—making plans for the houseboat in Jersey they're going to have someday, with the disillusioned Cosmo sounding the warning note: "Guys like us, we don't live on houseboats." But as a moviemaker Stallone has this post-"Rocky" conviction: "There's a definite formula in reaching audiences—provide them with heroes and heroines who pull themselves up by the bootstraps and out of the depths of despair. You can just hear the audience saying, 'My God, that's the kind of person I want to be.' " And so all the gloom and the dramaturgic signals that Vic's hopes will be blighted turn out to be red herrings. Vic, who is the Rocky of this film, becomes a wrestler, and though we're warned repeatedly that his few brains are being smashed—and we have the figure of a battered, aging black wrestler, Big Glory (Frank McRae), to presage Vic's fate—he seems, if anything, to get a little smarter. Early on, Cosmo angers a gangster leader (Kevin Conway), and we're alerted to expect reprisals, but nothing happens. The heroes must triumph. Stallone wants everybody to go out happy and tout the picture.

At first, the cinematography, by Laszlo Kovacs, is imposing, because it's so controlled and richly picturesque—the shots are like a collection of choice stills. But the galumphing heaviness of the imagery begins to be oppressive. Kovacs seems to have lost interest in looseness and fluidity and clear, bright color; his recent pictures ("Harry and Walter Go to New York," "Nickelodeon," "New York, New York," "F.I.S.T.") have been so visually alienating that when you come out of the theatre you want to shake them off. Here, even the footage shot on the New York streets seems tightly enclosed. (Eightieth Street between Broadway and Amsterdam and an alley near the Brooklyn Navy Yard double for the old Hell's Kitchen area.) You can't find any way to



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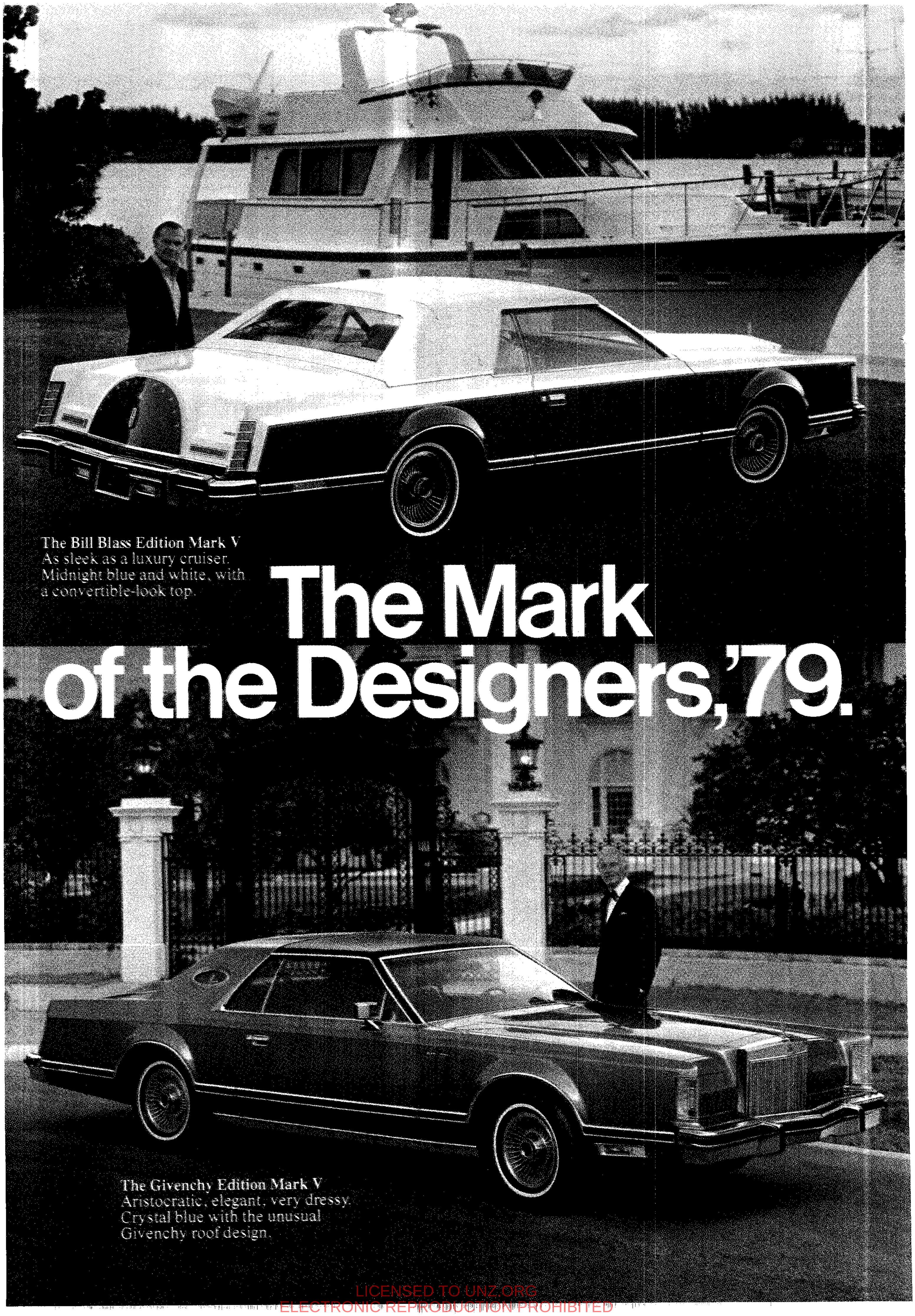
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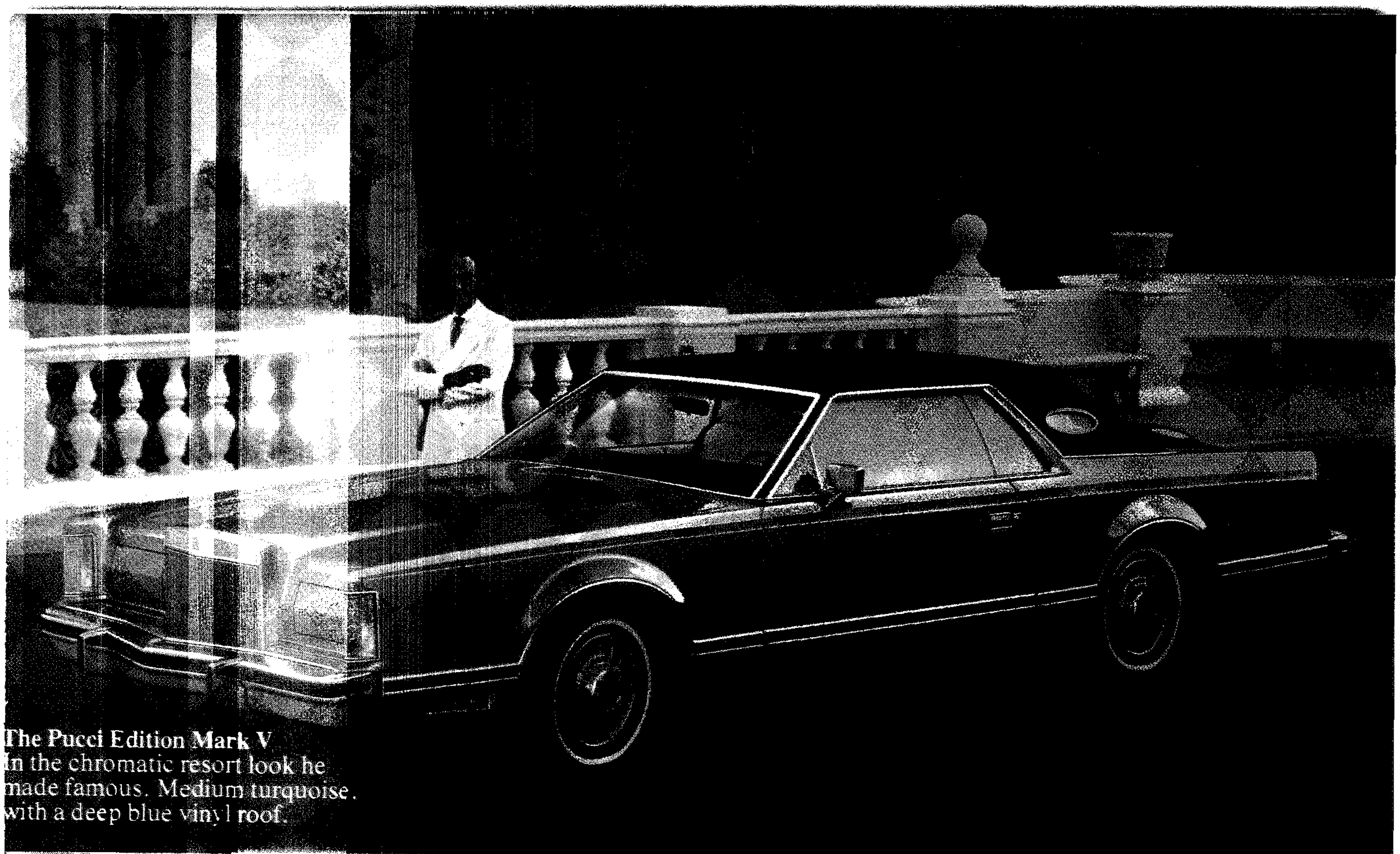

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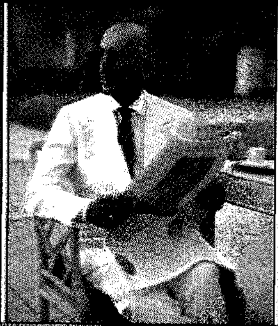

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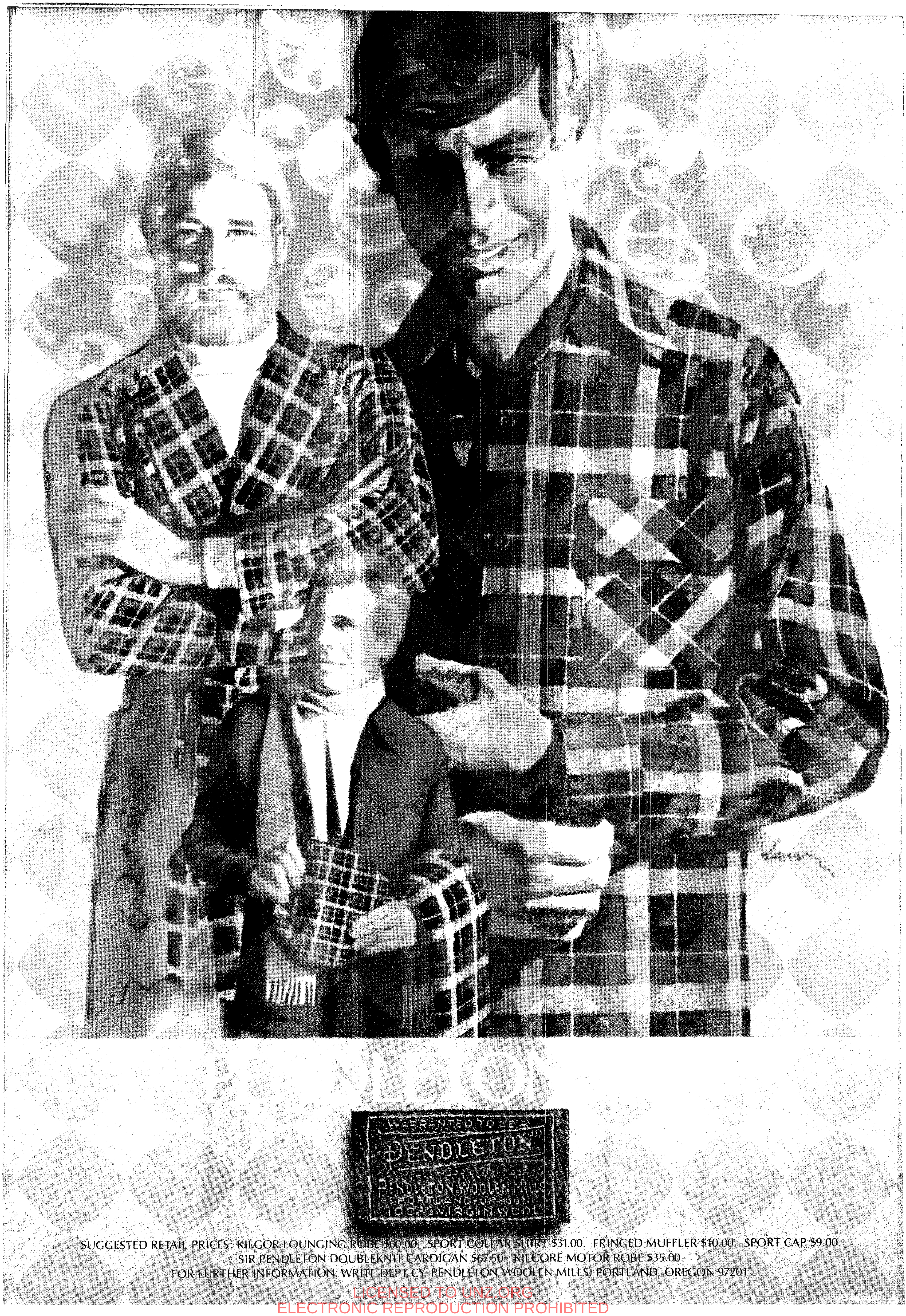
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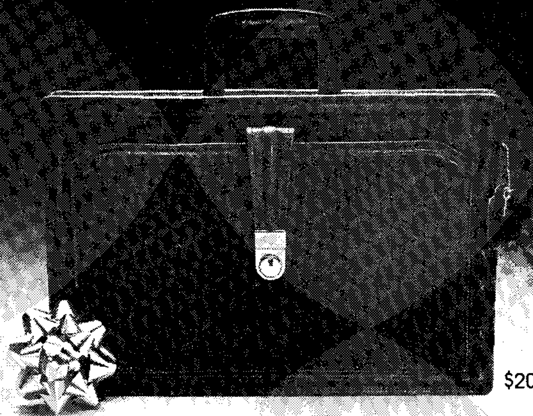
locate yourself in reference to this movie. There are times when it suggests an early Expressionist film about Berlin in the twenties; shot by shot, it looks like an Edward Kienholz—a Dead End set, with plaster effigies in clotted color. The faces are rubberoid. The people look stuffed and glazed, like the brown-green elves and gnomes sticking out from the walls in German taverns. And once Vic, managed by Lenny and trained by Cosmo, gets into his wrestling career, huge, greasy-looking faces are twisted and gouged out of shape right smack in front of us. People are meat in this movie. As Vic becomes more successful, we expect larger arenas, crowds, some distance. But there is no variation: the matches are all shot in the same ring, with brutally ugly Silly Putty wrestlers' faces being rammed at us over and over. A montage of Vic's bouts seems designed to punch our eyes out. As a director, Stallone shows no more feeling for visual modulation than as Cosmo he does for vocal modulation. In all his capacities here, he's trying to get a hammerlock on our emotions. You feel he'd reach out from the screen and grab you by the throat if he could. It's nightmarish having these bulging, sweating titans clawing at each other with their hook-like arms and groaning and writhing in front of us; in the final wrestling match, the two mountainous forms clash ponderously, in slow motion, in water that has flooded the ring. This movie was made by a Wagnerian gorilla.

You don't get a sense of the whole film; from the way it feels, it could have been shot over seven years. When Cosmo and Vic first go to visit Big Glory, in the rat-infested basement he bunks in (this picture is very big on basements), he talks about all the money that his manager is saving for him, and we get the feeling that he's being screwed and doesn't know it. Later, it turns out that he knew all the time that he had nothing. This isn't the actor's fault: Frank McRae is a skillful performer. It's the fault of the writer-director, who arranges each scene for the point he wants to make at that moment, and doesn't keep the whole work in mind. (There are never several dramatic components working together in a scene.) A large chunk of the picture is given over to an arm-wrestling contest that Cosmo puts Vic through in order to win a dancing monkey that Cosmo wants, and the monkey—who looks ancient, has a nasty, chattering grimace, and suggests real hostility—gives the one authoritative (and affecting) perform-



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ance in the movie. But then he disappears without a word of explanation from anyone. And though Terry Funk, a former world wrestling champion, who plays Franky the Thumper, the man Vic beats in this contest, makes us understand the pain of losing, Stallone doesn't develop this theme. He has one idea only: winning.

A friend of mine who was watching the comedian Robin Williams in his one-man show on Home Box Office said, "It's the media outpourings of the past fifty years put into a duck press." Williams expects his audience to be quick enough to get his thirty-second allusions; what he parodies is what Stallone is still doing straight. Stallone lays every little thing out for you (and then forgets it himself). As a writer, he's a primitive mining the mass media, without any apparent awareness of how stale his ideas are. Doesn't he know that there are a lot of us who have seen the same plays and movies he has? Aren't we even expected to remember "Rocky"? Stallone tries to work our emotions again in exactly the same ways, and there's no surprise to the shamelessness this time. (Rocky pounded sides of beef; Vic wears a vest of salamis. Rocky talked to his turtles; Vic talks to his canary—that's already a step down.) As a director, Stallone tries to recapture the melodramatic dynamism of those old movies in which tarnished ladies flung up their heads defiantly as they leaned back against a jukebox, and crooks had comic eccentricities: he comes out with a catalogue of Hollywood's excesses. It's tumescent filmmaking. Inadvertently, he has made many of his performers ridiculous, by having them play in antique styles. Anne Archer is dumbfounding as Annie, the head-flinger, with her red hair tucked behind one ear, like Lana Turner; she also sculpts, like Lola Albright in "Champion." And Joyce Ingalls, the tall blond model who used to do those "Fly Me" commercials, is bewildering as Bunchie, a Hell's Kitchen whore in a crummy walkup; Bunchie is so clearly equipped for a better address that we keep waiting for the explanation. Is she a moron? (No, merely a saint.) The enormous Lee Canalito, a twenty-four-year-old, six-foot-five, two-hundred-and-fifty-five-pound prizefighter from Houston, makes his movie début as Vic. He's mild-mannered and personable, with a young-Brando grin and a handsome, classic profile. But the movie pauses every time he has to speak a line. He isn't a bad actor—just a slow, inexperienced one. As Lenny, Armand As-

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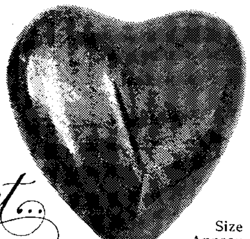

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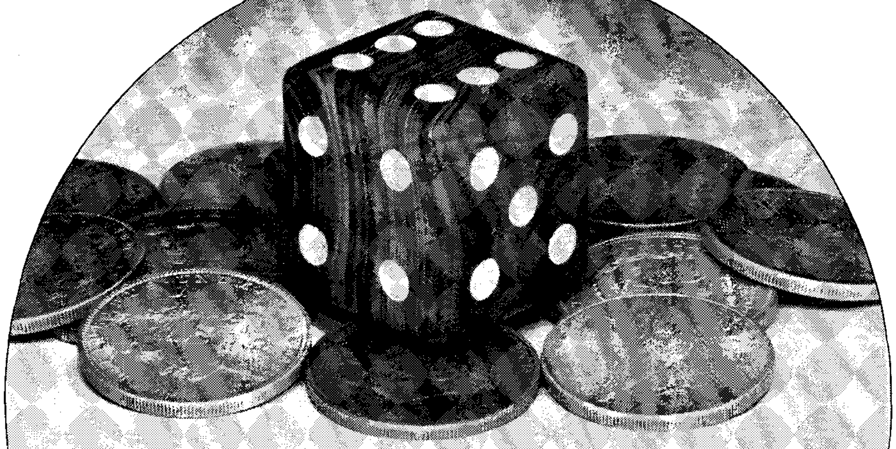
sante has a different problem: Lenny is an Anthony Zerbe role—the guy who gets his hands on a little money and is immediately diabolically corrupt. Assante turns into Mr. Slime and has such an educated actor's diction and polish that we can't imagine how Lenny grew up as the brother of two palookas. (The three have completely different accents.) Cosmo, who wanted Vic to become a wrestler, later wants him to stop, and Lenny, who was against it, eggs Vic on. Nothing is made of this reversal; it's simply there. And Lenny casts off his girlfriend, who doesn't like the change in him, with the thirties gem "I'm climbin' now, and you don't like heights."

It's not as if Stallone didn't have some talent. When he's very soft—when he's hesitant and uncertain of himself—as in most of "Rocky" and in the courtship sequences in "F.I.S.T.," the contrast between his uncouth presence and the gentle emotions he exposes makes everything he says touching, comic. And in both those movies he had actresses—Talia Shire in one and Melinda Dillon in the other—who knew how to bring out his more delicate shadings. Melinda Dillon had a beautiful mixture of lyricism and strength in "F.I.S.T.," and in her and Stallone's early scenes (which he reportedly wrote), when he kidded his own tough manner and played off it, they got something really distinctive going. (It was the only live part of the movie; we never got to see their funny formality with each other break down—never got to see what developed once they were married.) But after three starring roles Stallone's limitations as an actor have become very apparent. For one thing, his voice is toneless in the low registers, and his staccato way of talking makes the words come out like a series of belches. He couldn't begin to suggest the spellbinding oratory that made the hero of "F.I.S.T." a great union leader, because he couldn't speak three sentences without getting a logjam in his sinuses, and snorting.

The role he's given himself in "Paradise Alley" is probably a fantasy version of himself: the scam artist without a mean bone in his body, a man full of love and humor, with the soul of a poet tucked inside that roughneck's body. Cosmo wears one gold earring and long hair, as a tipoff that he's the François Villon of the New York slums. Stallone specializes in the wit and poetry of illiteracy: if a character can barely say hello—if he says dese and dem and dose—and then comes



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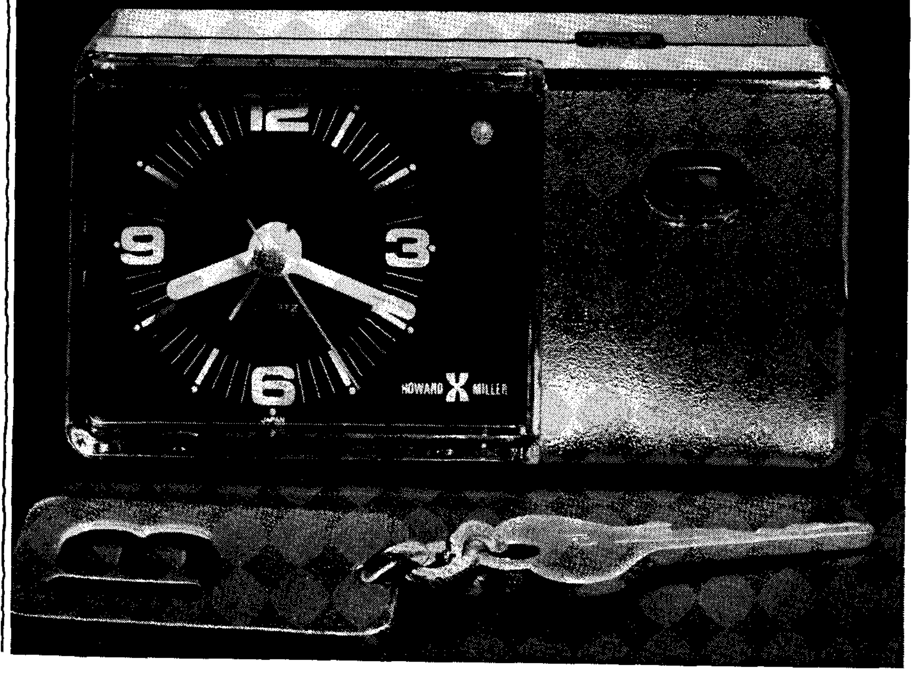

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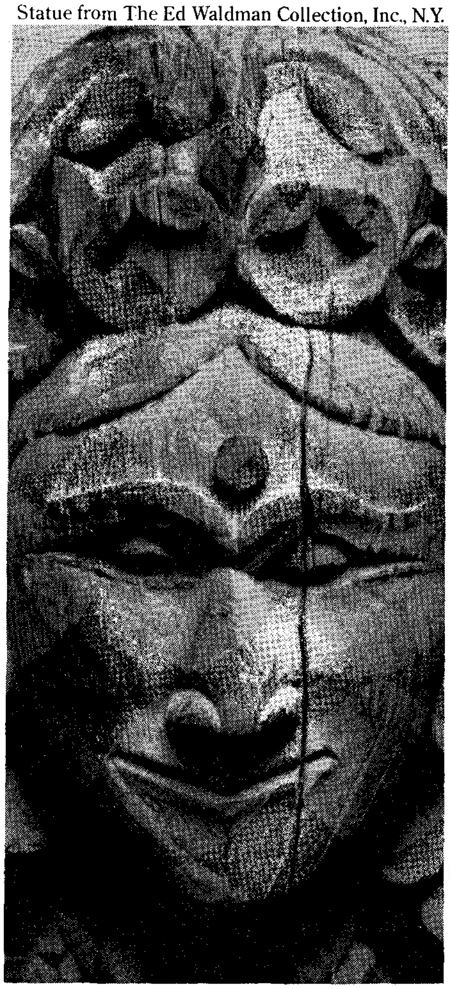

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out with a joke or a lyrical flight, it's supposed to be taken as an authentic expression of the human spirit. This linguistic triumph (which is an exact analogue of what's going on in the rest of the movie) is Stallone's chief resource. He works a comic-strip version of Odets: to express how hurt he feels, Cosmo says, "I hope I catch ammonia." Once the plot gets going, Cosmo, whose worries are all about Vic's getting hurt, never actually does anything: he doesn't even try to persuade Vic to stop wrestling. He's just on the sidelines of the action, but in frequent closeup, shouting ineffectively, and moping, like Cary Grant in Odets' "None but the Lonely Heart." Having failed to give himself anything to do, Stallone is still trying to charm us. He's playing to us, not to the other characters. And it's typical of his whole misconception that he overscales the charm.

He gives a blowhard performance, and he's a blowhard director, too. It's Stallone's belief that he has discovered the secret of success, and the secret is that puny old-industry formula of having people with everything against them prove themselves winners. It's "I shall overcome." He's grotesquely eager to move the audience; he pounds you so hard that you come out feeling you've been slammed on the head with a two-by-four.

IN Avildsen's "Slow Dancing in the Big City," the message about becoming a winner is the same, but the bird talked to is a parakeet and the Rocky is a young ballerina, Sarah (Anne Ditchburn). The parakeet's name is Orville Wright, and, in case you don't get it, Sarah explains, "One day I'll get to the tropics and set him free. He shouldn't be in a cage." What happens in the film is roughly this. In four days, Sarah is going to perform her first starring role at Lincoln Center, in a ballet conceived for her, and with a whole company that has been built around her. Restless and anxious, she gets up at five-thirty in the morning to work out; she thrashes around passionately (though suffering from cramped thigh muscles) in a mixture of rock and ballet styles, to Carole King's "I Feel the Earth Move Under My Feet," which is playing full blast. She's like the Patti Smith of ballet, pouring sweat and suffering ecstatically for her art. Then David (Nicolas Coster), the rich businessman she lives with, wakes up and interrupts her. Later that day, she finds an apartment for herself in a brownstone; she rents 3-A, and her neighbor in 3-B is Lou

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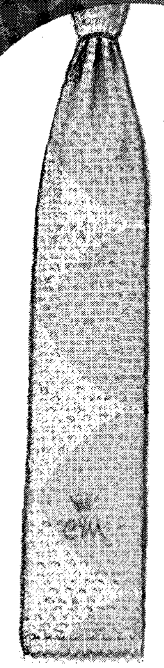

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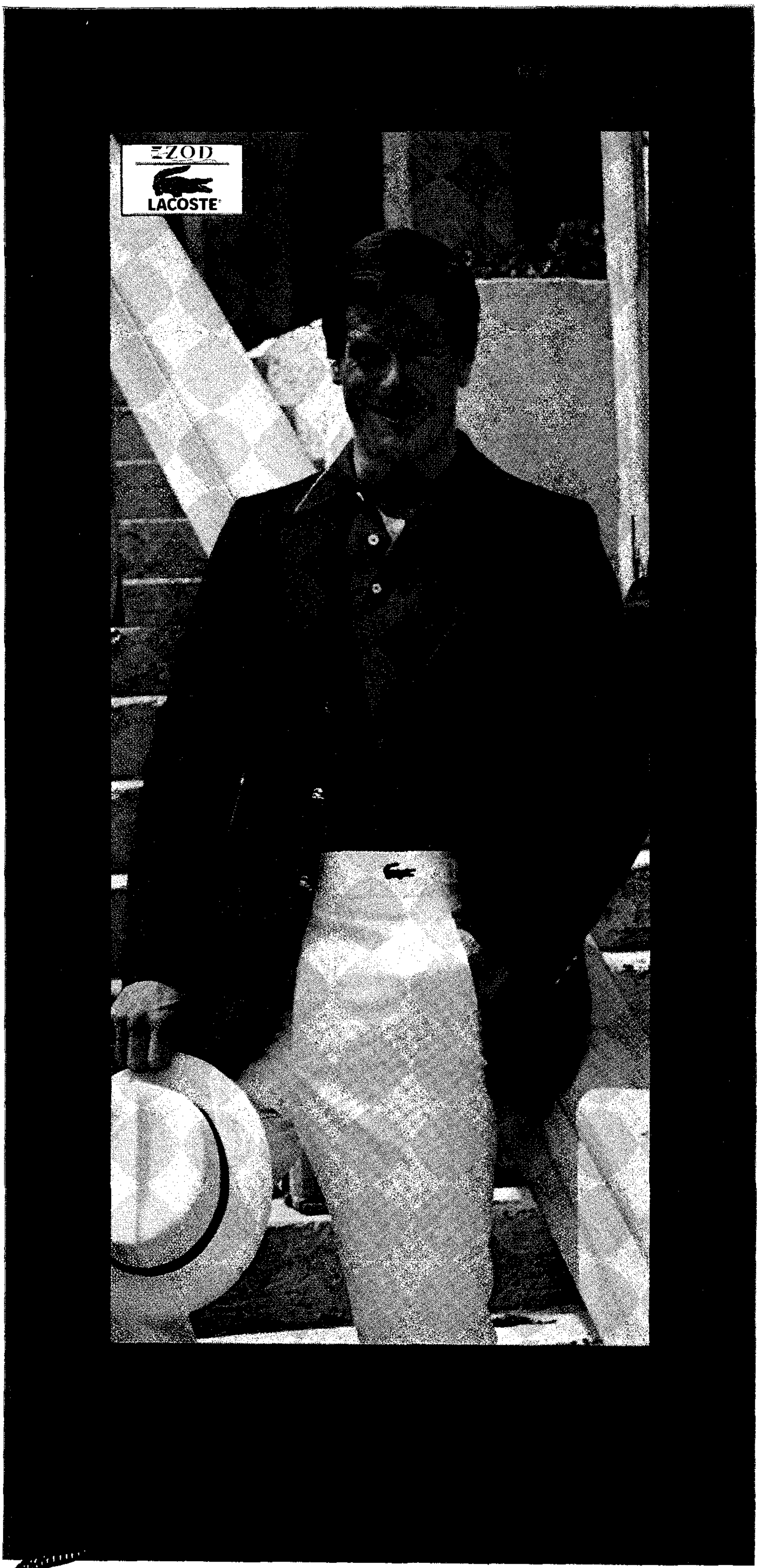
Friedlander (Paul Sorvino), a Jimmy Breslin-like columnist who works for the *News*. Sarah speaks in the damnedest prissy little-girl voice and is so clenched and glum and haughty that her name should be Anastasia; Lou, a heavyweight macho sentimentalist, looks at her, his eyes bug out, and, sure enough, he starts calling her "Princess"—but in tribute. He arranges to do a story on her starring début and starts following her around, giving her inspirational encouragement—most notably, by comparing her to a mayfly, which has to give its all and soar because it has got only a few hours before it dies. He doesn't know how apt his metaphor is—doesn't know about her tragedy: her legs have been giving her such torture during rehearsals that her dance partner, Roger (Hector Jaime Mercado), insisted on her seeing a doctor, and she has just been told that she must have surgery immediately, and that she will never be able to dance again; it's the doctor's opinion that if she goes ahead with the opening at Lincoln Center she may never walk again. On Halloween, Sarah and Lou have dinner together in a warm, friendly Italian-family restaurant (it's like a Mamma Leone's commercial), where the owner's child looks at Sarah with starstruck eyes and decides that she wants to be a dancer when she grows up. (Nobody tells her that it's already almost too late.) This film has its Odetsiana, too: Sitting there at the table, Lou says, "I'll tell ya. If we can beat the odds in New York, we can do anything—walk on the stars, kiss the moon, turn the garbage into roses." Sarah leans forward into his face and says, "You're a poet," and he leans forward and ripostes, "You're be-yooty-ful." Lou's devotion spurs Sarah on to have the moment of stardom she has worked for all her life; she keeps rehearsing, spinning around at night on the brownstone's tarpaper roof, with only Orville Wright for company, until Lou finds her there and they dance slowly together. It's Marty meets Pavlova. (The ads explain, "Slow dancing is falling in love.") The generous Lou has also been giving inspiration to a Puerto Rican child drummer (G. Adam Gifford), whom he wrote a column about; the boy—a baby junkie—plays with two wooden spoons. On the big night, Lou goes to meet the kid, to take him to Sarah's première, but the kid isn't at the meeting place—he's in the hospital. Lou rushes over and finds that the child has O.D.'d. The nurse offers him the kid's belongings, and he takes the spoons. As he's leaving, the nurse, who



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has read his column, asks, "Could he really play the drums with those things?" And Lou, his back to the camera, pulls in his breath as he says, "He never had any drums." Meanwhile, backstage at Lincoln Center, Sarah is waiting anxiously for Lou's arrival; she doesn't know whether she can dance if he doesn't get there. He's running, running from the hospital to get to her, but she has to start before he arrives. She remembers the mayfly, though, and that saves her: she goes out and wows the audience. Lou is running, muttering, "Don't be over, don't be over, please God, don't be over," and he gets there in time to see how great she is. The audience is applauding wildly. It's time for her to take a bow, but she has collapsed backstage. It's all right: big, burly Lou picks her up and carries her onstage, and, safe in his arms, she acknowledges the cheering crowd, which gives her a standing ovation.

In the old boxing movies, the hero was going to fight just once more and risk everything (as Vic does); "Slow Dancing in the Big City" is a boxing ballet movie. Lou even explains to Sarah that she isn't a champion because she's a dancer—she's a champion inside. This picture is small, and it moves along. But Avildsen, in his own way, is much more shameless than Stallone. The screenwriter, Barra Grant, is the daughter of Bess Myerson and is primarily an actress; her script (which attracted interest at United Artists because of the company's success with "Rocky") is a feminine fantasy, yet it's inspired by the tough-guy-with-a-soft-heart school of journalism. And, like the bad newspaper writing that inspires her, Barra Grant feeds a special brand of New York chauvinism—belief in the creative vitality of crumminess, aggression, noise. "Slow Dancing" aims for our hearts with brass knuckles, in the Breslin manner. But it never once lands on target. Avildsen, who now claims Frank Capra as his favorite director, said in a recent interview, "My pictures are about people who have dreams, because I'm prone to fairy tales." This condition seems to have afflicted him since he won the Academy Award for Best Director of 1976 for "Rocky." (Before that, he was best known as the director of "Cry Uncle" and "Joe.") But that doesn't mean that Avildsen is being cynical here; on the contrary, the film suggests that he's capable of treating this material absolutely earnestly. He has simply swung the gross credulity of his approach in "Joe" over to romantic, uplifting stories. If the emotional tugs in "Slow Dancing" seem funny, it's not because Avildsen is too slick—it's because he isn't slick enough.

The casting is suicidal. Sorvino is still carrying over the sweet-eyed simpleton's manner he affected in "Bloodbrothers." He can't play a rambunctious personality-kid columnist who identifies himself with the big city: there's no street-smart energy flow from Sorvino. He's a loud, sad-sack oaf, with an idiot smile—a patsy. He's the bumbler a girl feels sorry for and then wants to be rid of. When Sorvino means to look infatuated, he's so smirkingly camera-conscious that he just looks foolish. And, as an actress, Anne Ditchburn, a leading dancer and a choreographer with the National Ballet of Canada, is the greatest discovery to hit movies since Ingrid Boulting, of "The Last Tycoon." It's hard to believe that Sarah's leg condition would be incapacitating, since she does most of her dancing with her waving arms. (The choreography is in the international-schlock style of Béjart.) About the only performer who isn't all tensed up trying to act is Hector Jaime Mercado, who talks like a normal person.

When almost all the actors in a movie seem to be impaled by the camera, it's not just the casting that's at fault—it's the director. Avildsen has given more care than usual to the look of the film, and to its rhythm and pacing, but his mind doesn't seem to function on the level of what the characters are doing and saying. Does he blank out and not hear what's going on? When Sarah's rich lover comes to see her and says, "I'm flying to Munich tonight," she asks, "On a plane?" In the course of editing the film, Avildsen must have listened to this exchange dozens of times—didn't it occur to him to cut it? Avildsen doesn't have a sense of embarrassment about gaucheness and naïveté. His shamelessness is awesome: "Slow Dancing" fails as romance but succeeds as camp. Avildsen quite clearly wants to be taken for a poet and thinks that mayfly talk is poetry. He has a rare gift: it takes an Avildsen not to know.

—PAULINE KAEL

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Kansas City Times*]

Carobeth Laird, 83, traveled all the way from Poway, Calif., to New York this week to meet a class of sixth-graders who had become fascinated by her autobiographical account of marriage to an eccentric ethnologist, John Peabody Harrington, whom she eventually divorced to marry any Indian.

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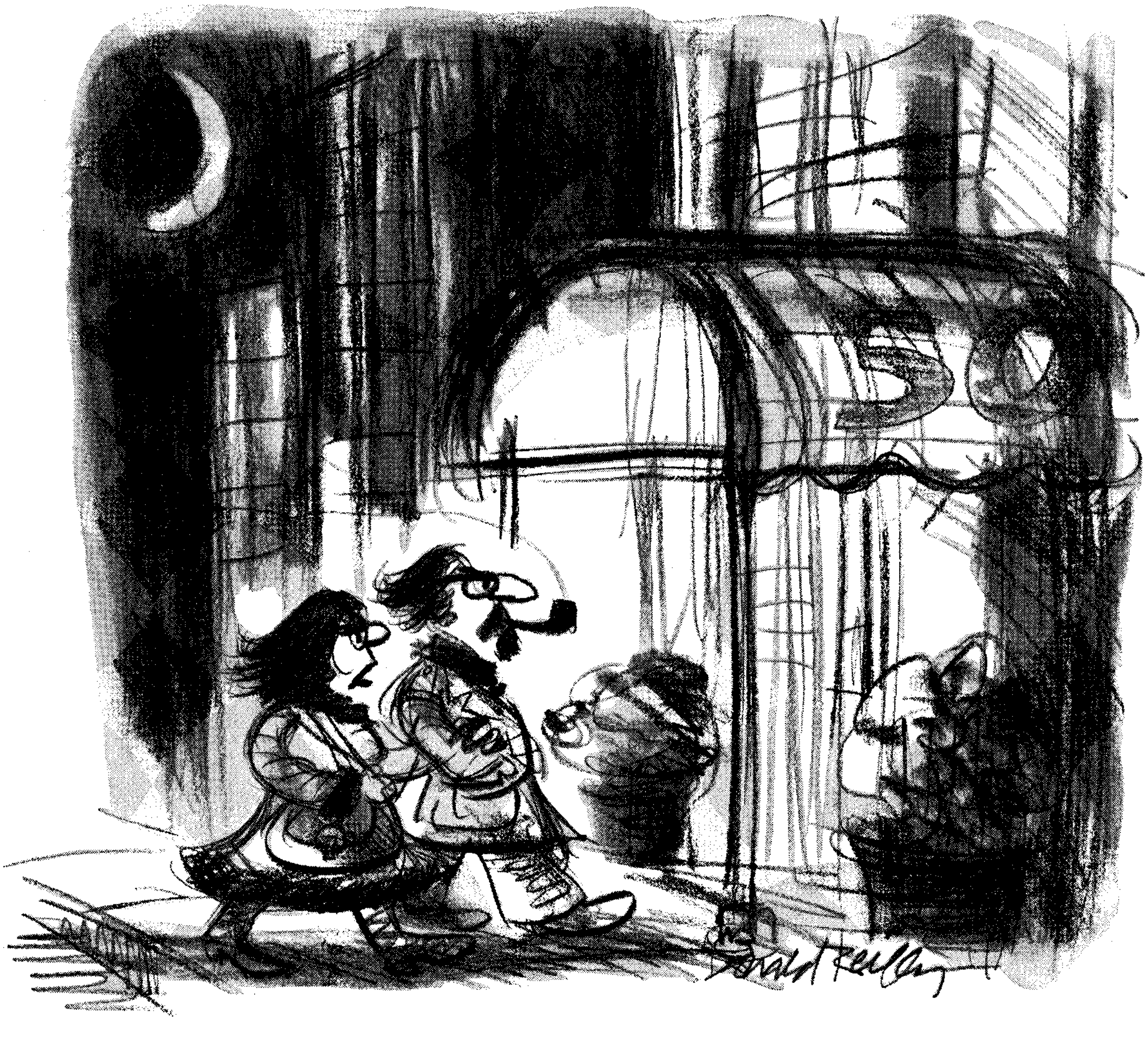
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR WOMEN

SHOPPING around for Christmas gifts this year, one can't help being mildly surprised. The price of fashions, both native and imported, has never been so steep. And yet, at a time when many people are struggling to stay ahead of inflation and keep up payment on the necessaries, they still seem willing to get up the funds for luxuries as well. There is such an unprecedented boom in the opening of new boutiques that we are able to base this report almost entirely on places that could not have tempted readers a year ago because they weren't in existence then.

We begin with the most remarkable demonstration of luxury fever in town—that stretch of Madison Avenue in the Sixties and low Seventies which has so blossomed with the showcase boutiques of French and Italian manufacturers and designers that to stroll along it is to find oneself in Paris or Rome. Each new shop is more elaborately and expensively tricked out than the last with mirrors and chromium, monogrammed or Berber carpeting, and fancy track-lighting. (Presumably, some of this pomp was paid for by the fall of the dollar against the European currencies.) Each store, one senses, has a burning mission to bring good taste and quality, at a price, to the benighted inhabitants of the New World, in their rumpled jeans and grubby running shoes. Taste, quality, and a particular authority of design are all in evidence at Giorgio Armani, 701 Madison Avenue (62nd). The fall collection of this very talented Italian designer is currently on display, and it is based on a beautifully tailored, happily still feminine, "military" look. Colors are within a limited spectrum of muted neutrals, and often involve the idea—loomed and dyed with Italian flair—of olive drab. The Armani jacket would certainly be welcomed by women who are in the know about *la mode*. The jackets in the store are all single-breasted and exquisitely fitted, and they all have padded shoulders. They come in a variety of light, unhairy-looking tweeds, muted plaids, and solid colors. A choice of styling details includes flapped hip pockets, Norfolk-jacket half-belts, and epaulet effects. Prices range from $400 on up. Some of the styles look good with a leather belt. Armani's own suggestion is some two and a half inches wide, with a trim of braided leather. In burgundy, brown, or olive, and $115. It is assumed that customers cross the threshold in search of the total Armani look. Blouses to go with the jackets have padded shoulders, too. One style, in caramel-colored silk pongee, has gathers that emerge from under a tiny, rounded shirt collar to give softness to the blouse's silhouette in front and back; $220. Versions in wool-and-mohair blends and in gentle autumn colorings are $156. Opaque panty hose in burgundy, teal, or mustard fit in with the Armani scheme, and are $10.



"Just try to go easy on the litmus-paper questions, O.K.?"

At 711 Madison Avenue (63rd) is the new boutique of the French sportswear manufacturer Georges Rech. Here there are some tunic-length silk shirts cut straight up and down, the way men's shirts were before the era of "European fit." They have small wing collars, a tab front, and a single large breast pocket. In either ivory or a morning-suit gray that has an almost imperceptible burgundy pinstripe, the shirt is $161. A bow tie to wear with it comes in either ivory or solid-gray silk and is $22. The shirt may also be seen in a wool fabric in earth-tone small plaids, for $96. Four-in-hands to match these wools are $18. A wholeheartedly feminine coat of downy mohair has big bloused sleeves, a restrained smocklike

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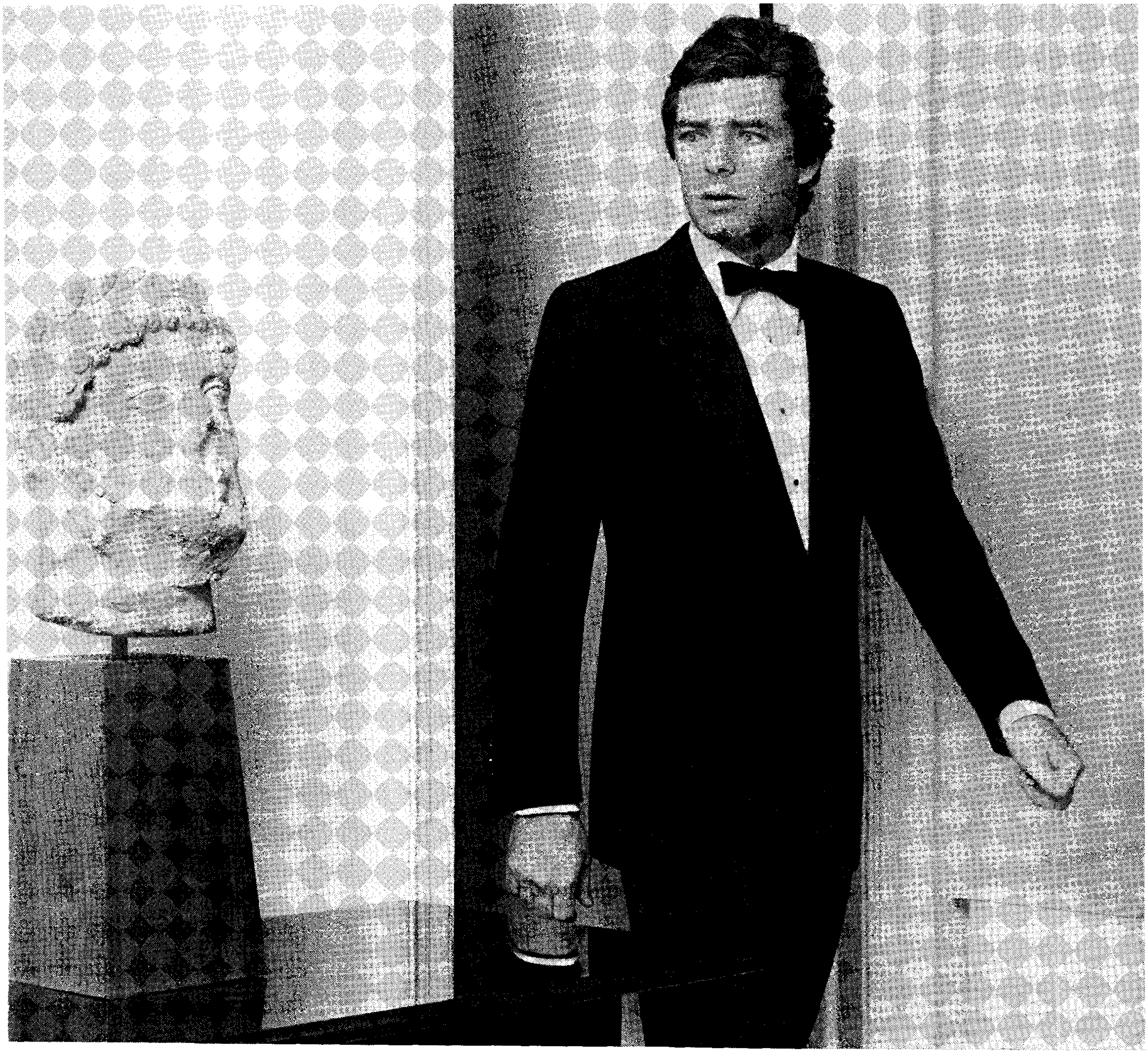

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shape, and a standup collar that ruffles slightly over a drawstring of suède-textured melton; in either camel or claret, and $390. An evening ensemble—sleeveless, ankle-length tunic over skinny pants—is made up in gray silk crêpe de Chine printed with tiny purple stars and crescent moons. The tunic has a mandarin collar, loop-and-covered-button front closing, and a graceful Grecian effect, created by generous gathers that have their source in bands of fabric across the shoulder seams; $620. A second Rech evening notion unites the idea of mad Manhattan and the tasteful color sense of Europe: a mid-calf silk dirndl skirt printed with a nighttime urban skyline, fading constellations, and blurry U.F.O.s. The colors are a quiet play of burgundy, gray, and blue; the print is vaguely pointillist; and the effect is far from flashy; $244. A very simple little cap-sleeved blouse to wear with it comes in a choice of colored silks, including that almost luminous teal of certain Manhattan skies at sundown; $130.

Christian Aujard, another big French sportswear firm, has set up shop at 799 Madison (68th). Here are some pretty silk blouses, textured with a faint jacquard that is something like a Paisley. All the styles are softened by gathers and have tiny turned-down collars, rounded yokes, and sleeves cut so amply as to be almost dolman. Some have a dainty pocket as well. In ivory, lichen, and rose, among other colors; $265.

Nuance, 758 Madison Avenue (65th), is a new boutique that is somewhat less intimidating in décor than its rivals, but it specializes, like many of its neighbors, in French sportswear—this from a number of different firms. The stock includes some three-piece combinations of blouse, mid-calf skirt, and triangular shawl which are handy for little evenings now or for taking South. They are made up in delicate prints on one of the new polyester fabrics that have the grace and feel of silk but can be washed with impunity. The prints include an ivory background dotted with winging seedpods of pale rust-pink fading into pale blue-gray around each garment's border; an urbane black lightened with ivory contrasts; and a third, in pale blue and ivory, which the store blithely describes as its "Egyptian" print. This attribution would appear to be yet another symptom of the Tutankhamun fever, so closely akin to the dementia of a gold rush, that has filled the stores with often very rubbishy souvenirs. In fact, the print in question involves small female figures wearing

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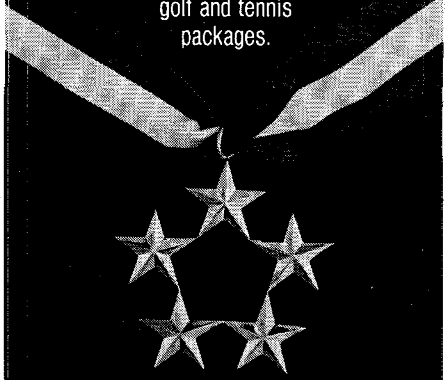

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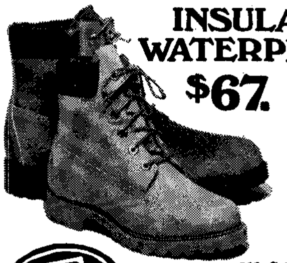

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chitons and playing lyres, and looks to the unfevered eye like a pattern from classical Greece. The three-piece ensembles are $210. Another ensemble, this one two-piece, is made of real silk, with faint brown lines on café au lait and a mysterious print of a buddha sitting on a lotus flower beside a large, unblinking eye; $345. Long, Isadora Duncan silky scarves have either greige, coffee, or dusty-pink backgrounds and prints of tablecloth lace or little fans; $49. Fairly tailored-looking silk shirts, for wear under suits and such, have a simple and effective print—a trompe-l'oeil effect of moiré ribbons radiating out and down from the collar. In buttermilk with saffron bands, black with camel, or rose with deeper rose; $112.

Piaffe, another newcomer, at 838 Madison Avenue (69th), distinguishes itself from other arrivals in several respects. It is owned and managed by real New Yorkers, it carries American as well as European sportswear, and it provides small women with fashions expressly proportioned for them, all the way down to size 2. (Short women who wear a size 10 can also be accommodated at Piaffe.) Well-cut wool pants are $96; Harris-tweed hacking jackets, tailored with small waists and narrow lapels and with shorter sleeves than usual, are $160. A jacket of cashmere and wool in a choice of pale or charcoal gray is $180, and a matching fly-front skirt is $95. There is a wide array of handsome silk blouses, some with graph-paper checks and some in solid colors with contrasting piping; $98. And small-scale women may be kitted out here in fashionable versions of the cowpoke or woodsman look—with jeans, vests, flannel shirts, and corduroy pants.

Lasserre's new boutique, at 872 Madison Avenue (71st), might serve as the quintessential example of the Gallic invasion of New York retailing. No expense appears to have been spared on interior decorating. The place—an *exact* replica of the Paris original, on the Rue Tronchet—was launched triumphantly a few months back, with M. Louis Lasserre in person winging in on the Concorde for the celebration. (The number of Lasserre boutiques throughout the world is moving on toward the fourscore mark, with New York opening in the same week as Tokyo.) In spite of all this, Lasserre can come up with some good-looking clothes. Among these are culottes of such voluminous grace that anyone might be forgiven for thinking them a skirt. They are of pure-wool jersey and cost $165, which includes a cardigan sweater to wear with them. This has a

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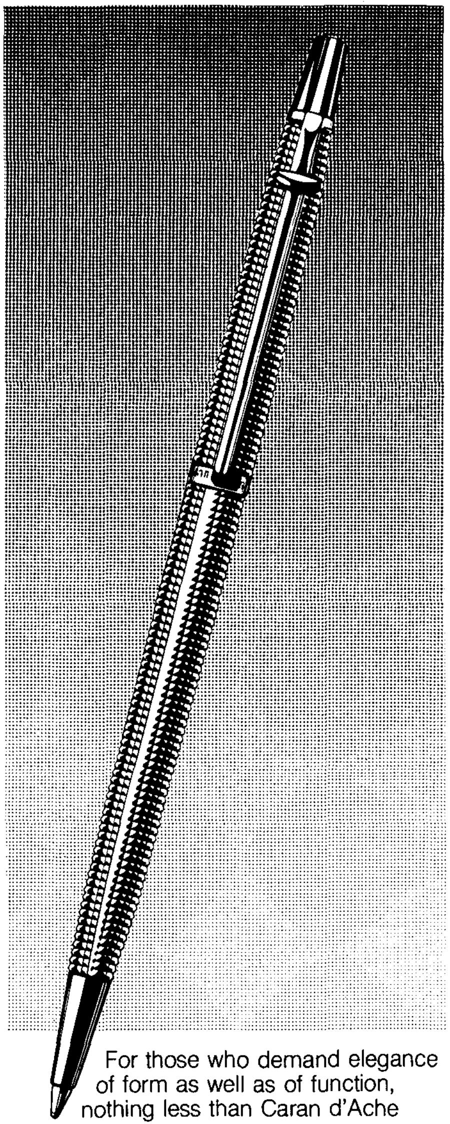

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drawstring at the peplumed waist and is in chenille-textured mohair-and-wool knit piped with the same jersey as the culottes. Color combinations for the sets are blue-gray with lighter-blue cardigan, or pale rust with peachy rust. For night, there are more culottes—these in silk crêpe de Chine, at $219. The blouses to go with them have pointed collars and deep batwing sleeves; $170. Pleated-front pants in the same silk, for non-culotte types, are $150 to $170. Colors for each of these three styles are a choice of black, dusty rose, pinkish beige, navy, or ivory. A big, hip-length sweater-jacket, for fashionable gambollings on *le weekend*, is in either rust wool with yellow-and-navy plaid or in blue-gray with red. There are slash pockets and a ribbed funnel collar; $154. Corduroy jeans are $85.

FARTHER up Madison, and eastward, shoppers may get their passports stamped and reënter terrain that is more like America. American Forecast Ltd., on the second floor of 907 Madison (73rd), is apparently based on the philosophy that the price of a garment on Madison Avenue should always be less than a month's store rent. Raincoats are the idea here, and at very reasonable prices indeed. A plastic poncho of the type worn by traffic wardens in the wet comes in either orange or yellow and is $5.95. A head-to-toe ensemble of polyvinyl protection—jacket, overalls, and hat—comes in yellow only and is $20. A fisherman's yellow slicker that reaches well down over the calves is $16. And a more elegant squally-weather notion is a very full Qiana smock-coat, roomy enough to fit over another coat. There are ties at wrists and neck and an attached hood. In light beige, silver, or putty; $100.

Not surprisingly, the newish boutique called Scentsitivity, 39 East 65th Street, has a fragrant sort of atmosphere. There are bubble baths, soaps, shampoos, talcum powders, and potpourris here from all over the world. The store will fill a lacily textured, ribbon-decorated basket with a sampling of its wares for an average price of $50, although prices start at $10.

Ares Antiques, 961 Madison Avenue (75th), has yet to celebrate its first birthday, but its stock of antique jewelry runs all the way back to the Renaissance, Byzantium, and ancient Greece. Prices of Victorian jewelry, of which there is a large selection, are more likely to appeal to those who are Christmas-shopping for the amateur sort of jewelry collector. Victorian rings are generally from $200 to $300.

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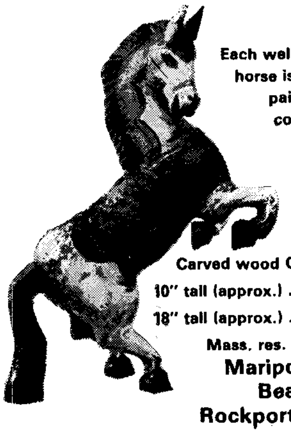

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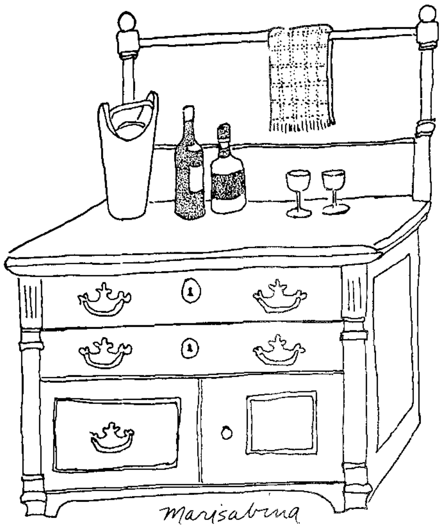
Horsefeathers, 41 East 78th Street, is a new shop that, like many another these days, is not merely a place with clothes in it. It has a "concept" behind it. This is fashion lingo for a lot of different styles that are made to work together in different combinations. The pieces that have been designed for this store are in an easygoing jersey fabric suited to different occasions and seasons, and wherever possible they are in a size that fits all women. Styles are a half-circle skirt ($64); pants ($46); a long-sleeved, V-necked T-shirt ($54); an unconstructed, shawl-collared blazer ($74); and a camisole top ($38). Because the styles are so very simple, the designer recommends mixing up different colors, and she has given these possible colors fairly highfalutin names—ruby, amethyst, jet, sturgeon, fawn, graphite, frost, and silver. A very dramatic batwing-sleeved, baseball-style jacket is made of quilted satin padded with goose down. Colors, to employ Horsefeathers' parlance, are camp fire, winter sunset, plum pudding, double fudge, or icicle; $300.

Over at 985 Lexington Avenue (71st), there is a tiny new shop called Manos. Inside, it glows like stained glass, from a lining of shelf upon shelf of skeins of colored yarn. For those handy enough to make their own gifts, here are lamb's wool, alpaca, mohair, and silk from many dif-



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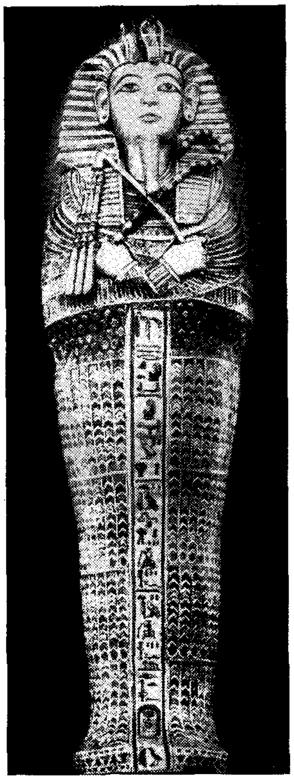

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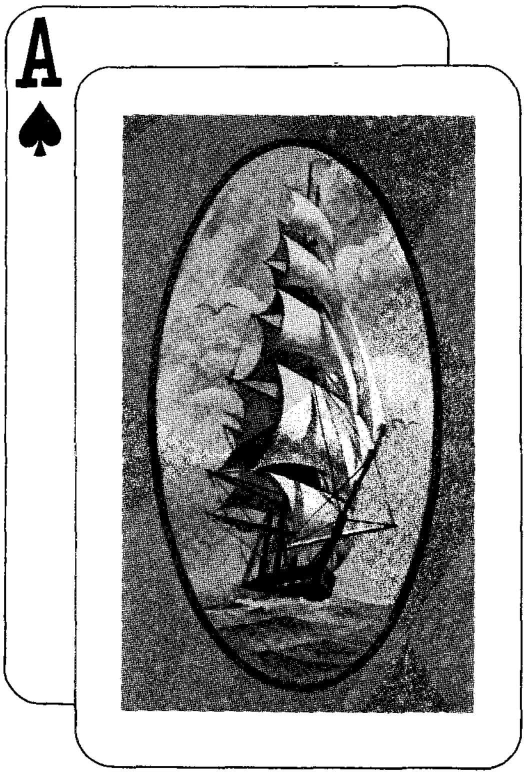

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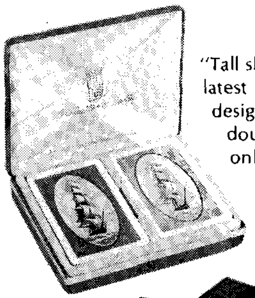

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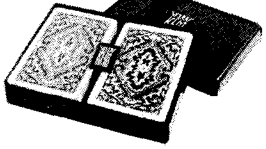

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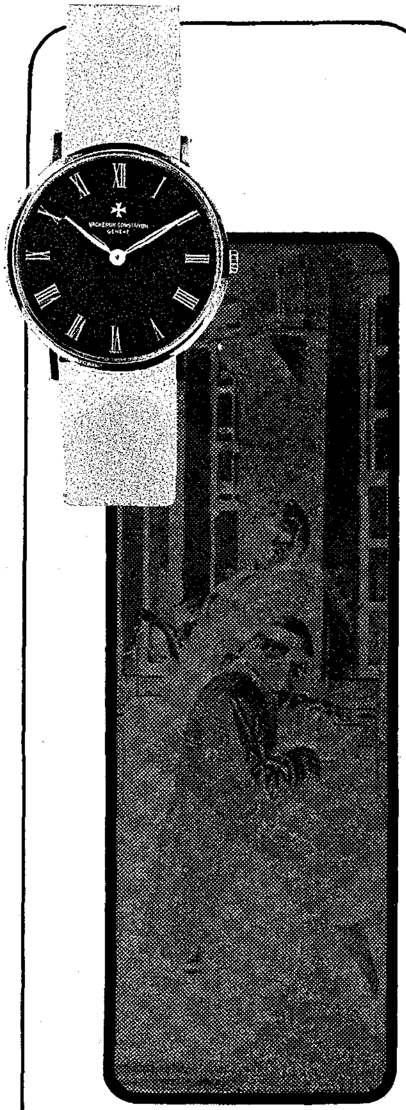

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MEDIAPLAN GENÈVE

ferent countries and for between fifty cents and $2.50 an ounce. Much of the yarn is hand-spun, and hand-dyed from natural substances—goldenrod, sumac, black walnut, milkweed, cochineal, and indigo, to name a few. And, for those not adept at clicking needles and not willing to take one of the courses of instruction offered by the store, there are garments that are already beautifully knitted. Members of a coöperative of a thousand Uruguayan women are responsible for this handiwork. There are seven different styles of handmade sweaters, ranging in price from $50, for a sleeveless style, to $130, for a long-sleeved one with a very intricate pattern. Hats are $10 and up, knee socks are $20, and stoles and throws are $30 to $60.

Zoom, 1028 Lexington Avenue (74th), is a small new shop with a welcome personal approach. The theme here is, basically, fairly tailored sportswear and the accessories to go with it. But there is also a crêpe-de-Chine blouse that is related in some very genteel way to the cut of a V-necked sweatshirt. The color is a choice of burgundy, vanilla, brown, plum, or scarlet, and the price is $110. A straight black silk skirt, related only to elegance, may be worn with this blouse; $80. There are also some one-of-a-kind Italian nightgowns, with delicate lace and embroideries on pure-cotton batiste; $95 to $125. Evening sweaters, back in style in Paris, show up at Zoom as well. Knitted silk sweaters with V necks, in silver, beige, or champagne, are $150; cardigans of black or white wool embroidered with sequins and seed pearls are $165.

Fashions of the Past, 1364 Lexington Avenue (90th), is run by a young woman who used to be a Wall Street portfolio manager. She has now turned a long-standing enthusiasm for antique clothing into a profession, and has furnished her new shop partly with fittings acquired at the dispersal sale of Abercrombie & Fitch. She has a good collection of white cotton Edwardian dresses, camisoles, blouses, petticoats, and nightgowns, trimmed with tucking and handmade lace, and all in good condition. Dresses range in price from $110 to $249, and petticoats—some with double flounces—from $95 to $135. There are dresses and costumes from the same period, and evening wraps from the nineteen-twenties, made of real silk velvet. Old petit-point bags with silver frames are priced from $65 to $135; nineteen-twenties clutches in black faille cost $25 and up. Nineteen-thirties nightgowns are

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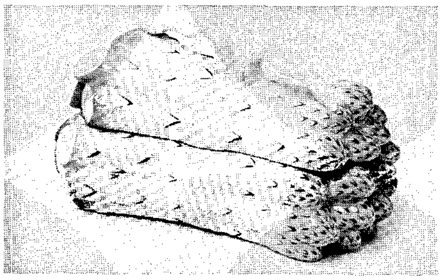

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from $45 to $75, old perfume bottles are $8 to $25, linen handkerchiefs are $8 to $35, and gloves in suède or cotton are from $8 to $36.

Roberta, 1252 Madison Avenue (90th), is a lingerie shop that could prove helpful to those who feel daunted by the Christmas rush in larger stores. A choice of nightgown styles ranges from the Louisa May Alcott simplicity of pure-cotton flannel by Lanz to vampy black silk crêpe de Chine with lace outlining the straps and camisole top; $17 to $19 and $144, respectively. A strapless crêpe-de-Chine teddy, to be worn alone or half hidden under a jacket, has a shirred waist and a black lace insert on the chest; in black or cognac, it's $72. The line between lingerie and what is worn at night to discothèques and parties is slim indeed these days. A camisole ($64) and cigarette-leg pants ($128) in gray, black, or white Charmeuse are plainly meant for dancing rather than for sleeping in.

As long as there are objects that are amusing, curious, or decorative, there will probably be women to collect them. Some women go in for replicas of things like frogs and turtles, and a surprising number collect doll houses and doll-house furniture. A shop called Dollhouse Antics, 1308 Madison Avenue (93rd), can cater to the whims of this group. Anything found in a life-size house—a needlepoint rug, a loaf of French bread, a strawberry layer cake, a roll of wallpaper, a set of hand-painted dishes, a Queen Anne sideboard—may be secured here in perfectly detailed miniature.

Crabtree & Evelyn, of London, now has its very own shop, at 1310 Madison (93rd). The firm, in spite of its venerable Victorian aura, is actually of fairly recent origin. It produces comestibles and toiletries made from old-fashioned recipes and formulas, and packaged in appropriately quaint-looking jars and wrappings. Here are preserves, herb vinegars, and mustards, as well as soaps that are based on fruits or flowers. A box of eight soaps is $16.50. Bristle hairbrushes are $14.50 and bath brushes are $19.50. The store will make up a gift package in an attractive reed basket for from $10 to $250.

OTHER Australians besides Rupert Murdoch have set out to show the New York competition what their countrymen are made of. One such is the owner of Blades, 1452 Second Avenue (76th), and his shop is a lesson in how to lure in customers by means of imaginative interior design. Visitors pass through a storefront that

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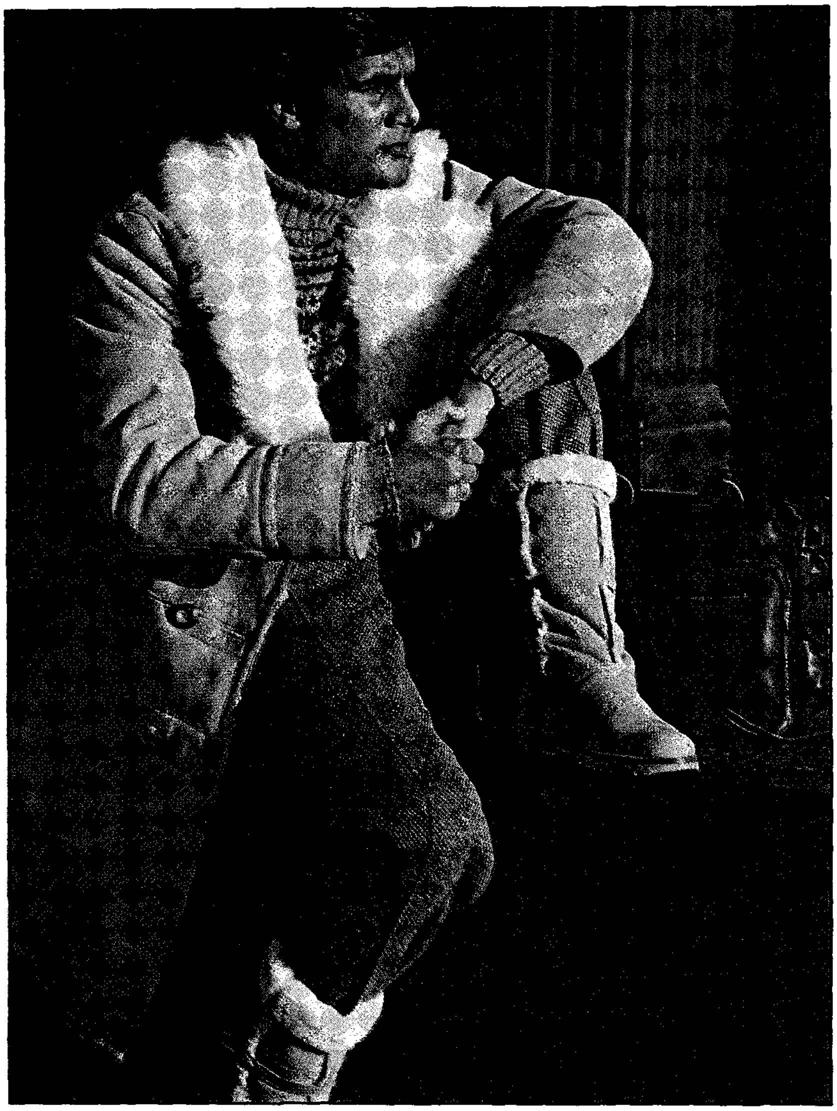

SHOWN: long-haired shearling coat, $925.00; matching shearling boot (KLOSTERS), $135.00; No. 12135 soft carry bag, $340.00
For Style Folder write Dept. S.

BALLY of Switzerland
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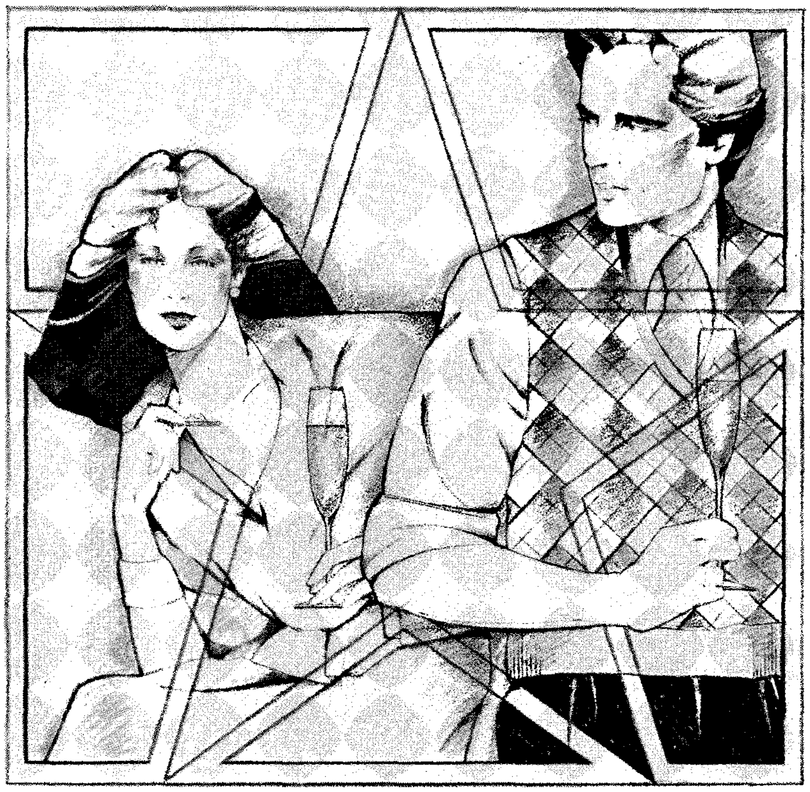
looks like a large mahogany picture frame from a Dickensian interior. Within the looking-glass world of a single shop, one is drawn deeper in and up by steps through three little shops—a series of play houses, furnished in different styles. The first shop is called Poor Little Rich Girl. Here, among other things, are silk blouses with Peter Pan collars and pleats from a shoulder yoke in front and back. The array of colors includes celery, lipstick red, mauve, rose, and taupe; $72. There are lots of pretty sweaters, too. A crew-necked cashmere with a spaghetti-thin cable pattern comes in camel, navy, or gray-green, and is $80. A step leads up to the nook entitled Bobby Dazzler. This is given over to the country-tailored, mannish look. A double-breasted jacket in tan-and-white tweed is $149, and tweed caps are $17.50. And a costume imported from Ireland has a drawstring-waisted jacket of oatmeal tweed with a collar faced in brown-and-tan check. This check also trims the slash pockets of the straight skirt; $195. The third ascent leads to the inmost sanctum of the store, called Mon Petit Chou. This is currently displaying the designs of a Chinese woman named L'Onee. A choice of plum, cinnamon, or brown raw silk goes into an unconstructed, shawl-collared jacket ($85), a pleated skirt ($75), a man-tailored shirt ($72), and trousers ($72).

Cachet, 1021 Third Avenue (61st), is a good source of every variety of handbag, at prices that are often lower than those elsewhere around town. Pocket-sized bags on straps, to be worn—perhaps in pairs or multiples—around the neck or waist as well as from the shoulder, are made up in suède, leather, felt, corduroy, velvet, or satin, in many different colors. Prices start at $16. A small, square, snakeskin shoulder bag in a choice of ten colors is $54, while a larger snakeskin clutch in a choice of warm tans and terra-cottas is $53. A cowhide overnight bag, both strong and soft, is in light tan with darker-tan trim; $130. An amusing knitting-bag style, with handles that look like Lucite, comes in a choice of colored corduroys for $16. There are belts, hats, and briefcases at Cachet, too.

Naga Antiques, 167 East 61st Street, is an elegant new shop with Japanese and other Far Eastern antiques. In addition to "important" pieces, there are some little nineteenth-century Japanese containers, made originally for carrying tobacco, money, or medicines. They are of decorated leather or lacquered paper, with or-

EVENING STAR



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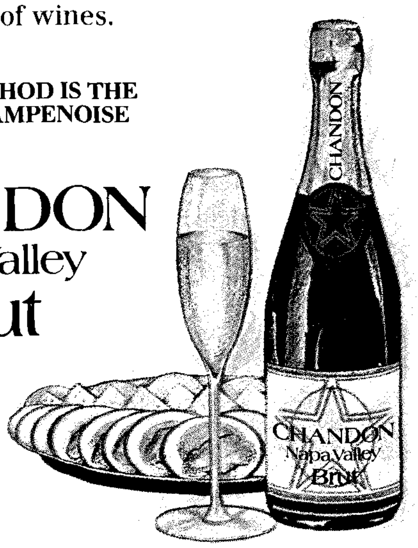

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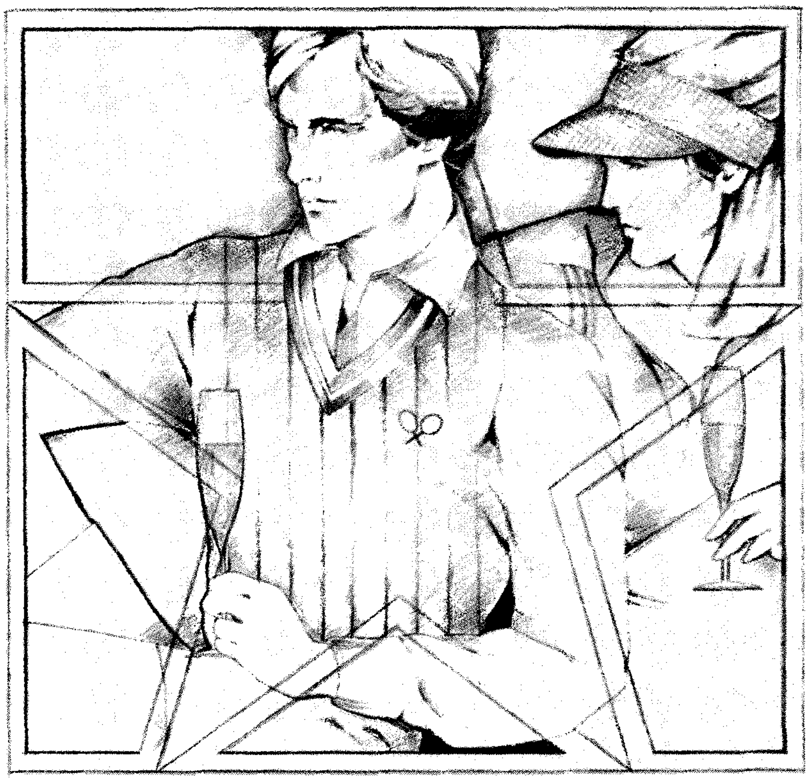
namental clasps of silver, bronze, or gold. The price range is from $45 to $265, with a good selection around the lower figure. There are also a number of silk kimonos from the Meiji period (1868 to 1916), in various lengths and sizes. Color schemes are pleasing, often involving embroideries of butterflies, clouds, or cherry blossoms; from $45 to $200. Tiny side combs, for hair decoration, come in several shades of tortoiseshell, sometimes inlaid with silver, as well as mother-of-pearl and lacquer, sometimes inlaid with gold lacquer. The best choices lie within the range of $12 to $20, while some cost as little as $5.

Just in time for Christmas, and not to be outdone by juniors in the printed-fabric field like Laura Ashley, Liberty of London is opening a new boutique at 229 East 60th Street. Liberty prints appear on cotton fabrics (thirty-six inches wide, and $7 or $10 a yard) and on Varuna wool (fifty-four inches wide, and $25 a yard). Fifty-four-inch-square shawls or scarves of wool challis have Paisley or Persian-carpet patterns; $80. Makeup pouches are $9 to $15; padded coat hangers are $5 apiece; silk scarves are $13 to $50; notebooks are $6 to $12; tiny neckties in silk foulard are $8.50; and tote bags are $4 to $18. All these items, of course, are made of or covered with Liberty fabrics.

Upper Mad, the boutique with such a loyal following up in Carnegie Hill, has opened a new branch at 988 First Avenue (54th) called Upper Mad on First. From Scott Barrie's Blouserie comes another of those "concepts"—in this case, an appealing and relatively inexpensive collection of separates in silk crêpe de Chine or in Charmeuse. Colors and pieces may be mixed up at random. The shop's selection includes skinny Charmeuse pants in mahogany ($64); a Charmeuse tunic in the same color ($54); a Charmeuse shirt-jacket with a shawl collar and padded shoulders, colored curry ($68); a short-sleeved, shirred-shoulder shirt in paprika crêpe de Chine ($60); a straight skirt, in curry or paprika crêpe de Chine ($58); and a camisole, also in crêpe de Chine and in either of the last two colors ($32).

ONE solution to the problem of inflated fashion prices is for women to get their figures in perfect trim. Then they can depend for the final effect not on costly craftsmanship and natural-fibre fabrics but on the female form in simple, close-fitting, and versatile clothes. Norma Kamali, who is now

MORNING STAR



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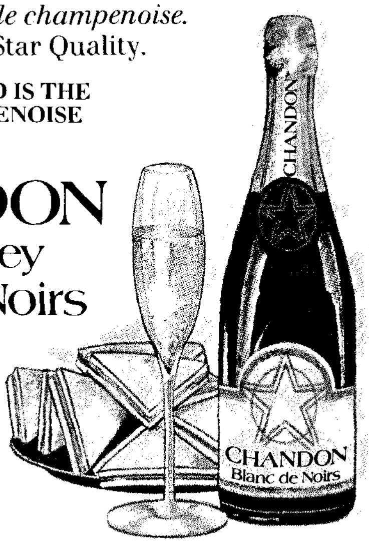

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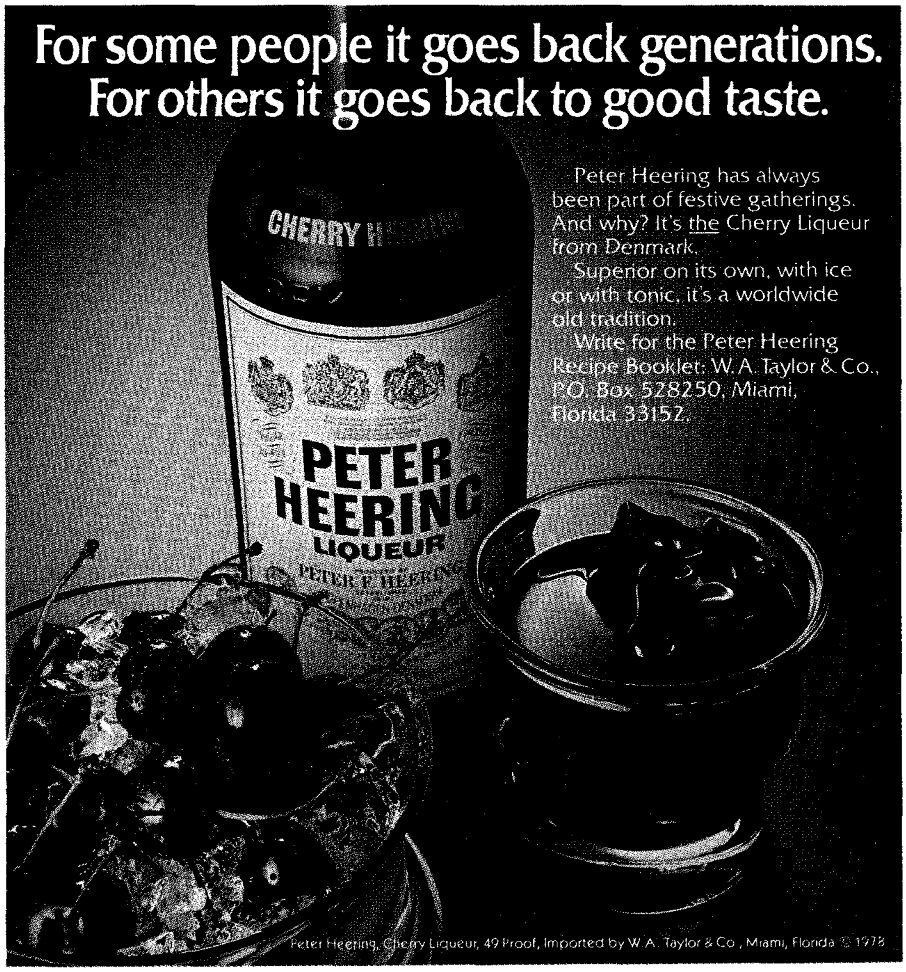
designing exclusively for her new store, OMO, 6 West 56th Street, has come up with a line of "bodywear" that brings the lithe, leotarded style a stage further in its inevitable progress toward high fashion. Her bathing suits-cum-body suits already number among their staunch supporters fashionable members of the discothèque set. The designer has now expanded her theme to include skirts, skinny pants, and long-sleeved or strapless tops in stretchable jerseys and mixable colors. (None of these pieces are at Danskin prices, but one will always pay extra for flair.) Norma Kamali swimsuits, some ingeniously adaptable for topless sunbathing, are still the basis of the collection, and still spectacular. A one-shoulder suit has a contrasting snake motif twining round the torso, while another suit achieves an interesting effect with inserts of fabric in the color of suntanned skin; each is $75. By contrast, Norma Kamali also explores the shapes that female bodies can take in styles with intricate and imaginative cutting and tailoring. One of the flattering new shapes at OMO is a jacket with a tight waist; a multi-gored peplum that dips, swanlike, in back, as if to leave room for a bustle; and semi-leg-of-mutton sleeves with padded shoulders. This jacket comes in a suit-weight dove-gray or camel wool, trimmed with two brace of white mink tails at the fastening; $335. A slim matching skirt is $65. A coat-weight version of the same silhouette comes, among other ways, in burgundy double-faced with gray and trimmed with black mink tails; $475. One suggested accompaniment for this coat-jacket is a pair of skintight black pedal pushers in ski-pants fabric. Plain, these are $150; trimmed at the outside of each calf with a brace of mink tails, they are $175.

On the main floor of Bergdorf Goodman, and in the charge of two young Englishwomen, there is a recently installed kidney-shaped counter of Penhaligon toiletries. Many of the formulas and fragrances dreamed up for society nobs when Walter Penhaligon was barber to Victoria's court are still in this London firm's repertoire today. Bergdorf shoppers may now discover them, in their elegant bottles and grandiose maroon packages. There are products for both men and women. For women, there are talcum powders ($8.50), soaps ($15 for a box of three), and flower-based toilet waters ($17 and $25 for four ounces). There is also an array of Victorian crystal perfume bottles with embossed silver tops. On the second floor of Bergdorf's, there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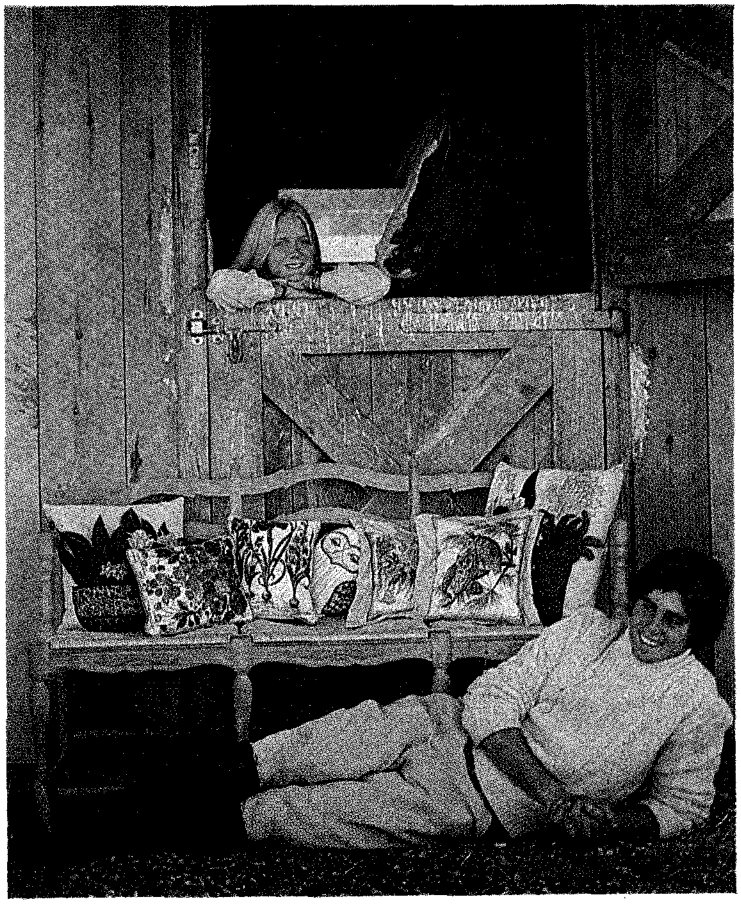
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are some beautiful nightgowns and robes by the English designer Charlotte Hilton, in the airiest and softest sort of snow-white wool. The gown has long sleeves and a square, lace-edged yoke embroidered with tiny flowers; $190. A matching full-length wrap robe has quilted and lace-trimmed shawl collar, cuffs, and hem; $260. And the sybaritic lingerie designs of Janet Reger are represented by camisole top ($130), tap pants ($62), and a longish half-slip ($78). These are all of white silk crêpe de Chine, hand-embroidered with sprigs of white flowers and tiny green leaves. On the same floor as the lingerie department, there is a cardigan bearing the name of the designer Geoffrey Beene. It has a chenille-like texture, and is colored a Mediterranean Sea green; $200. On the fifth floor, black panty hose with a gold seam are $7. On the sixth, a downy little ostrich-feather vest is in a choice of black, rust, or green. A tiny matching shoulder bag is like the fresh-hatched chick of some exotic bird. The vest is $60, the bag $26; allow two weeks for delivery.

The second floor of Henri Bendel has a newly decorated alcove displaying the couture-quality designs of the Paris designer Karl Lagerfeld. One of this season's styles is a severe, classically elegant padded-shoulder blouse in black silk crêpe de Chine. It has a V neck and a draped front wrapping to one side of the waist; $535. The main floor of Bendel's has big bottles of a bright-green piney-herbal bubble bath by the firm of French of London. This oil has been known to find favor with those who are addicted to experiences of the Vitabath sort but find Vitabath itself a little drying; $20 for a 33.8-ounce bottle. Bendel's fifth-floor lingerie department—one of the most tempting such departments in town—offers a choice of delicate and imaginative styles, often from small, exclusive workrooms in Europe. Seamstresses for the English designer Trisha Kerr-Cross have run up luxurious sheets, pillowcases, and boudoir pillows in peach, pale-blue, or ivory polyester satin. A sausage-shaped neck pillow, bedecked with lace and lingerie ribbon, is $58; a heart-shaped version, with ribbons and posies, is $50. Double-sized sheets range in price from $300 to $325. The same designer has produced a little bed jacket, or "combing jacket" (for slipping on while the maid works on a coiffure). It has short sleeves and a curving bolero front, and is quilted with a trapunto effect on down-filled polyester silk. Either in oyster with a

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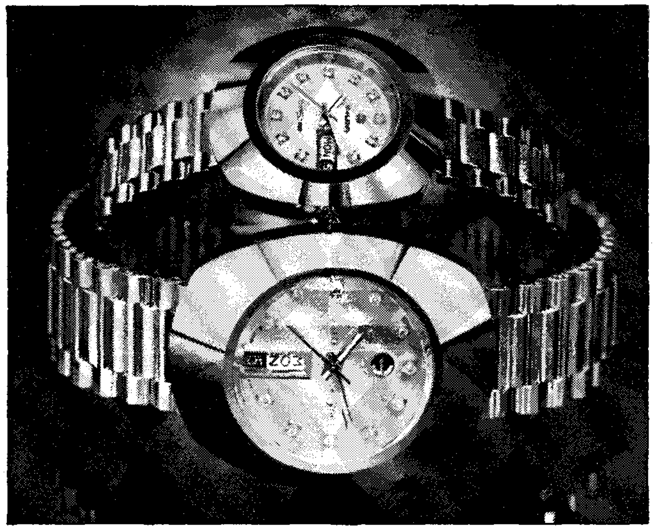

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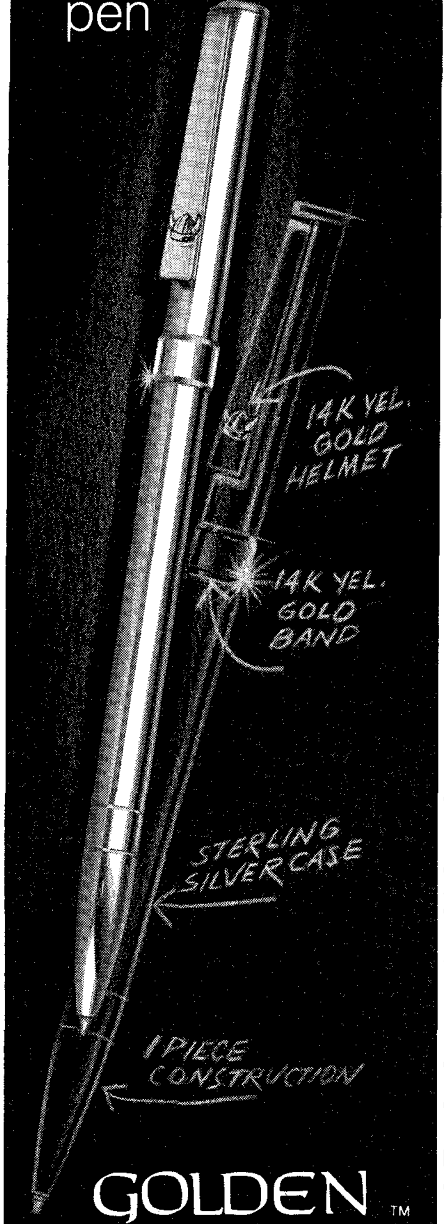

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peach lining and a trim of peach marabou or in peach lined and trimmed with gray; $225. Other bed-jacket (or, indeed, evening-wrap) ideas include feathery little semifitted shoulder shawls of hand-knitted mohair, designed by C di M; in wine, deep cocoa, or sky blue, and $90. Matching bed socks are $30. A fine oyster-colored silk trimmed with cobwebby Chantilly-style lace goes into some pajamas by the French designer Chantal Thomass: a togalike tunic is caught at the shoulders, then open at the sides as far as an elasticized waist. The pants are very slim; $225.

A solution for shoppers who can't face any ordinary stores at Christmas, let alone the big ones, might be a visit, by appointment, to a spot called Six-Sept. This boutique of gifts and fashions is in the former Meurice, 145 West 58th Street. (Its telephone number is 586-7555.) The people who run Six-Sept are enthusiastic about the hand-knitted and hand-crocheted fashions of the New York designer Joan Vass. Over a quiet cup of tea, customers may inspect pretty, hand-knitted vests ($150) and cardigans ($200) with meticulously chosen buttons and with thoughtful color combinations in flame-stitch patterns. A short-sleeved "baby sweater" in fuzzy angora stops short just at the waist, where there are tasselled ties to draw up for a slight blouson or leave dangling for decoration; in peach angora, or in unbabylike claret or violet, $140. These tops look well with skirts in peau-de-soie taffeta, which are $140 for a mid-calf version, $160 for a floor-length one. The Six-Sept partners are also enthusiastic Anglophiles, and have assembled a good collection of small English antiques, including desk and dressing-table accessories. Clips for letters or papers, shaped like small brass hands, are $40 and up; silver-topped perfume bottles are from $40 to $150; and a pair of steel embroidery scissors with decorated brass handles and a brass case is $95.

Saks Fifth Avenue has a lavishly appointed new lingerie department on the fourth floor, with a great range of styles from many designers and manufacturers. An A-line robe by Eve Stillman is of a very fine white wool fabric from Switzerland. Small pink alpine-flower embroideries show up on a pointed, lace-trimmed collar and on the cuffs; $160. A white polyester crêpe-de-Chine gown to wear with it is bare of shoulder and trimmed with tuxedo-shirt pleating and embroideries on the bodice; $65. The name of Christian Dior is attached to

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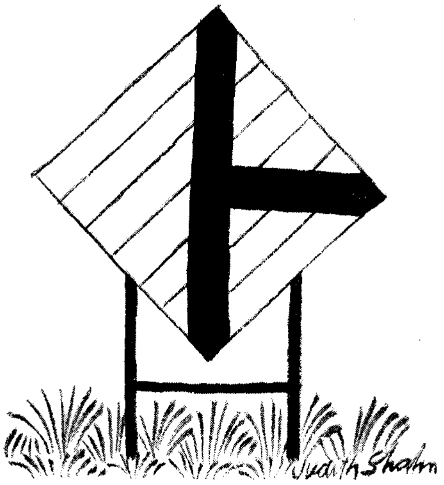
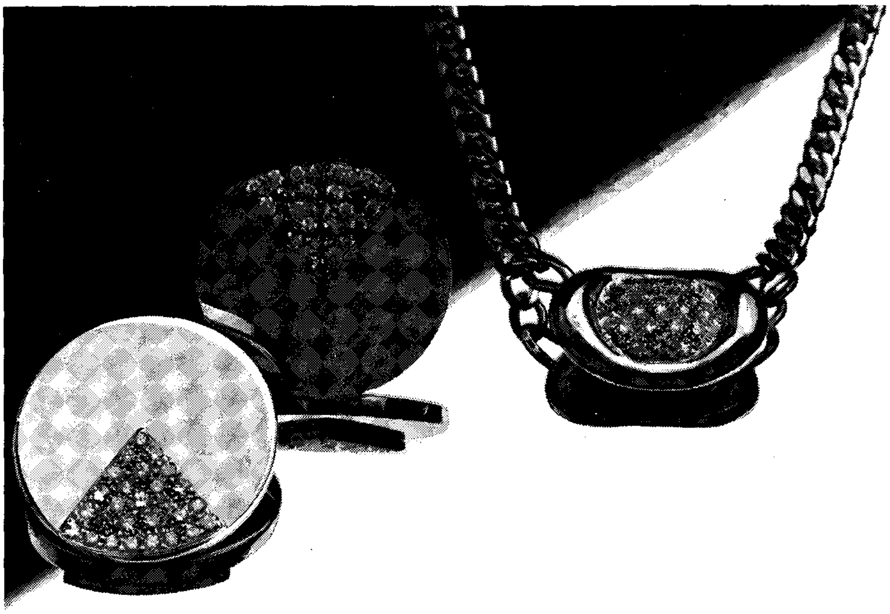
a wrap-fronted, shawl-collared robe of ivory quilted satin ($110) and to a gown of polyester satin that is trimmed with lace and belted with a narrow cord ($70). Dior robes in ivory cotton chenille are $70 or $75, depending on the style. Ivory is also the color of a nightshirt or tunic designed by Loré. It has full sleeves, a mandarin collar, and a tab closing; the fabric involved in this case is genuine silk satin. The nightshirt could double as a top to wear in public of an evening; $250. This department also carries lace-trimmed camisole undershirts, made in Switzerland, of very lightweight white or beige wool. These are $20, and matching knee-length panties are $11.

Macy's third floor has looked like a construction site for a long time, but now that the temporary partitions are disappearing and the dust has cleared, some stylish new fashion shops are emerging. The area of the Little Shops has a soothing décor reminiscent of a prewar ocean liner, and there are boutiques for the current designer "names." A choice of Calvin Klein's designs includes his latest cardigan idea. This is long, lean, and buttoned into low-slung double-breastedness. It is in a heavyweight, finely ribbed cotton, in an olive-neutral color that blends with the hue of utterly uncomplicated, drawstring-waisted silk pants. The top is $110, the pants are $130. The jewelry counter in the Little Shops has a carefully displayed assortment of generally unostentatious and well-designed styles. A fragile bracelet of fourteen-carat-gold chain is hung with three minute bunches of garnets and freshwater pearls; $60. The endearing misshapenness of these small freshwater pearls crops up again in lengths that are also dotted with pinhead-size gold balls. Prices range from $70 for a sixteen-inch string to $185 for a sixty-inch one. Simple little pendants of facetted amethyst are of differ-





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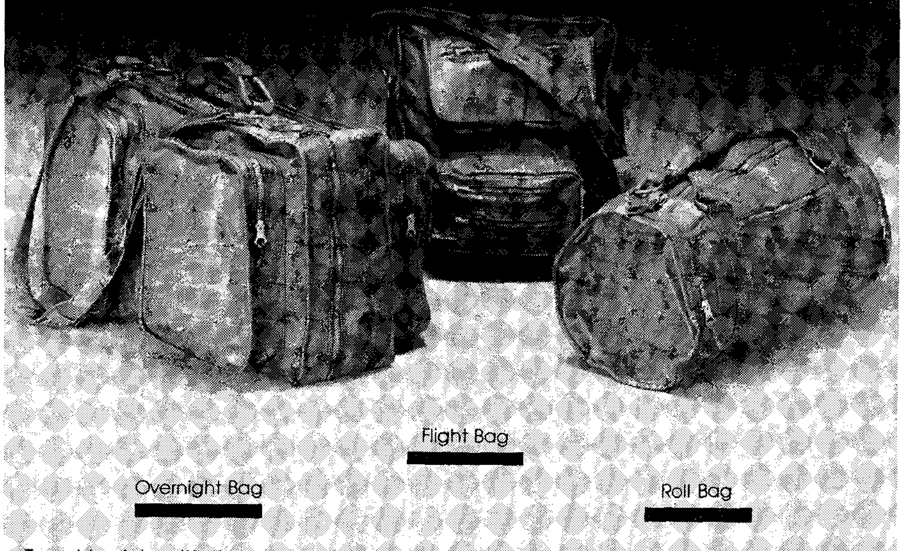

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ent shapes, including rectangles ($80), teardrops ($80), and petalled flowers ($160). An interesting collection designed by Kristin Moore includes twelve-carat gold-wire earrings for pierced ears. They resemble uncoiling sections of the spiral binding of a notebook, and are from $35 to $95, depending on size. Decorative vermeil hairpins are $18 with a head that is a simple D shape, $30 with a head made of two silver-dollar-size rings. At the same counter, there are cashmere mufflers by Echo, in shades of buttery cinnamon. They have fringed ends and tweedy or chevron textures, and cost $50. Back toward the Seventh Avenue end of the floor is another new shop, called Expressions. Here are funny handmade sweaters from England in various styles, including a cardigan with a bobbled texture, lazy-daisy embroideries, and pompon tassels at the neck; $128. Silk shirts from the same department have mandarin collars and tab fronts, and come in a vivid range of bird-of-paradise colors, including turquoise, scarlet, persimmon, and emerald; $52.

SoHo is among the most stylish pockets of town, and worth an unhurried visit. Broomes of Broome Street is a new shop situated, for some reason, at 170 Spring Street. The shop is of the burgundy-walls school, and is definitely in the realm of "high chic." One-of-a-kind evening or daytime hats are basically pillbox or skullcap in shape, and are designed to be worn tilted over one flirtatious eye. Variously trimmed with feathers, flowers, veils, and rhinestones, and for an average price of $55. Broomes can also supply examples of the latest Paris costume-jewelry fad—huge, flashy stones in fancy settings, and all self-consciously fake. Pear-shaped, facetted "diamond" earrings are actually Austrian cut glass, and cost $22.50. A brooch shaped like a four-and-a-half-inch-long arrow is made of "diamonds" and "emeralds," and is $55. Lacy-looking collars, dipped in gold, are $45 to $65; crocheted collars of regular cotton lace are $27. Unusual hair decorations are made of brass, with long hairpin prongs and openwork heads shaped like storks, ducks, cranes, sandpipers, or bluebirds; $52.

Those who are wandering in SoHo may find it worthwhile to stop by Harriet Love's shop, at 412 West Broadway, to see her fine collection of old and antique clothing. Victoria Falls, at 147 Spring Street, carries fashions both old and new with a good choice of

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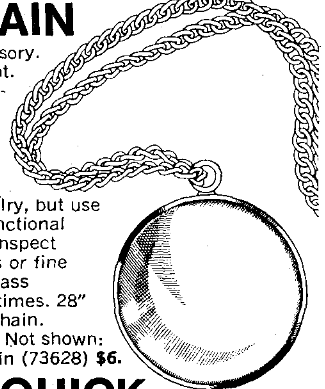

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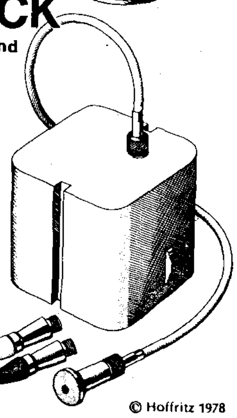

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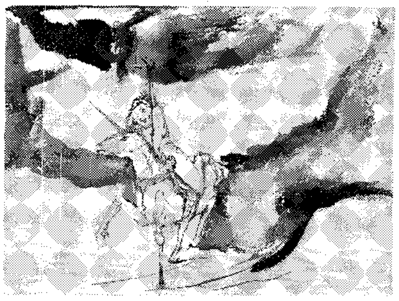

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"glamour" clothes from the fifties—black cocktail dresses, cocktail hats, high-heeled sandals, and so forth. Two hundred dollars is an average price for a dress.

Columbus Avenue in the Seventies can also prove a handy source of gifts for those who leave themselves enough time to browse. Maya Schaper, who already runs an antique shop on Lexington Avenue, has now opened Maya Schaper Cheese and Antiques, at 239 Columbus (71st). Here, as well as cheeses, pâtés, French bread, and croissants, are old utensils, Sheffield serving pieces, and antique cookbooks. Muffler-length potholders with padded mitten ends are $4.50. Nearby, at 58 West 72nd Street, is a new shop called Cinn Cinn, with a nice choice of fashionably sporty-looking clothes. A handsome and warm Italian sweater in a wool-and-mohair mixture has a double-cowl neck and three-quarter sleeves; in jade, mauve-and-purple, or eggplant, it's $56.

A SET of fifty postcards by fifty contemporary artists costs $12.50 at, among other places, the Museum of Modern Art Bookshop and the Cooper-Hewitt Museum. As is often the case with mixed artistic showcases, some of the cards are exquisite, some are exciting, and some are merely arty. The publishers—Artists' Postcards, 2 East 34th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016—will dispatch a set by mail for an extra charge of $1.25.

A new paper-specialty store called Paper & Ink, 1089 Third Avenue (64th), has a large stock that includes some imported writing papers and gift wrappings—bright-colored tissues, or English, French, and Italian prints or endpapers. Prices are not low, but one can hardly expect them to be in an establishment that has its own calligrapher-in-residence. As a further service, the store will gift wrap presents for donors who have special requirements. The cost is around $10 for a small package, and the store will handle only orders for $100 or over. People who ask Paper & Ink to come to their apartments to gift wrap a sable must expect to pay quite a bit more.

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CLEAR DAYS ON THE DIPLOMATIC SCENE

[From the Honolulu Star-Bulletin]

WASHINGTON (UPI)—President Carter announced today he will nominate career diplomats Richard A. Erickson Jr., a Far East expert, as ambassador to Iceland, and Samuel R. Gammon, a European expert, as ambassador to Mauritius.

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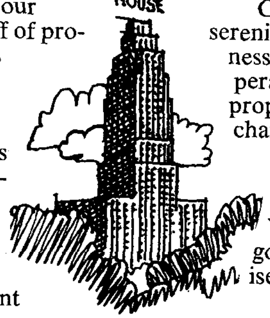

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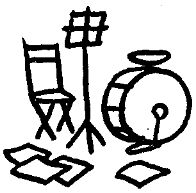
MUSICAL EVENTS

Aristocrat

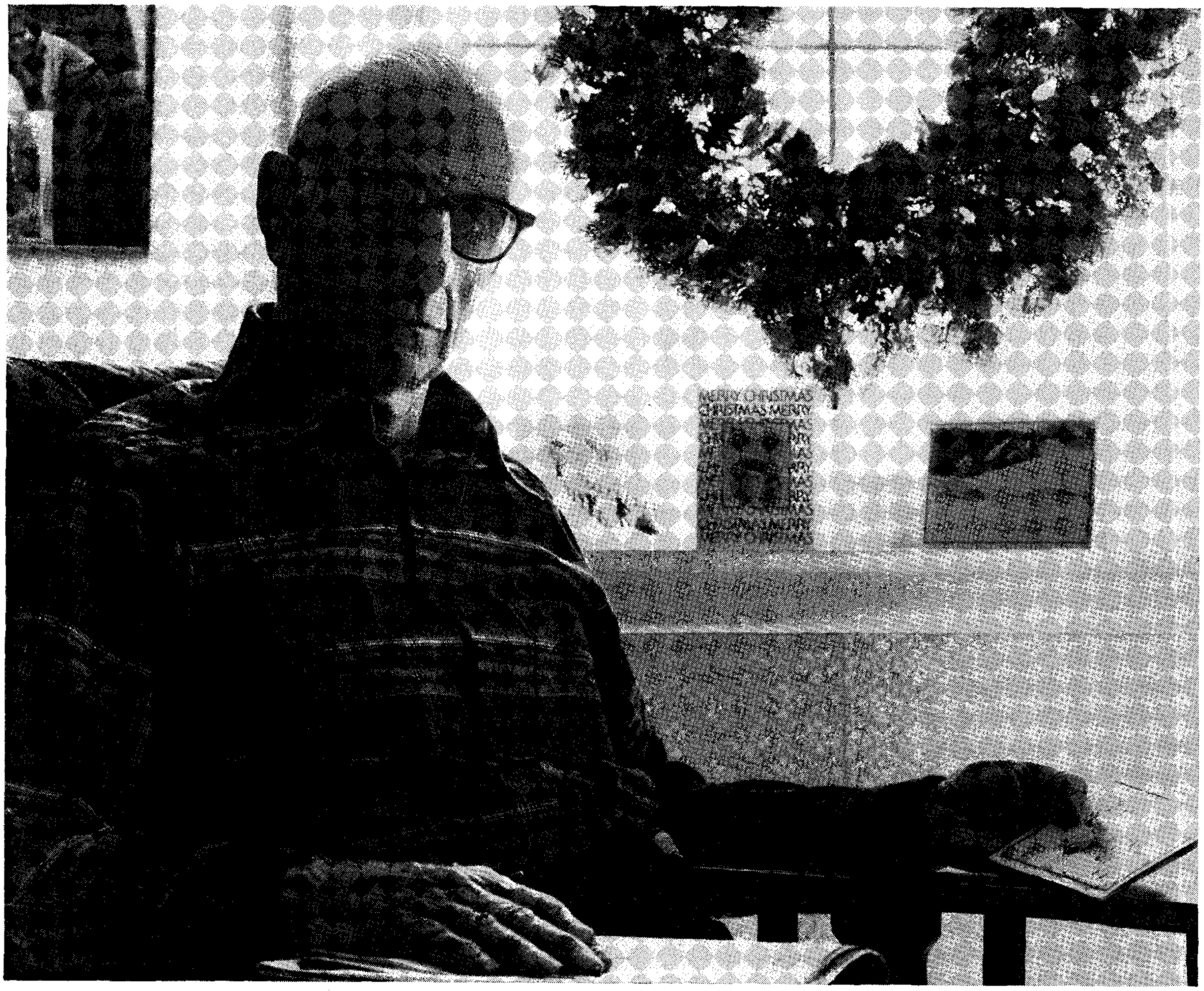
JACOB DRUCKMAN'S Viola Concerto, which had its first performance, in Avery Fisher Hall, the week before last, is the latest in the series of pieces that the Philharmonic has commissioned, with funds provided by Francis Goelet, for its own principals to play with the orchestra. And to my mind and ears it is the best work in the series so far. The concerto lasts twenty-five minutes. The soloist was Sol Greitzer, who has been with the Philharmonic for twenty-five years and has been its principal viola since 1972. In his performance, beauty, virtuosity, and fancy were combined. Druckman is a composer who often expects his interpreters to play a creative part—to seize a line he has written for them and add something of their own temperaments to its delivery. This Mr. Greitzer did. On his instrument he created a "character" of romantic, poetic sensibility, witty and resourceful. Aware that he stands no chance against what the composer in a program note describes as "the terrible power of the full orchestra," he retires before its tempests to reappear, dauntless and freshly inventive, when they are spent. In the long run, the viola is master of the situations. His ideas are what the orchestra players take up, elaborate, amplify. Thrice, they proceed from these to an immense, mindless outburst of their own; thrice, the soloist proposes a return to orderly, civilized discourse. Thus, the work, which plays without break, has four main sections, led by the soloist, divided by three orchestral tutti. To the violist's fourth set of proposals the orchestra players offer no eventual opposition. They subside at last on a unison A, initiated by him; and then he, having tamed the unruly gang, flies off and away on a chromatic arpeggio suggesting A minor. The concerto presents the viola as the aristocrat of the orchestra and reminds one that the violins, who usually dominate it today, are, historically speaking, nothing but jumped-up violas. The soloist's kindred souls are his fellow-violas; they are the first to make any independent contribution to his opening statements, seconding them with a golden halo of soft, melancholy harmonics after other instruments have merely aped his motifs. The other player whom the viola can regard as an equal is the alto flute, with whom he sings two lyrical duets. And it is the alto flute who first understands the viola's suggestion that things should come to a close on A.



At a first hearing, Druckman's concerto, like his "Chiaroscuro," which the Philharmonic played last year, disturbed me a little by seeming to lack sustained thematic argument based on sequences of pitches which in repetition, variation, or development can be recognized—to put it simply, tunes. It is possible to write enjoyable music in which the themes are not tunes but timbres, densities, colors, contrasting kinds of motion, etc.; György Ligeti and several Poles have shown how. But it tends to be a limited kind of music. The demonstration of being able to "do without" prompts the question: Yes, but *why* do without what is most music's nearly essential ingredient—except as an experiment, an exercise? However, at a second hearing of the concerto it began to sing—often across thirds, fourths, and sixths. Druckman has long been a master orchestrator, adept at creating thin, luminous washes of sound, thick, rich impastos, and transformations of texture sudden or slow. A clear sonic sky may swiftly blacken, grow dense with menace, and be rent by lightning bolts. Darkness almost visible may begin to sparkle with twinkling points of light. The Viola Concerto demonstrates all the big-orchestra virtuosity of "Chiaroscuro," but that is not all the piece is about. The program book failed to mention that it will be broadcast on December 31st, at 3 P.M., by WQXR.

The concert was conducted by James Levine, whose command of the concerto seemed to be complete. The evening began with the "Rienzi" Overture—a substantial performance with rich string tone and vivid brasses, a deeper, less flamboyant, more securely paced account of the piece than the one Zubin Mehta conducted with the orchestra earlier in the season. The second half was Brahms's Fourth Symphony, and this was slightly disappointing; neither the first movement nor the finale found the easy, convincing, natural stride that marks Levine's recorded performance with the Chicago Symphony.

IN a generous view, Lincoln Center could be deemed to extend from Sixty-sixth to Fifty-ninth Streets, from the Juilliard School to the Church of St. Paul the Apostle—a forum bounded by an academy on the north and a basilica



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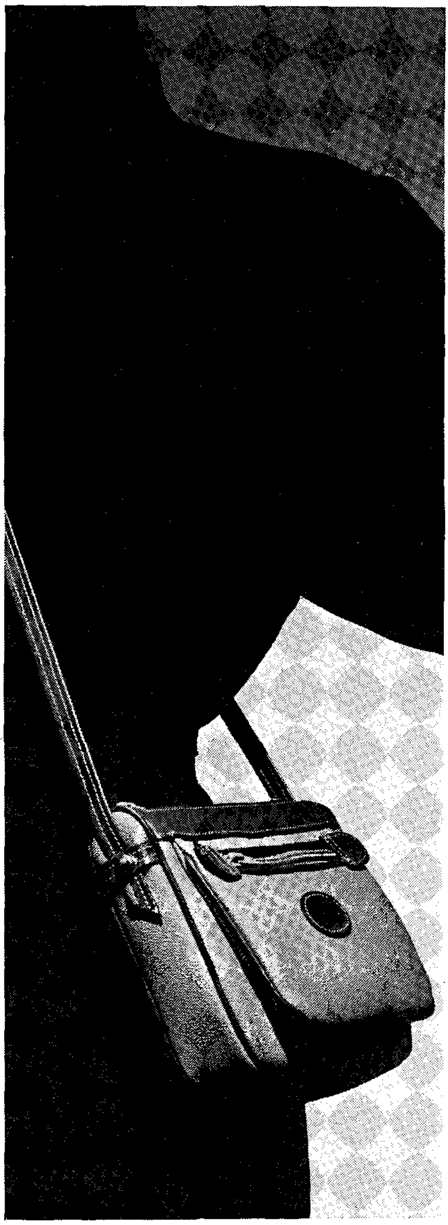

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on the south. The church is occasionally used for concerts, and I wish it were used more often when music calling for a big, resonant acoustic is to be played. Between the Center proper and the church lies the Lincoln Center campus of Fordham University, one of New York's few public buildings with lawns and trees around them. Fordham has a useful little auditorium, seating about five hundred and bright in sound. Here, a few days before the Druckman concerto was done, Henry Cowell's Piano Concerto had its New York première and (apparently) North American deuxième. The composer played it with the Havana Philharmonic in December, 1930; earlier that year, he had played just one or two movements of it (authorities disagree) in New York with the Conductorless Orchestra. The score was published in Paris in 1931, but—astonishingly—the work seems to have been neglected until Doris Hays played it last month with the Omaha Symphony, and then in New York with the New Amsterdam Symphony, conducted by Victoria Bond. Miss Hays is a Cowell specialist; a recorded recital on the Finnadar label demonstrates her command of his exuberant, extravagant piano techniques and her feeling for his exuberant yet poetic musical personality.

The concerto has three movements, titled Polyharmony, Tone Cluster, and Counter Rhythm. A good deal of the piano writing is for forearms. When a forearm is brought down on the white keys, it suggests C major; on the black keys, F-sharp major. But Cowell avoids simplistic bitonality by using his forearm clusters as color above or below a chromatic melody, or by alternating distinct notes and clusters with a sort of rapid oompah effect in which the "oom"s define a tune and the "pah"s punctuate it. Miss Hays is also adept at playing tunes with her right elbow—striking the top note of a cluster precisely. It's not easy. Just try it. The concerto is a dashing experiment rather than an important composition. It is quite short—about seventeen minutes—and is exhilarating to listen to. It might be a hit at a Philharmonic concert.

The New Amsterdam program began with a somewhat rough performance of Liszt's "Orpheus," a companion piece to Kurt Weill's "Der Neue Orpheus" in that—though in romantic rather than Weill's realistic strains—it hymns the power of music and treats Orpheus as a symbolic figure. In the words of Liszt's preface, "Orpheus, that is to say Art, needs to spread his waves of melody, his chords vibrant like ten-

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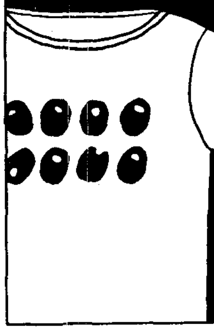

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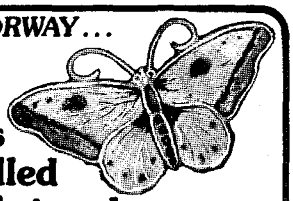

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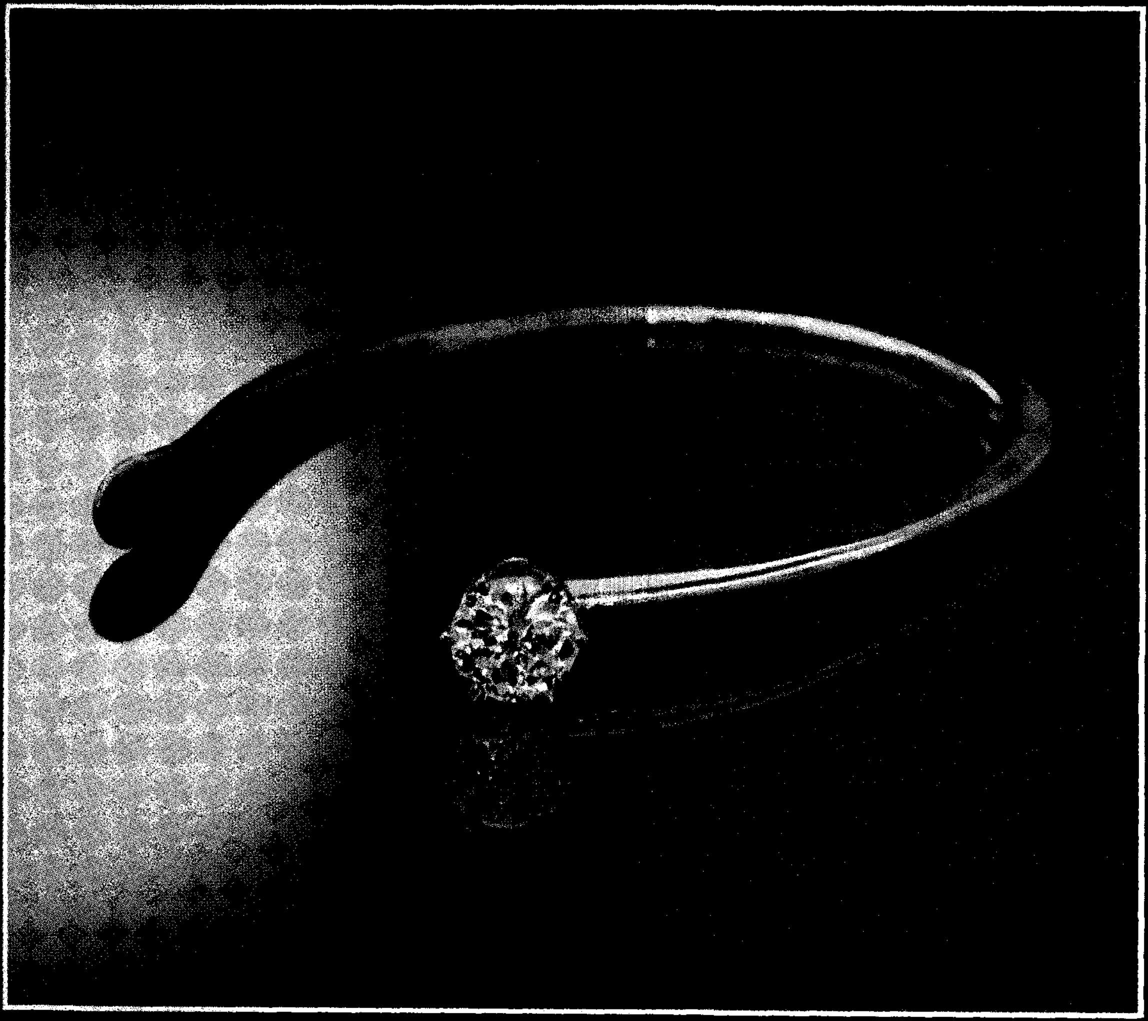

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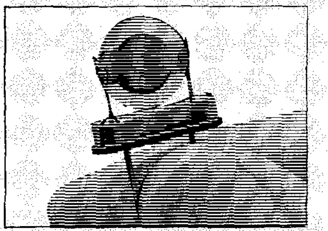

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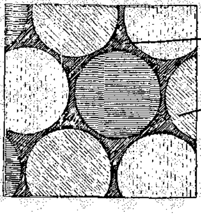

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der, irresistible light, over the warring elements that rend one another and bleed in every individual soul, as in the entrails of every society." Two days later, Orphic strains sounded again at Lincoln Center, in Alice Tully Hall. For the opening concert of its tenth-anniversary season, the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center had commissioned a new piece from William Schuman, the Center's first artistic director. It is "In Sweet Music," a "serenade on a setting of Shakespeare, for flute, viola, voice, and harp."

In the early nineteen-forties, Schuman embarked on incidental music for a production of "Henry VIII." The production was abandoned, but "Orpheus with his lute" had already been set, and it was published for voice and piano. In 1961, the song became the starting point for Schuman's "A Song of Orpheus," a fantasy for cello and orchestra. (There is a Columbia recording by Leonard Rose and the Cleveland Orchestra under Szell.) "In Sweet Music" is a descendant of both the song and the fantasy. The first "singer" is an alto flute. Shakespeare's lines are printed beneath the notes of her part (the performer was Paula Robison), and she declaims the melody as if "thinking" the words. When the mezzo-soprano (Jan DeGaetani) enters, she announces the title, musingly, and then becomes an "instrument," threading a line of colored vocalise, to syllables like "loo" and "la" and "lee," through the texture. The central section is a scherzo, with scat syllables for the singer. Then the viola (Walter Trampler) becomes a "singer," and finally the mezzo becomes articulate and adds the words—the words of "Orpheus with his lute"—to the melody that in various shapes has underlain all the serenade. The harp (Osian Ellis) has as important a role as the pair of harps in Liszt's tone poem, sometimes accompanying the song, sometimes carrying the main strain, as if Orpheus's voice ceased while his fingers played on. The harp writing is adventurous and delicate. "In Sweet Music" is a cultivated, attractive, and finely worked piece. It can be heard on the television program "Camera Three" (Channel 2) on November 19th at 11 A.M.

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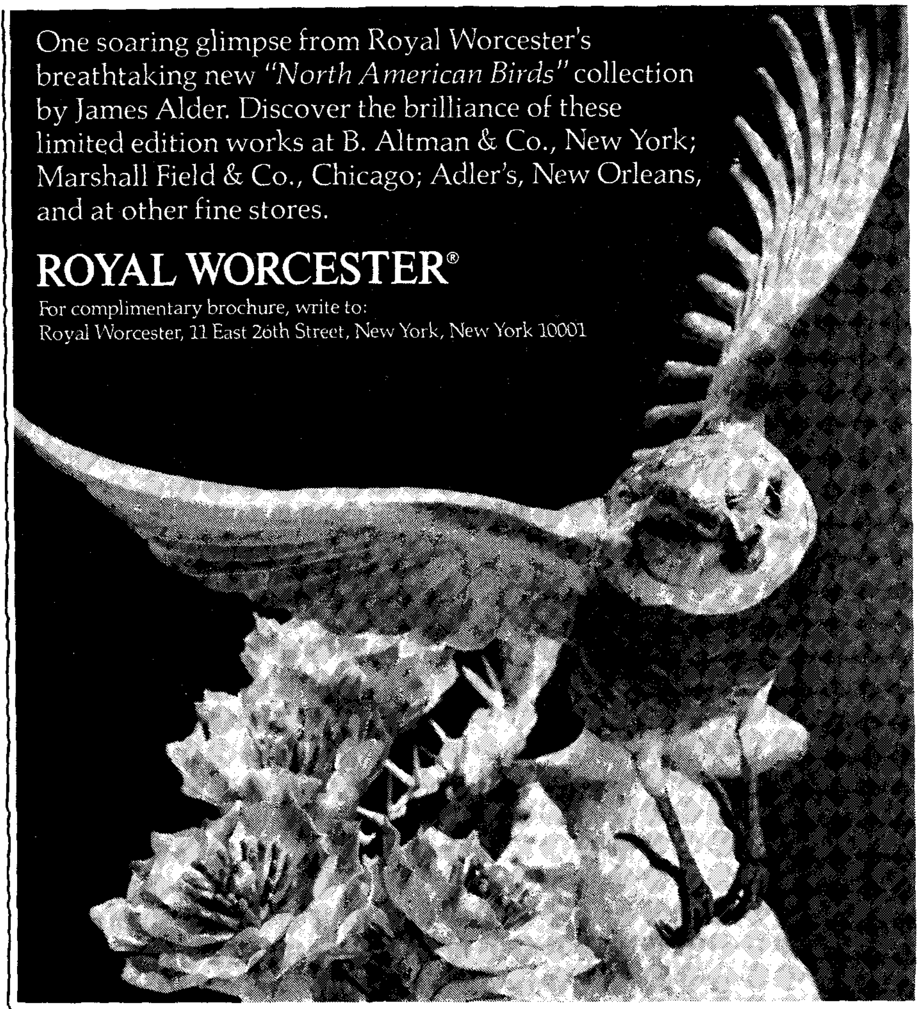

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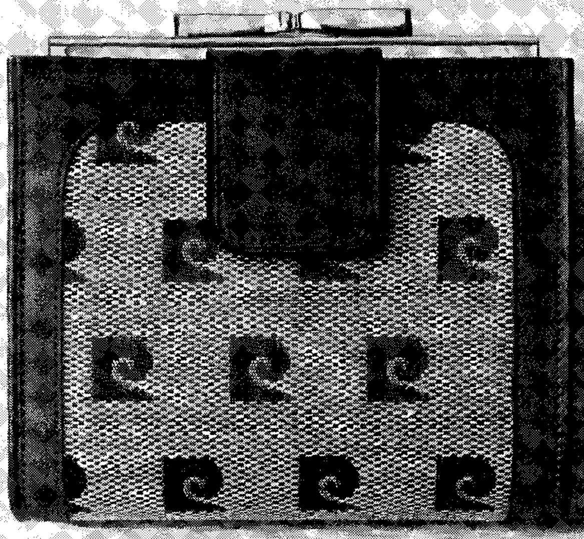

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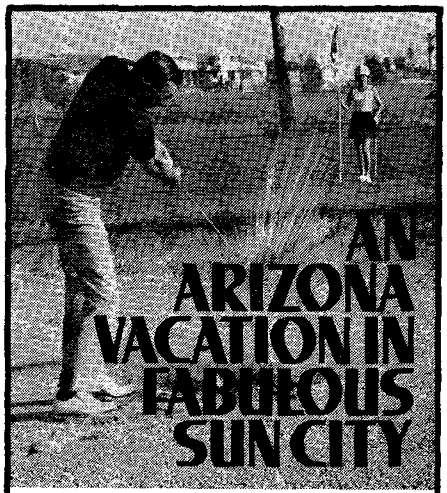

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becomes a pleasure increasingly rare. (There was an outcry at the Edinburgh Festival this year when audiences discovered that the windows of Leith Town Hall, used for daytime chamber recitals, had been blacked out.) In Christ and St. Stephen's, the sunlight passes through richly colored glass, and so electric light must be added to it if scores are to be clearly legible. But one is still in touch with the outside world, not closeted deep in a concrete bunker. In a concert intermission, one steps out into a garden. One sunny Sunday afternoon last month, I dropped in to a concert there to hear the Music Project play Schubert's B-flat Piano Trio, Hindemith's Kleine Kammermusik, Opus 24, No. 2, for wind quintet, and Dvořák's String Quintet in G. The pleasures afforded by the place itself may be—apart from the good acoustics—no more than incidental. It's not great architecture, merely an unpretentious late-nineteenth-century church with a friendly, village-hall feel to it. But those pleasures are real, and they can make one receptive to the music. During that Schubert trio, of course, a listener attends to nothing but the miracle of the music. The performance by William Henry, Bonnie Hartman, and Dan Berlinghoff, violin, cello, and piano, was fresh, buoyant, and sensitive.

About the aptness for music of St. Peter's, the striking modern church by Hugh Stubbins nestling in the shade of his Citicorp Center, I feel less sure. I paid my first visit there the other day to hear the Baroque Music Masters—a quartet of baroque violin, flute, and cello, and harpsichord—and the tenor Paul Sperry give a modest recital of English seventeenth- and eighteenth-century music. Perhaps the place looks better by day, when light must pour through the tall bands of window. Under artificial light, it seemed bleak. The huge sweeps of cream-colored wall seemed to be awaiting decoration. One wall was animated occasionally by the shadows of passersby or peerers-in on Lexington Avenue; that's not the sort of distracting animation a listener wants. But it's an interesting space, and the sound there seems to be good.

THE student's café of the Manhattan School of Music, that airy modern pavilion added to the Broadway side of the former Juilliard buildings, up at 122nd Street, was packed last week for a concert given by the Group for Contemporary Music. Admission—or, rather, specified contribution—was only a dollar for students,

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three dollars for the general public; for another dollar one was invited to visit, between numbers, a table at the back of the room laden with punch bowls and flagons of wine. We sat around at tables. The lighting, from candles, was enough to read texts by. This was what a concert of contemporary music should be: a pleasant social occasion, providing a chance to talk to old friends and make new ones, in circumstances that do not preclude—that positively foster—careful attention to the music. The program included three premières. Ernst Krenek's "They Knew What They Wanted," Opus 227, is a set of three sexy tales: of Ginevra and the handsome young clerk in the municipal office (from the "Decameron"), of Tamar and her father-in-law, Judah (from Genesis), and of Pasiphaë and the bull (recounted here in Krenek's own elegant cinquains). They are told in tempo (Rheda Becker was a vivacious, accomplished narrator) and accompanied by oboe, piano, percussion, and tape. Krenek himself directed the performance. The work is an entertainment executed with a master's touch: witty, laconic, neatly understated, not unserious. Andrew Violette's "Black Tea," the setting of a poem—a Vietnamese widow's lament—by Gladys Brown, for soprano, harp, percussion, and doublebass, seemed to me earnest and carefully made. Tobias Picker's Rhapsody, for violin and piano, introduced a young composer who should be worth watching: a genuine creator, with a fertile, unforced vein of invention and the ability to hold one's attention on everything that he made happen. That expression of approbation is vague. I would need to hear the Rhapsody again and study the score before saying anything more specific. At any rate, it is certainly a piece that I want to hear again. It was performed by Benjamin Hudson, violin, and the composer.

—ANDREW PORTER

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BUGS BUNNY & FRIENDS

Senator Patrick J. Leahy will be the guest speaker at the meeting of the Vermont Federation of Democratic Women's Club, on Sunday, September 17, 1978 at the Hartford High School, in White River Junction.—*Essex Junction (Vt.) County Weekly.*

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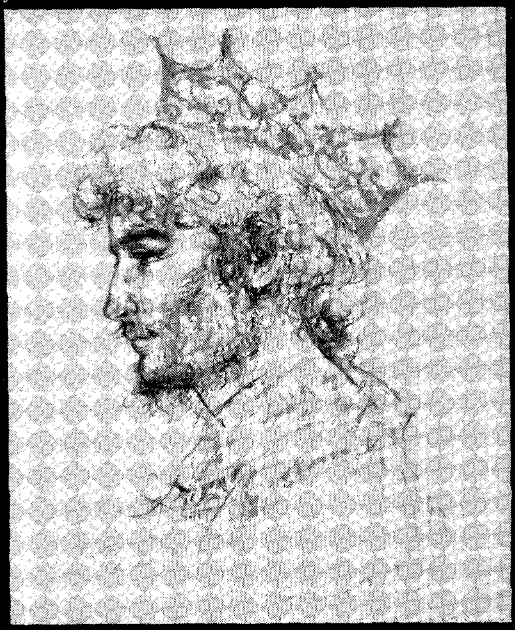

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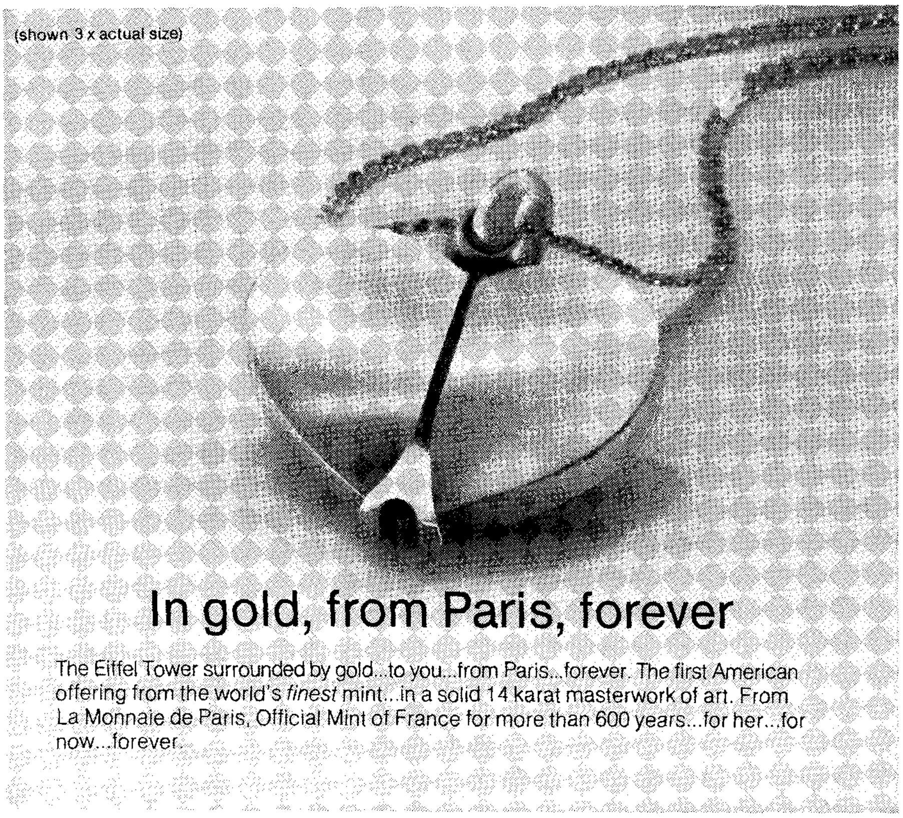

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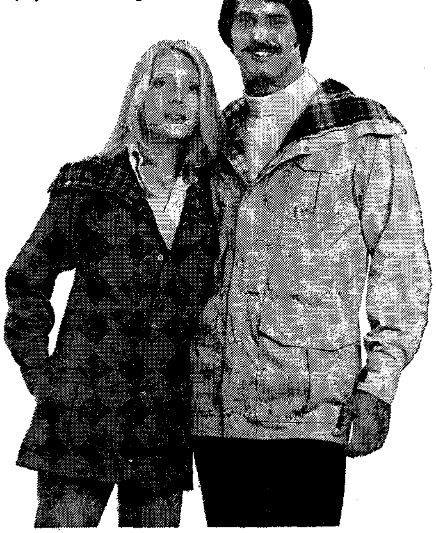

DANCING

The San Francisco Version

IS ballet the last outpost of provincialism? In the cities of the Middle West, one sees businessmen in bright-green polyester suits and eyebrow glasses, and one understands how style is only a matter of emphasis: the man in the green suit could be a millionaire, and in New York he's probably disconcerted by the run-down streets in the neighborhoods where the rich live and by the unprepossessing if not actually grimy façades of the town houses. Provincialism in the sense of doing clumsily what the big city does well may no longer exist except in ballet, where standards of comparison are tugged apart not by regional taste but by regionalism itself. Far-flung centers of activity have to cope with vacuumatic conditions. The absolute standard cannot spread itself farther than the eye can see, and in classical dancing, which is marketed live and live only, quality is provably affected by what there is of it to see. In the San Francisco Ballet, which recently paid New York a visit, I felt I was seeing a genuine provincial company, whose ways would never be my ways, and while I was pondering what geography had to do with it I realized: Not so damn much after all. New York is not San Francisco, but for part of the ballet season it might as well be—indeed, we can only wish it were. The stuff at Lincoln Center in the summertime is worse than anything the San Franciscans showed, Nureyev is constantly fronting for foreign companies of questionable value, and New York sighs over it all. The San Francisco Ballet has better dancers, more finely schooled, than the Ballet Nacional de Cuba, the Berlin Opera Ballet, and the Dutch National Ballet, all of which have been through here in the past year, trailing press notices of glory. Technically, the San Francisco is about on a par with the London Festival Ballet or the National Ballet of Canada, which also stop at Lincoln Center, and though it isn't as financially well off as those ensembles, it has more spirit. It is provincial in the accepted sense: the repertory, for the most part, is a pastiche of things done in a bigger way back East or by foreign companies of pedigree such as the Royal Ballet. And, as pastiche goes, it is very good. Compare this so-to-speak first-rate provincialism with the vulgar neo-provincialism of the Stuttgart Ballet. The San Francisco follows trends, while the Stuttgart is said to set them. But at least the San Francisco follows trends in ballet. The Stuttgart isn't about ballet at all; it's a kind of ballet entertainment built around dramatics and stunts, and a powerful impression it makes wherever it goes. Each company has reacted to its vacuum in a different way. And how New York reacts is a test of our provincialism. Perhaps it is enough to say that, as things stand now, next summer the Stuttgart will return on schedule to the Metropolitan but the Royal Ballet won't.

The San Francisco was playing New York for the first time in thirteen years, bringing to the Brooklyn Academy its version of Prokofieff's "Romeo and Juliet" and ten shorter works. It was a proud showing. All the ballets had choreography either by Michael Smuin or Lew Christensen, the company's directors, or by their protégés John McFall, Robert Gladstein, and Tomm Ruud. Although the at-home repertory in the souvenir program listed Balanchine, Robbins, and the first American production of Ashton's "La Fille Mal Gardée," the company obviously wanted to impress New York with its self-sufficiency. It relies as little on guest stars as on outside choreographers, and it has begun to commission its own music. Next year, five world premières are projected, four with original scores. All this autonomy speaks well of local support: after forty-five years of somewhat tenuous existence, this oldest of American ballet companies is flourishing. Of course, the company isn't as self-sufficient as it may think, as long as everything it does is more or less déjà vu. But its imitations of standard ballets can be instructive. Some of the imitations are so remarkable that I wondered why they aren't exciting: why the Gladstein-Stravinsky ballet, set to the same music and using some of the same devices as "Rubies," still couldn't do what "Rubies" does—pull you into its world. But maybe the very fact that Gladstein's choreography put the question in my head in spite of my

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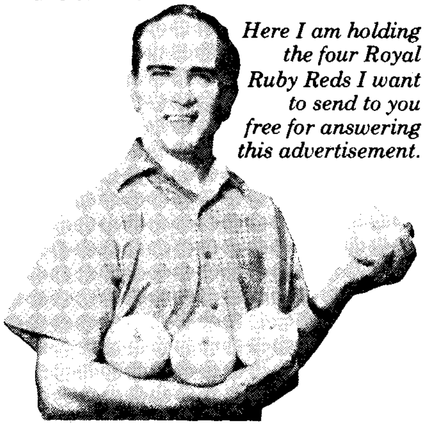

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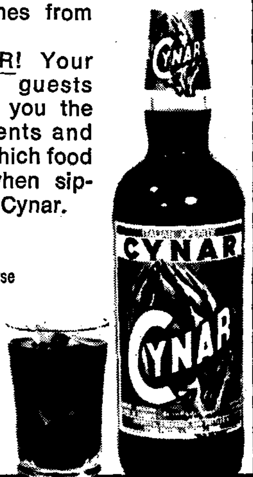

CYNAR
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conscious resolve not to compare it to Balanchine's is a measure of how far he had succeeded in making his piece work. If there is one quality that separates master choreographers from good choreographers, it is the ability to sustain long sequences of coherent rhythm. It is this that creates figurative interest in a dance. Steps, no matter how inventive or ingeniously combined, have in themselves no power of poetic suggestion. The manipulation of steps is a game that fascinates professionals. But above gamesmanship there is another level, on which we are all—professionals, amateurs, veterans, newcomers—one audience. That is the level on which dancing, by the alchemy of its rhythm, transfigures life. Technically speaking, this means that the choreography has elastic scale and tension—it keeps moving and changing in ways you feel but don't see. To be able to recognize a technical feat makes no great difference to one's pleasure; it just prolongs the pleasure by providing a semblance of an explanation. Many people spoil their pleasure by asking for explanations in advance. They don't believe that at the ballet we are all connoisseurs—that, in fact, it is the poetic objective of ballet to awaken a kind of natural connoisseurship in us. (Some of us just haven't got it. People who ask "What should I look for in ballet?" are really asking about technique, and there's nothing wrong in that—although there's no short answer, either. But no amount of technical knowledge will enlighten people who have looked on ballet with innocent eyes and seen nothing.) The San Francisco doesn't get us up to this level, but it does put us within striking distance. It easily persuades an audience of its seriousness and the seriousness of ballet. I should like to see it put its persuasive charms more intensively to work on itself. When the company learns to project itself with the continuous and coherent force that it lacks now, it will have learned the beginnings of style, and that could make it a company of national importance.

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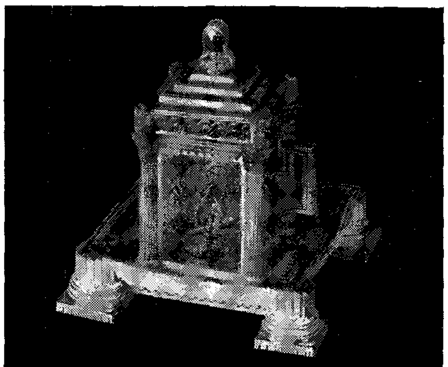

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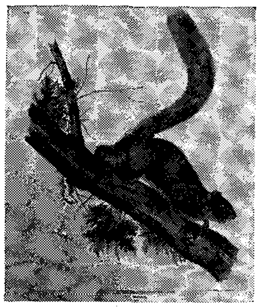

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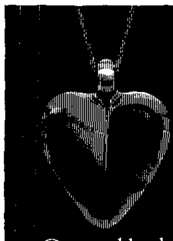

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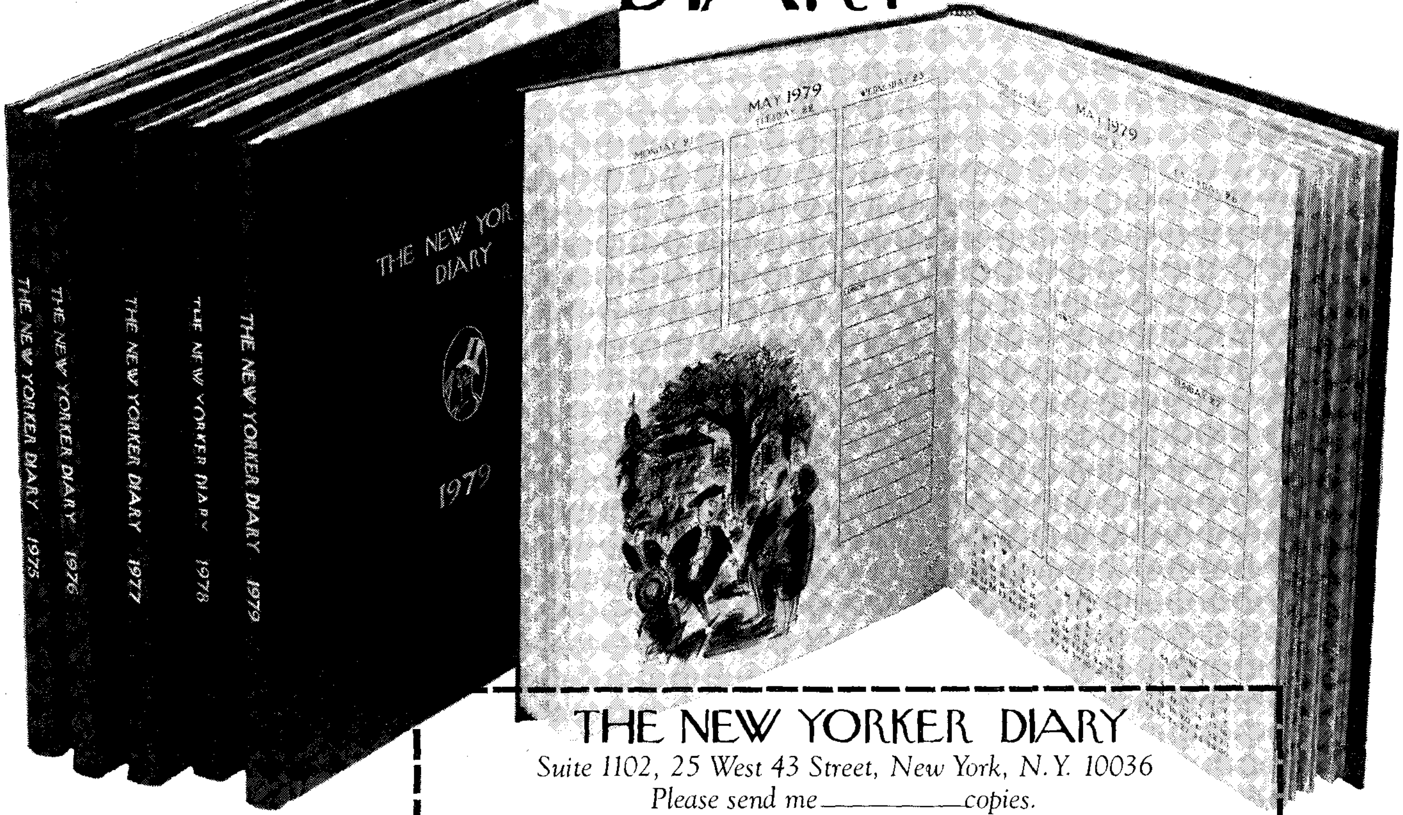
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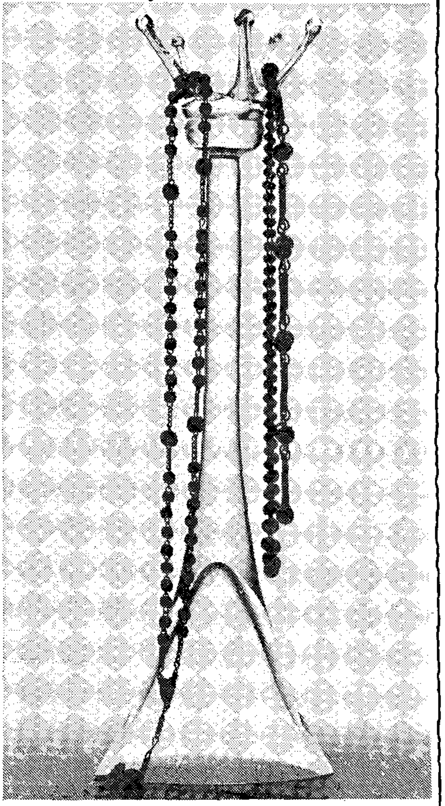

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rary twists are latent in any production of the play. The ballet hardly needs to sell the frustrated-youth angle: its young lovers are kids because most dancers are kids. Without the balm of poetry, the lovers' story becomes one long, piteous scourge; it's almost as if Romeo and Juliet were being punished for the sin of passionate love. The ballet has lots of appeal for homosexuals—not only in the youth-passion-frustration theme but in the many large roles for male dancers. Until the last act, the ballet belongs mainly to Romeo and his friends (and enemies). Juliet flits palely through, usually wearing a nightgown, while the boys are in tights and codpieces. But the heart of the mass audience beats in sympathy with the display. Audiences applaud the young men who carry the show—applaud them sentimentally for being dancers and outcasts from normal society. Their presence affects us psychologically as part of the morbid romanticism of the ballet. "Romeo and Juliet" may be the only ballet in standard repertory that homosexuals can identify with emotionally without distortion.

Prokofieff's scenario was constructed from Shakespeare without, as far as we know, the collaboration of a choreographer. Its awkwardness is irremediable; there is no recourse open to the choreographer but to follow it as closely as the composer did. Efforts to interject more dancing are doomed. The ballet is inescapably ambulatory, and its pantomime is naturalistic. Prokofieff did not anticipate José Limón. Choreography that goes with Prokofieff may be tedious as well as awkward, but choreography that goes against Prokofieff in order to press its own ideas is unintelligible. Michael Smuin takes the scuffed but straight road of Lavrovsky, Ashton, Cranko, and MacMillan, and avoids the isolated byways of Neumeier, Araiz, and Nureyev. He proceeds with caution but not without flair. He maneuvers the scenario now in the direction of family entertainment, now toward a sophisticated, "modern" interpretation. He doesn't minimize the fact that there are more boy-boy than boy-girl scenes (on the contrary), but he makes the boys' prankishness seem callow rather than epicene. Lady Capulet carries on a full-scale affair with Tybalt (so the lamentations that Prokofieff wrote for her over Tybalt's corpse have some justification), and Lord Capulet is a philanderer. The lovers are cuddly, the duels are boisterous, with lots of horseplay and clanging steel, and the come-

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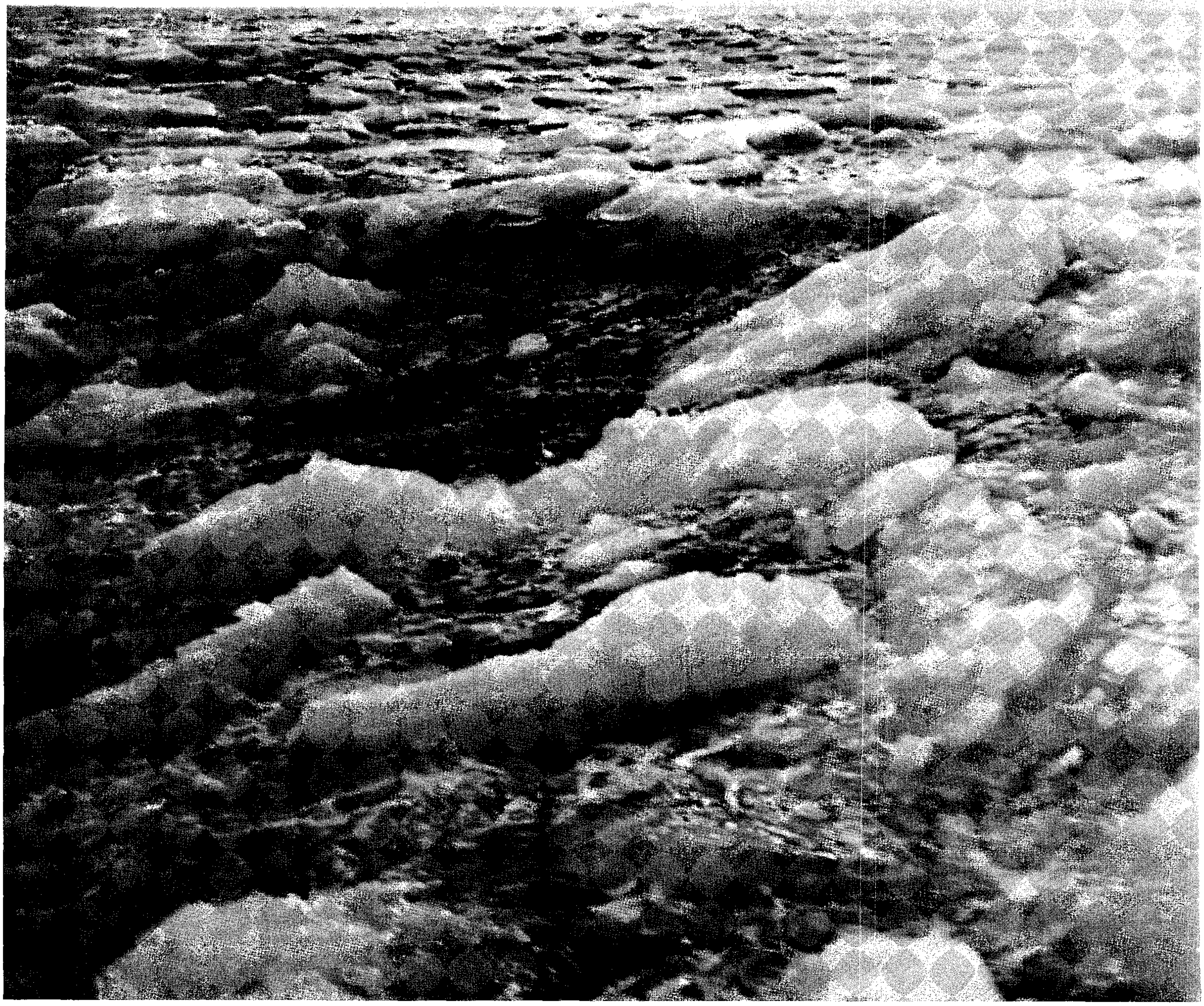

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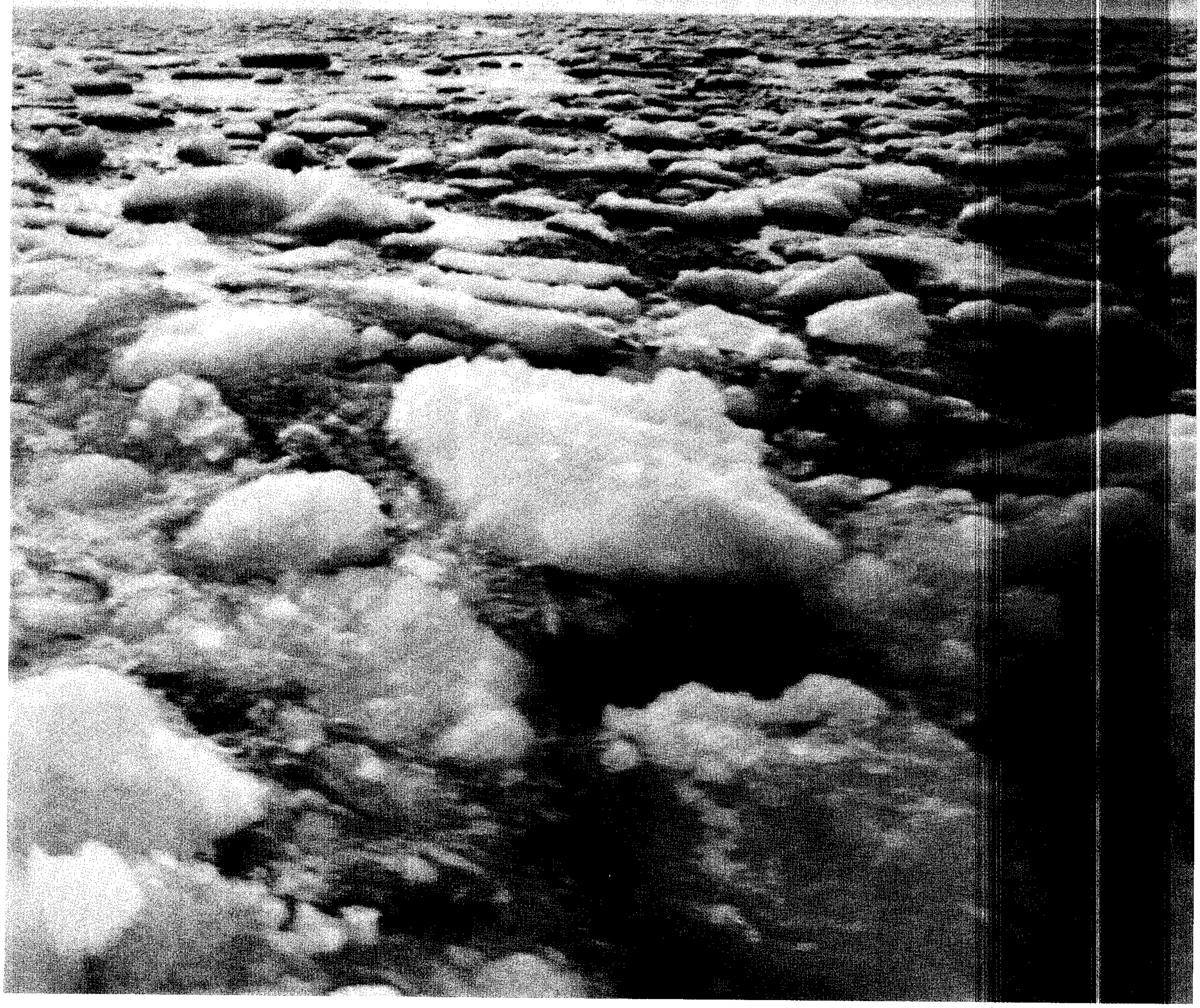

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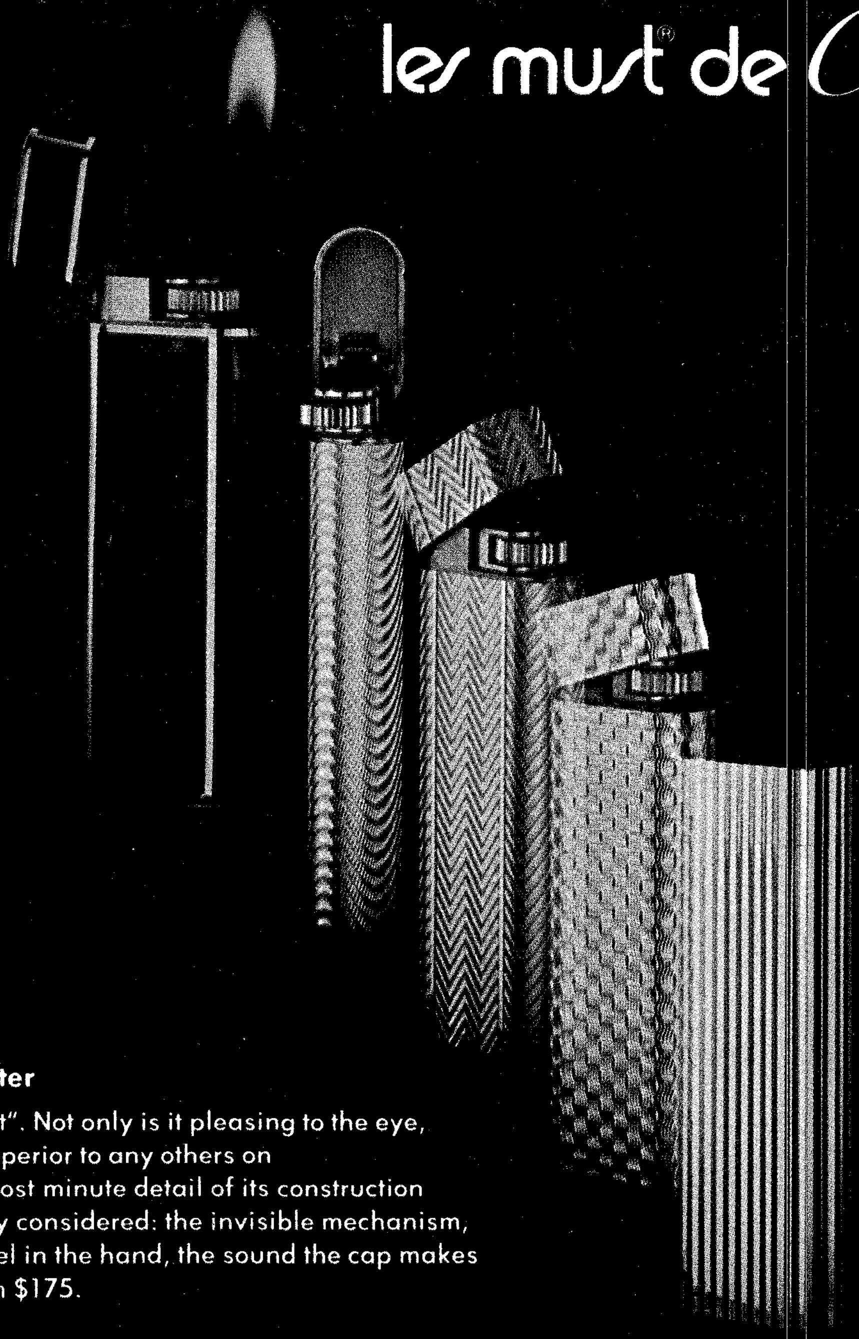

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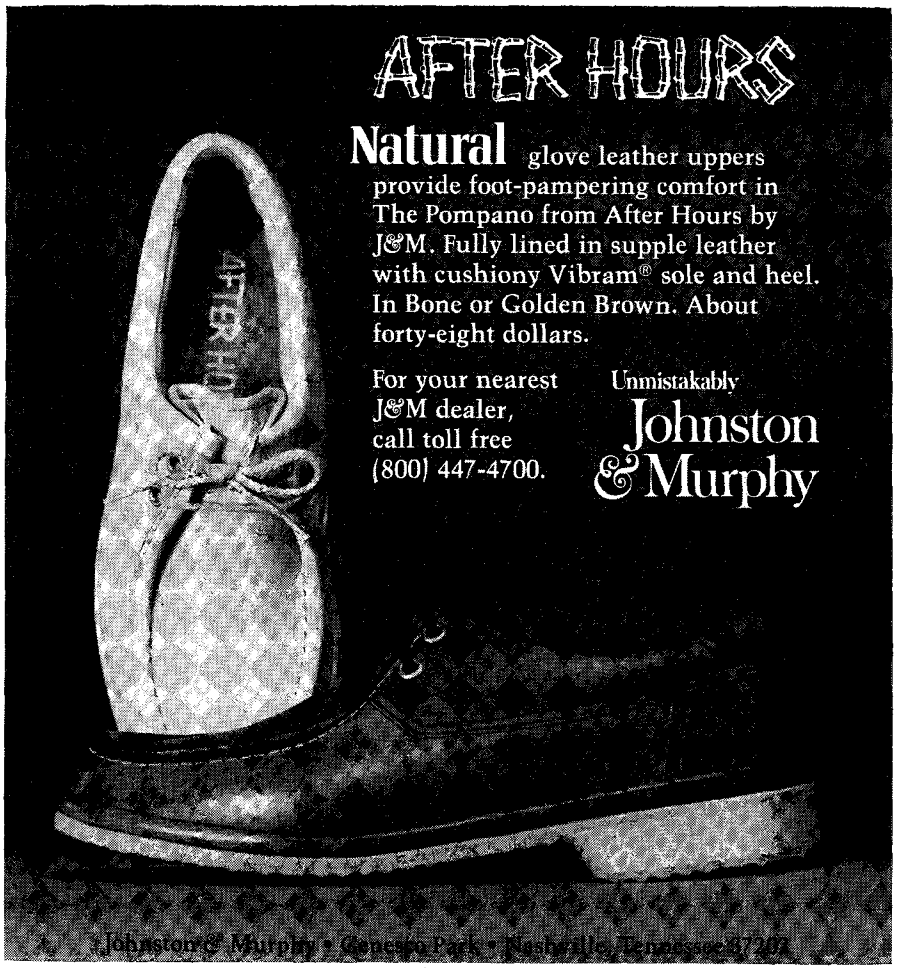
dy is in the four-square squat tradition of operatic mime. The Nurse, though played by a woman, is conceived in the masculine terms of the English-pantomime "dame." The MacMillan production for the Royal Ballet is more tasteful. Smuin, who has the impresario touch of a Belasco, occasionally stages gratuitous bits of action: a confrontation scene with too many star-crossed lovers, a protracted struggle between Romeo and Paris in the tomb. And the heaving about of Juliet's inert body by her bereaved father does not sit well with the stunned grief of the music. Smuin's greatest theatrical stroke comes in the funeral, when, after a hooded procession has crossed the stage, a scrim rises to the drumroll that unleashes the full orchestra in the wail of the dead march, and we behold the appalling blackness of the crypt.

Smuin's showmanship has so much energy it's a pity the performing can't be more full-blooded. The scene in the ballroom, when Juliet's attention should gradually shift from Paris to Romeo, is perfunctorily done, although we can see that opportunities to develop it exist in the staging. The balcony pas de deux is disappointing: small-scale "correct" dancing that projects no feeling for the drama. More disappointments are in store: more insipid lyrical pas de deux and amateurish bouts of mime. However, the bold masculine street dances, particularly the Queen Mab trio, and the duels are on a high level. Smuin can't pull rounded performances from his dancers, and his Juliets (I saw Diana Weber and Susan Magno) are maidenly and dull, but he gets full value from the men's dancing. And what would "Romeo" be without that?

"Shinjū," also by Smuin, is a sort of Japanese "Romeo and Juliet," in which the lovers commit ritual suicide and bleed red streamers. His "Songs of Mahler" is in yet another overfamiliar genre—the lieder ballet. Smuin's choreography always has a sunny vigor; it is cleanly modelled and spacious in design. With all his skill in the use of acrobatics, he doesn't torture the rhetoric—he dares to be simple. I don't enjoy the genres he's working in at the moment (happily for me, he left his Mozart Mass ballet at home), but I do enjoy his talent. "Quattro a Verdi" may also qualify as generic in this year of Verdi ballets. A formal pas de quatre for two couples, it was fine in its separate parts—which included several variations and two sweet adagios—but it went compositionally astray. Curi-



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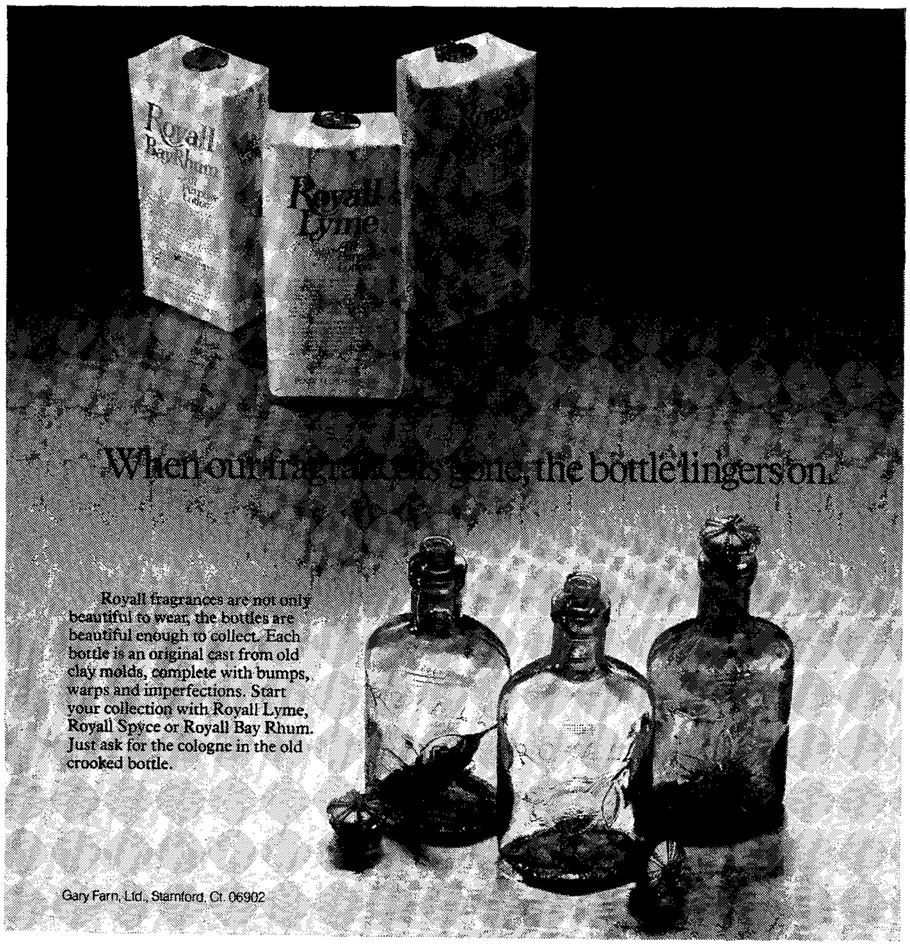

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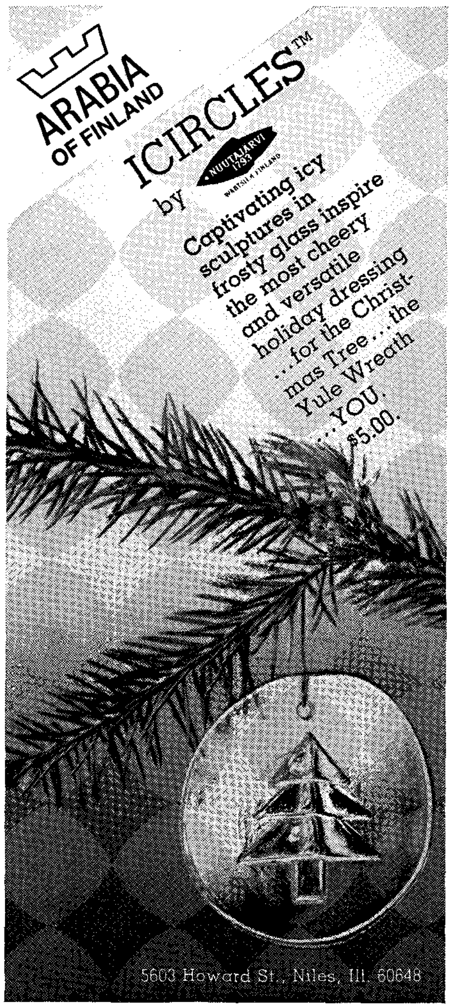
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ously, Lew Christensen's work has the same flaw, although with Christensen I often feel that it's his mind rather than his technical control that's wandering. "Il Distratto" starts as subtle satire and ends as bumptious burlesque. "Divertissement d'Auber," a pas de trois, is finely wrought in a technically close-knit style, but its tone is uneven. The total impression is inexplicably eccentric. Even "Stravinsky Pas de Deux" (set to "Four Norwegian Moods"), choreographically the most distinguished work of the season, was somewhat inconclusive. The comedy classic "Con Amore" I recalled from happy days at the New York City Ballet, and I was chagrined at the hard and forced manner of its performance by the San Franciscans. All these pieces except the first need more stylish performing than the company is able to supply. David McNaughton in "Divertissement" and as the Thief in "Con Amore" showed remarkable natural elevation and ballon but not much in the way of form. Dennis Marshall, in a number of roles, still has the individual elegance he had at American Ballet Theatre and that same technical fault in the carriage of the head. In general, the dancing of the San Francisco men is apt to be ragged but bright. The women are stylistically neater but unimpressive, and they're weaker on point than one would guess from their strength in relevé. In John McFall's "Beethoven Quartets" (the music is an assortment of movements from various quartets—a numbing idea), the choreography is mostly unisex, and it's the men who perform the adagios. Why should McFall be doing a kinky Hans van Manen ballet? There is a strong and honorable tradition of male dance at the San Francisco Ballet which began even before Lew Christensen followed his brothers Harold and Willam there. And from Lew Christensen, now entering his seventies, comes the precedent for the aggressive young group of choreographers led by Smuin. Oddly enough, their work—on this showing, at least—derives from everywhere but the Christensen repertory. Maybe he's just too eccentric, and maybe his mind does wander, but it is a choreographic mind of no small distinction. The Christensen ballets hold a provocative secret. They ought to be much better known than they are.

ONE of the ways that Agnes de Mille's choreography enhanced Broadway musicals was by capturing some image that was organic to their

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expression but that no one else could have foreseen. And it is her images, bearing her personal stamp, that prevail in the mind when the show is gone. Think of "Oklahoma!" or "Carousel" and at once a genie in ruffles leaps in the air and claps its heels. De Mille's dances, coming in the midst of a show, vividly stylized it. When her choreography is the whole show, as in the pieces she has made for ballet companies, the dancing frequently isn't strong enough in its own right, and the behavioristic character movement she specializes in can seem arbitrary. "Rodeo" is a success because it's arranged as if it were a segment of a show, and it fixes its own context for the dances. The dance style is small and close to the body, like an extension of acting, but we read it easily, because the characterizations of the Cowgirl and the Head Wrangler and the Champion Roper are large and clear.

The Joffrey is giving de Mille's latest ballet, "A Bridegroom Called Death," and it is a curious event in many respects. It tells a story, from Germanic folk legend, about a young woman drawn to a stranger on her wedding day, but de Mille seems reluctant to press a story interest as firmly as she would have in the old days, and instead devotes much of the time to lyrical-folk dances. They're not very interesting. The folk dances are too straight to hold any drama, and the ballet technique is powerless, like a pastel derivative of Fokine. The dances were probably meant to set a context for the story, but things don't turn out that way, perhaps because the process is against the de Mille grain. In "Rodeo," after all, the story set the context for the dances. In the new piece, de Mille instinctively avoids a heavy expressionistic style, and, even though she has not found the right alternative and the dances don't work, the restrained emotional atmosphere does. In spite of its theme, it's a benign ballet, with some of the equivocal charm of folk tales. I could have done with a less folksy heroine, and I guess I understand, though I can't quite accept, the casting of red-haired Russell Sultzbach as Death. But the emotion of the piece is not a frivolous one. Unfortunately, the Schubert songs de Mille uses for a score (this is another lieder ballet, alas, and badly sung) expose the wispiness of the material. The ballet needs more protection—lighter music, perhaps, with a heavier sound.

—ARLENE CROCE

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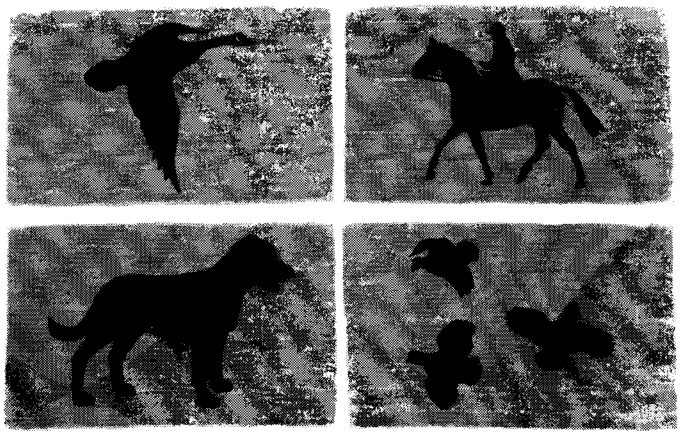

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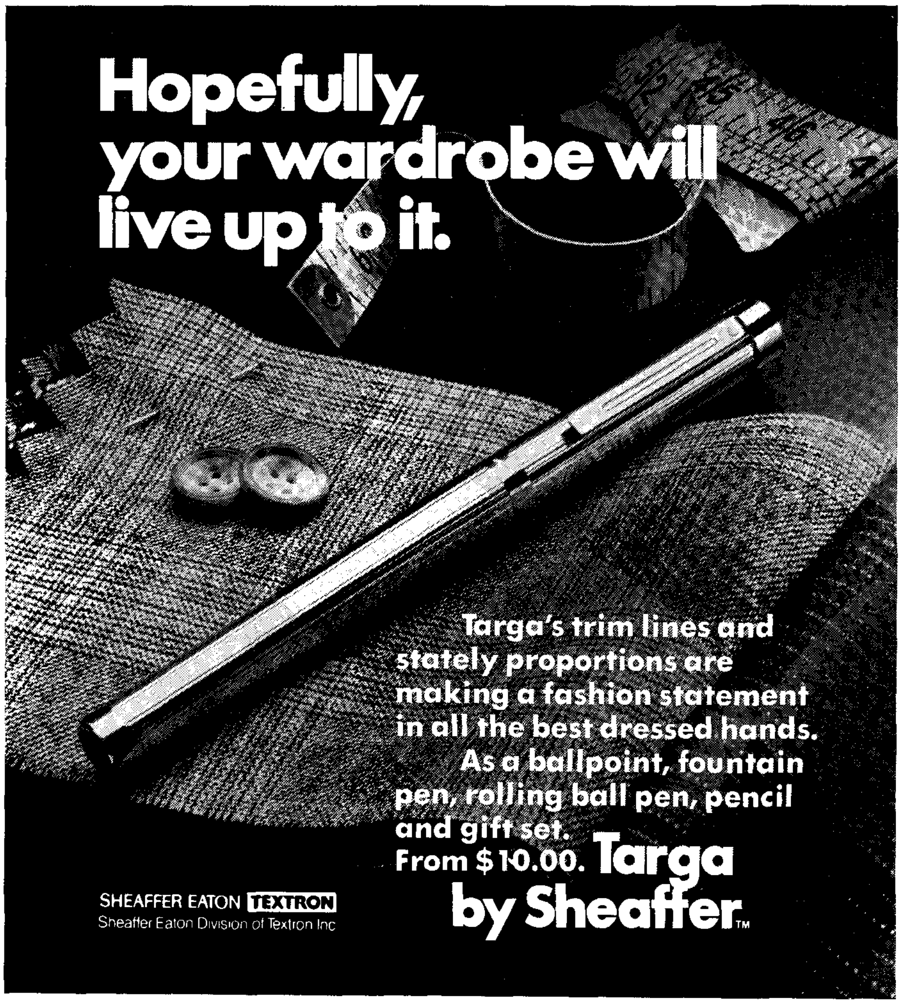

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WINNERS AND LOSERS

THE Democratic head of government was way down in the polls last summer. His staff complained on his behalf that he had a record of substantial achievement in office, but that this circumstance seemed to have been forgotten or to have escaped the notice of the public entirely. Every other day, some commentator offered a new example of his ineptitude in handling administrative duties or in dealing with the legislative branch of government. He was said to have an aloof, moralistic, somewhat peculiar personality; the better the voters got to know him, it was suggested, the less use they had for him. Other Democrats who were running for office this year openly expressed the hope that, with his unpopularity and his growing reputation as a loser, he would do them the favor of staying out of their territory. As the weeks went on, he fell even lower in the polls. Staff meetings took on an air of emergency. He was urged to go on the road, to press the flesh, and generally to revert to the smiling, fervently promising, mixing-it-up campaign style that had miraculously won him the office that, when his last campaign began, he had not been given a prayer of winning. The prescribed remedies for political recovery came from his media adviser in that earlier race, who had been summoned back now to mount a counterattack against those spreading the word that he had no chance of reëlection. As late as September 6th, David Broder wrote in his syndicated column, "There is almost universal agreement that if he had to face the voters now, he would lose to any of several Democrats or Republicans." Then everything began to look much better.

The head of government Broder was referring to was Jimmy Carter, but the President's accumulation of political troubles this summer sounded very like those which, over much the same period, seemed about to overwhelm New York's Governor Hugh Carey. A rather obscure Brooklyn member of the House of Representatives when he announced for the governorship early in 1974, Carey had gone on to win that election by over eight hundred and eight thousand votes—the largest plurality in a New York gubernatorial race since Herbert Lehman's victory in 1932. Yet early last summer it seemed that Carey could have been beaten by "just about anybody," as his deputy campaign manager put it. A poll released in May showed that Perry Duryea, the Republican minority leader of the State Assembly, would defeat him, even though many of those polled had no notion who Duryea was. A July poll put Carey twenty points behind Duryea, who had by then been nominated as his Republican opponent. Carey's lieutenant governor, Mary Anne Krupsak, had refused to run for reëlection with him, and, instead, was running for governor against him in the Democratic primary. As Brooklyn State Senator Thomas Bartosiewicz endorsed Miss Krupsak, he said, "The voters in my district consider Carey a loser. . . . They're afraid he will lose and take the whole Party down with him."

The Governor's predicament was far more perilous than that of Carter as Broder described it early in September, since the President had two years to recoup, while Carey was up for reëlection this November. A state officeholder is afforded few opportunities for heart-lifting victories such as that at Camp David in September, which—for the moment, at least—turned everything around for Carter politically. Last month, Carey tried to take a direct hand in the negotiations to end a local crisis whose resolution was desperately desired by all concerned—the strike begun by union leaders on August 9th against the publishers of the city's three major daily newspapers. Not only did he receive no credit for stepping into the middle of bitter hostilities at some political risk but he was also charged with having as his only motive a desire to get the newspapers

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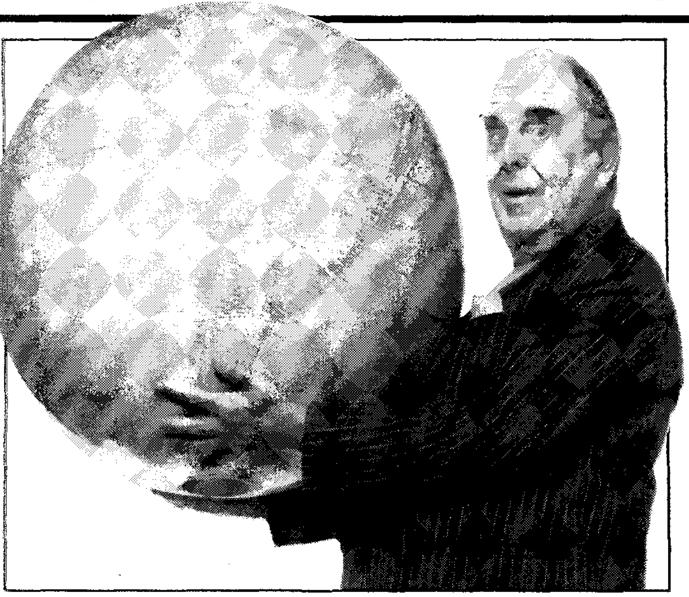

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publishing again—and, indeed, this aspect of things may have occurred to him—so that he could reap the full benefits of the expected *Times* and *News* endorsements. These were finally printed in the papers' November 6th editions, the first after the strike ended. (The *Post* had resumed publication on October 5th and had endorsed him ten days later.)

The rise of Carey's prospects from close to the political depths to the heights of triumph was not sudden, but it was steady. It involved, of course, a large amount of money (he admitted spending over four million dollars on the primary and the general election—approximately the same amount spent by his Republican opponent, who had no primary challengers) as well as lavish use of the powers of incumbency. Late in September, for example, Duryea visited a deteriorating area of Rochester and vowed that when he was governor he would put a high-level assistant in charge of neighborhood preservation; a week later, Carey was in Rochester speaking feelingly of the importance of neighborhood preservation, but *he* brought money—news of state grants totalling about a hundred thousand dollars to be handed out to four needy Rochester districts. Carey, who had been denounced by his defecting lieutenant governor for being "inaccessible" and "a loner," spent sixteen to eighteen hours a day in the streets and on the road, pressing the flesh, mixing it up, and promising, promising, under the eye of his media adviser, David Garth, who had also directed his 1974 campaign. On one upstate swing, Carey travelled by train, making numerous whistle stops, during which he would lean down from the observation platform and remind the crowds that this was the favorite campaign style of Harry Truman, every political underdog's favorite campaigner. In Binghamton, Carey was even rewarded by a shout from the crowd of "Give 'em hell, Hughie!" After the September 12th primary, in which he won the Democratic nomination over two opponents (Miss Krupsak and Brooklyn State Senator Jeremiah Bloom), he was between four and ten points behind Duryea in various polls, including those taken by Roger Seasonwein Associates. By mid-October, he had pulled nearly even, and in a poll released by Seasonwein thirteen days before the election Carey had an eight-point lead. Members of the Duryea organization, which had not questioned the Seasonwein group's credentials when it listed their candidate as running ahead of Carey,

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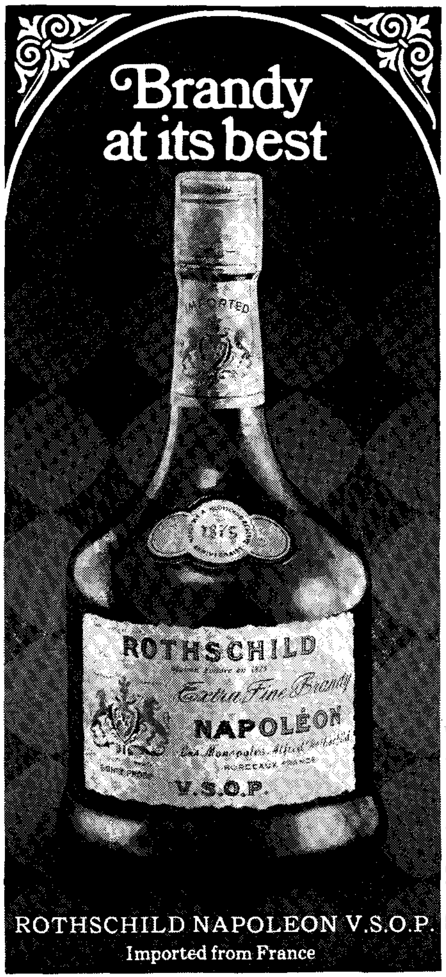

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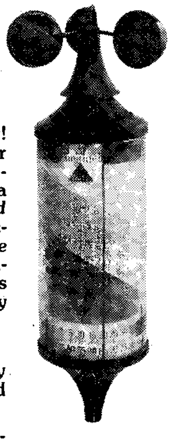

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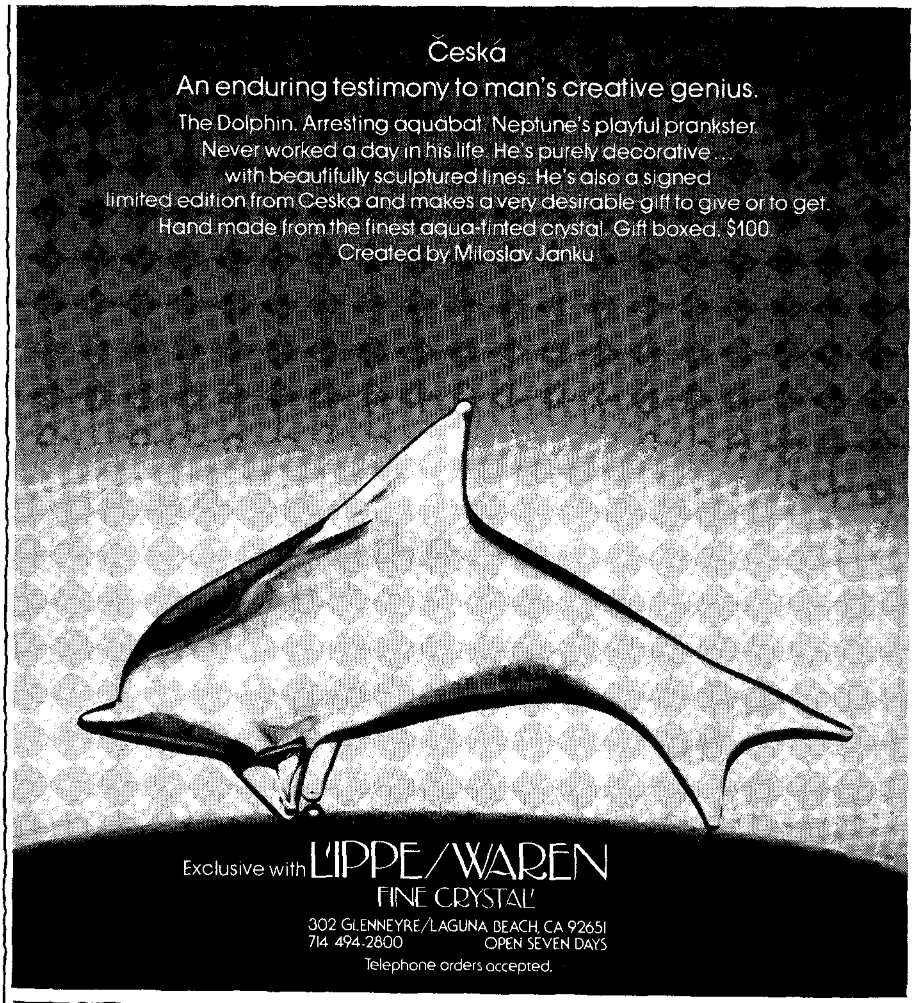
announced that they might well ask the state Board of Elections to investigate the impartiality and methodology of the later poll, which "appears designed to create a sense of momentum at a time when the Carey campaign is faltering badly." It was understandable that Duryea found it hard to believe that Carey would be reëlected. If he did pull it off, he would be the first Democratic governor of New York to win such a victory since Herbert Lehman was reelected in the nineteen-thirties. Indeed, except for Averell Harriman's single four-year term, which ended in December of 1958, New York had been governed by Republicans for thirty-two years before Carey took office.

Two days before the election, another Seasonwein poll, which Duryea immediately denounced as "phony," gave Carey a ten-point lead. On November 4th, Duryea seemed to be in shock after getting word that still another poll—in this case, one that had been commissioned by the Long Island newspaper *Newsday* and the upstate Gannett News Service, and one that he had confidently predicted would show him ahead—gave Carey a nine-point lead. In September, Gerald Ford had campaigned for Duryea here, and Jimmy Carter had appeared with Carey in Buffalo. Five days before the election, Carter joined Carey for a big rally on Wall Street. As in the Ford-Carter squaring off of 1976, Election Night brought a Democratic victory in the state whose leaders like to tell Carter that it provided the electoral votes that put him over. Carey's six-point margin over Duryea was larger than that by which Carter had carried the state two years ago. As the band played "Happy Days Are Here Again," the theme song of a onetime Democratic governor, Carey exuberantly called the New York election a portent of a national Democratic victory in 1980.

The moment of the campaign when everything stopped looking rosy for Duryea came not in its last days but about seven weeks before the election, on the night of another jubilant announcement—that reporting the agreement at Camp David. Throughout the summer, the Duryea forces had been engaged in a strong effort to capitalize on the distress of members of the Jewish community over the Carter Administration's sale of fighter planes to Arab countries as well as to Israel. In what was often referred to during the campaign as "the second-largest Jewish state in the world," Duryea (who made his first trip to Israel in July) assured Jewish groups he spoke to that



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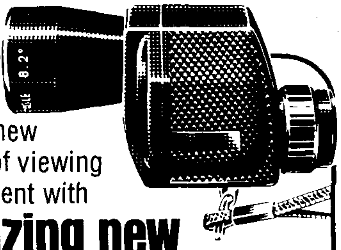

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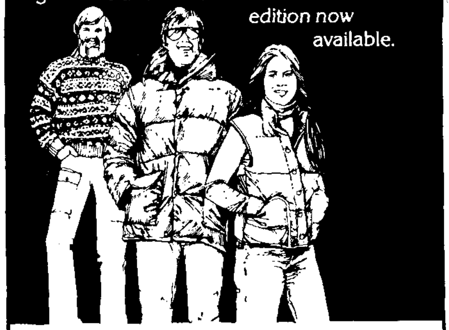

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there was no better way to "send a message" to the President about their resentment of his treatment of Israel than to elect a Republican governor of New York. At every stop, Duryea made an effort to associate Carey with the then unpopular President. "We'll wrap Jimmy Carter around his neck," one Duryea strategist was quoted as saying. After the events at Camp David, it turned out that the Duryea crowd had done Carey a big favor. At the Wall Street rally on November 2nd, Carey's first words as he introduced the President were "Thank you for peace in the Middle East." That was the day when it was suddenly announced that Carter would meet briefly with Menachem Begin, who was also visiting the city. The meeting took place at a fund-raising luncheon for Carey. A day later, the *Jewish Press*, which claims the largest circulation of any English-language Jewish newspaper in the world, had endorsed Duryea, but no newspaper endorsement could counter the pictures of a beaming Carter and Begin with Carey standing between them, which appeared on front pages all over the state. Two days before the election, Carey was in the heavily Jewish Borough Park section of Brooklyn, where some members of the Chassidic sect heckled him about his opposition to the death penalty. He won the crowd over by reminding them about Harry Truman's having won an election when all the odds were against him and then noting that Truman was the President who recognized Israel. Later, striking a bravura preëlection ecumenical note, the Irish Catholic Carey reported that he had visited St. Patrick's early the day before to pray that Pope John Paul II would do everything in his power to strengthen Israel's control over Jerusalem.

In giving its reasons for endorsing Duryea, the *Jewish Press* started out by saying, "The Jewish community is still incensed at the Governor's position regarding the death penalty." From the beginning, many local political observers had argued that the key question in the election would be how many of the seventy-five per cent of New Yorkers who, according to polls, favor the death penalty would base their votes on that issue. It is true that soon after the Democratic primary, as the contest between Duryea and Carey formally got under way, a poll showed forty-four per cent of the voters identifying taxes as the most crucial issue and indicating that they would decide between the two men on the basis

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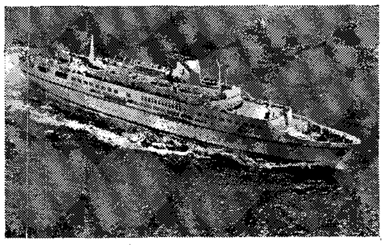

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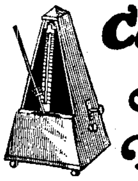

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of which of them was more likely to reduce the state tax burden, currently one of the heaviest in the nation. Only twenty-three per cent said that their vote would turn on the issue of the death penalty, which Carey and all the other Democrats running for statewide office opposed and which Duryea and all the rest of the Republican state ticket supported. However, the crime problem was named as the most significant by thirty-one per cent in the poll, and throughout the campaign Duryea linked the state crime rate to capital punishment. The Governor's stand on the issue, he insisted, meant that Carey was taking the criminals' side and could be held responsible for much of New York's violent crime—the implication being that such crime would have been insignificant if the death penalty had been in place as a deterrent. (No one would have guessed from the Duryea commercials that over the past year the rate of violent crime had in fact decreased about nine per cent in the city and six per cent in the state.) Thus, it appeared that Duryea might have started off with the basic support of fifty-four per cent of the voters.

The issue of taxes, listed as of prime concern by most voters, had many complex aspects, which were not easy to sort out. Carey kept saying that Duryea had voted for over three billion dollars in tax increases as part of the Republican administration that was in control in Albany until 1975. Duryea argued that Nelson Rockefeller, who was governor during nearly all the previous sixteen years, would have done even worse if he, Duryea, hadn't exercised a restraining influence on him. He added that Carey had voted for quite a few tax increases himself in the years when he was in Congress. Last spring, the Carey administration cut state taxes by about three-quarters of a billion dollars—a reduction that Wisconsin Senator William Proxmire complained was the largest state tax cut in the nation. Proxmire's point was that New York City should not be asking Congress for a billion six hundred and fifty million dollars in federal loan guarantees (which it eventually received) while New York State was giving its citizens this big financial break. Carey's argument was that without such a tax cut more and more businesses would be driven out of New York, further threatening the economies of both the state and the city. In 1977, Carey's administration had cut taxes by about four hundred and fifty million dollars, and Carey boasted during the campaign

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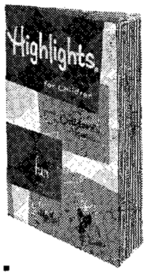

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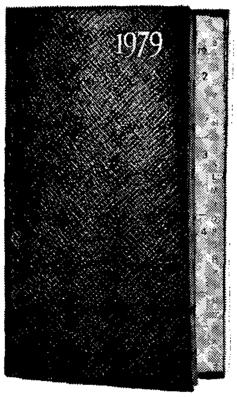
that the total reduction, of one billion two hundred million dollars, "makes a Proposition 13 unnecessary in this state." Duryea kept pointing out that Carey had raised taxes six hundred million dollars in his first year in office, and that, in effect, he was just giving New Yorkers back what he had taken from them. Carey's explanation was that he had had to raise taxes in 1975 because of the large deficit he inherited from the previous Republican administration, whose leaders had included Duryea.

Some voters got themselves a dull headache trying to figure out all these ramifications, while many others stayed with the issue of the death penalty, which had two sides, both relatively simple. On the basis of the campaign, it was often hard to believe that the number of New Yorkers who strongly favored the death penalty wasn't closer to a hundred per cent. As Duryea moved about the streets, he was frequently stopped by citizens eager to congratulate him on his stand in favor of capital punishment, and it was a rare Carey rally at which the Governor wasn't beset by hecklers attacking him on his stand against it. However, no Carey appearance during the general-election campaign was broken up—as one was during the primary race—by a candidate for the Democratic nomination for the State Senate leading a crowd of demonstrators in a deafening chant of "Death penalty for Carey!"

One reason so many local politicians were convinced that the death penalty would make all the difference in this year's statewide race was their belief that it had made all the difference in the 1977 election campaign of New York's present mayor, Edward Koch. In the summer of 1977, an unusual number of local headlines here had dealt with violence in the streets—especially the pursuit and capture of the man who called himself Son of Sam, and the looting and burning in the city's ghetto areas that followed the July 13th Consolidated Edison blackout. After the blackout, Koch, a candidate who had seemed to have little chance of election in a crowded race, took a strong law-and-order position, denouncing Governor Carey and Mayor Abraham Beame for not having called out the National Guard to deal more roughly with the looters. "If Koch wins, he'll owe it to Con Ed," a spokesman for one of his opponents told the press. Earlier in the summer, Koch had suddenly begun stressing the point that he was a strong advocate of the death penalty—a position that had been a secret from most of his constituents



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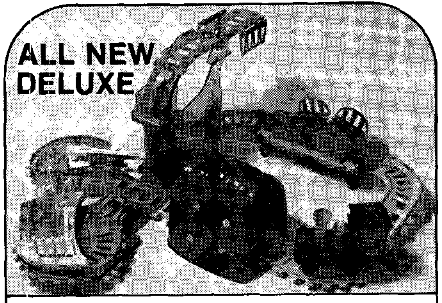

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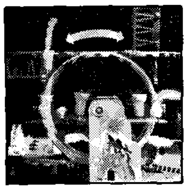

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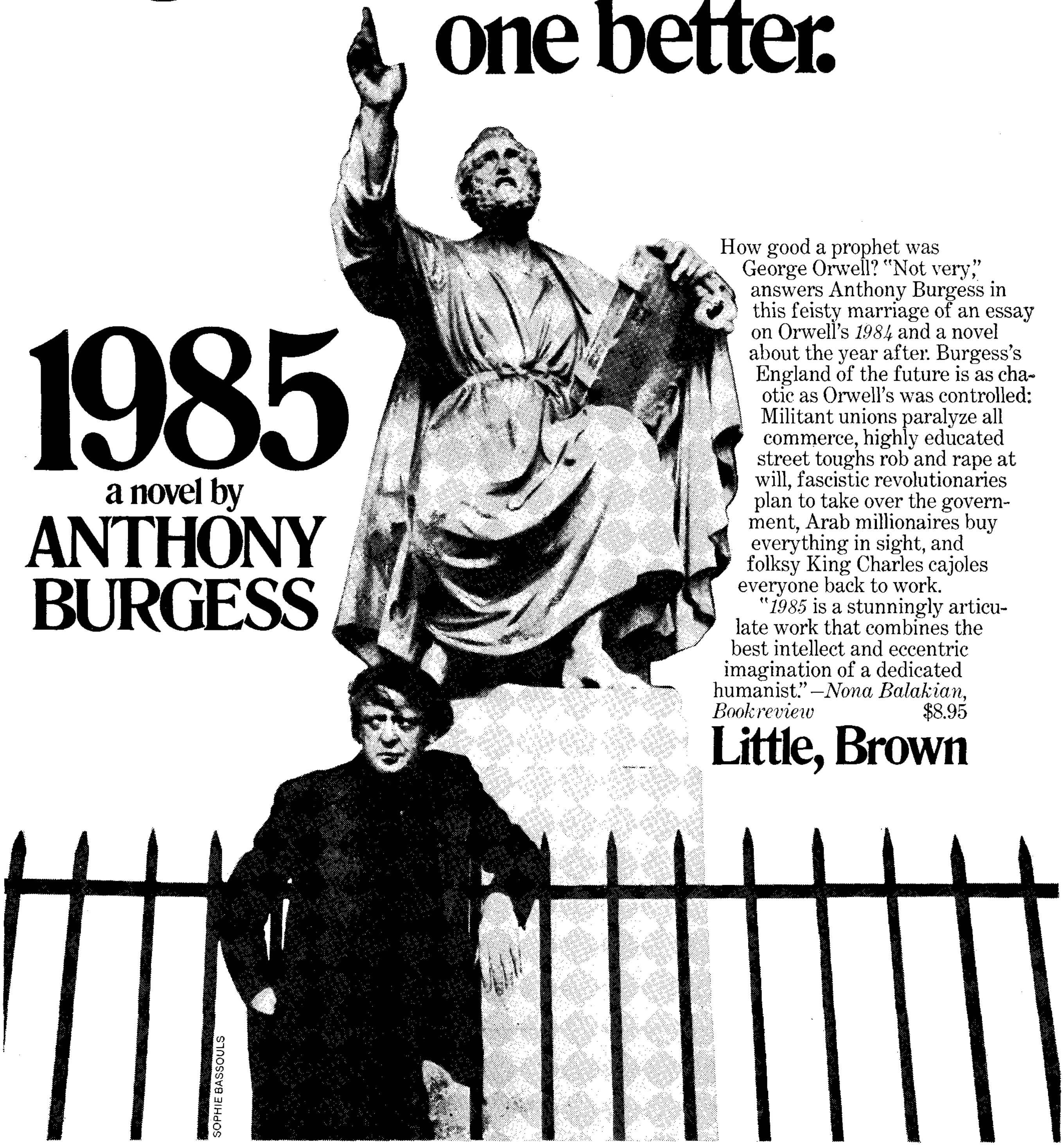

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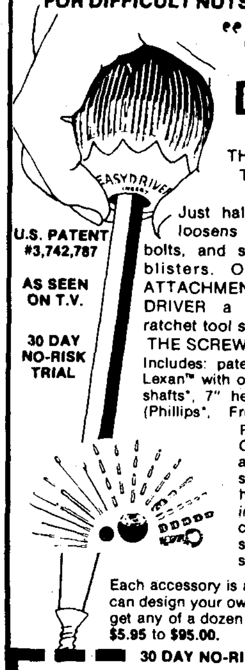

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in the Manhattan district that the syndicated columnists Evans and Novak have called "the most liberal congressional district in America," and that had reëlected Koch to the House of Representatives at two-year intervals beginning in 1968. (It was charged during the mayoral race that Koch campaign literature featuring his call for a strong capital-punishment law was distributed in the city's conservative outer boroughs although that handed out in Manhattan did not feature it. Fortunately for Koch, if this was his campaign tactic, his opponents were not as resourceful as Fiorello LaGuardia. One year when LaGuardia—Koch's favorite mayor, whose portrait hangs in his office—was running for the House of Representatives in a district whose constituents were Jewish in its eastern reaches and affluent Wasp to the west, the picture of himself that LaGuardia's opponent distributed in the eastern section showed the candidate in a yarmulke and beard, and that in its western section showed him as clean-shaven and wearing a natty tie. Fiorello's crews spent the whole night before the election transferring the east-side pictures to the west side and the west-side pictures to the east side, with gratifying results the next day at the polls.) Marching under his new law-and-order banner last year, Koch came in first in the September primary and in the November election, his closest competitor in each case being Mario Cuomo, this year's Democratic candidate for lieutenant governor, who opposes the death penalty. Last April, Serphin Maltese, the executive director of New York's Conservative Party, which later backed the Duryea ticket, predicted that capital punishment would be the critical issue in this year's gubernatorial campaign. "The pros were all watching and saw Ed Koch come on strong for the death penalty," said Maltese. "The pros saw the lesson of that race."

Despite this lesson, last April Carey vetoed the death-penalty bill passed by the State Legislature, saying, "Official killing is not, in my judgment, a proper or legitimate exercise of government." By a margin of one vote, the Legislature failed to override the veto. During the bitter debate on the override, opponents of the bill urged wavering legislators to listen to their consciences rather than to the clamor of their constituents, who in some cases were massed outside the legislative chamber vowing vengeance at the polls to all who came down on what they saw as the side of criminals. Among the favor-

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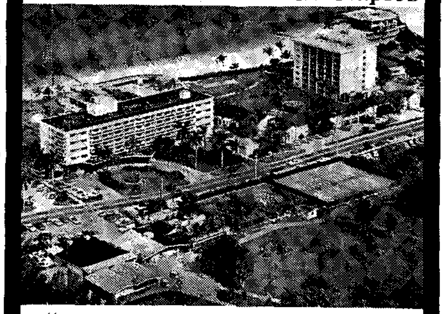

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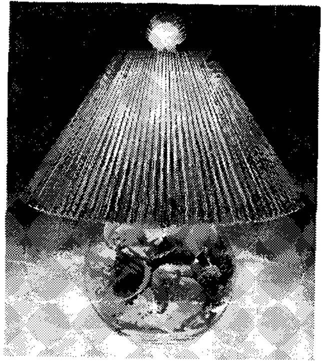

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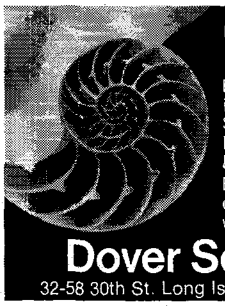

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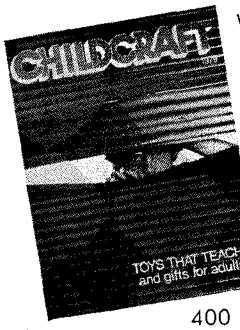

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ite quotations of those fighting an override was one from Edmund Burke, delivered two hundred years earlier: "Your representative owes you, not his industry only, but his judgment, and he betrays you instead of serving you if he sacrifices it to your opinion." At one point, a death-penalty advocate called out, "How many reëlection campaigns did he win?" Later, in conference with the waverers, Democratic leaders invoked another historic event—one that has an especially intense emotional impact in this state. "We talked about the Holocaust and what happens when good men do not stand up for what they really believe in," a legislator explained afterward. State Senator Israel Ruiz, a Puerto Rican elected from the South Bronx, was credited with having provided the single vote that prevented the override of Carey's veto. Among the achievements of his administration that Carey often bragged about during the campaign was his court-reform bill, which provides that judges of the Court of Appeals, the state's highest court, would no longer have to campaign for office but would be appointed by the governor from a list offered by a committee of lawyers and distinguished citizens. "Carey believes in judicial appointments based entirely on merit," ran a popular Albany joke last spring. "And if you don't believe it, ask Israel Ruiz, the next chief judge of the Court of Appeals."

NOT all political pros agreed that the capital-punishment issue would be paramount in the campaign. Shortly before this year's primary, the Brooklyn Democratic boss Meade Esposito called the controversy over the death penalty "just hysteria," and the primary results seemed to bear him out. State Senator Bloom, who was the only one of the three Democratic candidates for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination to support the death penalty, took only fourteen per cent of the vote. The candidate for the Democratic nomination for state attorney general, Dolores Denman, a supporter of capital punishment, who had called her contest with Bronx Borough President Robert Abrams "a referendum on the issue," lost to Abrams by almost two to one. After the primary, Carey declared hopefully that capital punishment was "a dormant issue," whose introduction in the race from then on should be considered "an attempt to becloud all the key issues and delude the voters." Three of Duryea's first five television commercials after the primary never-

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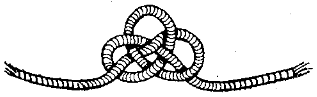

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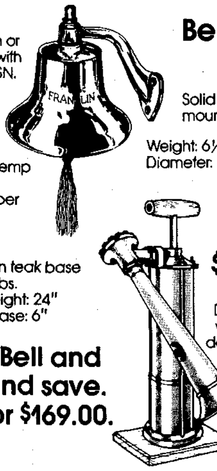

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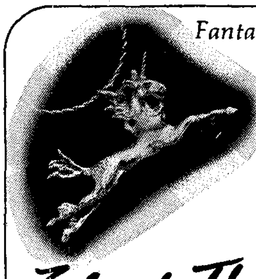

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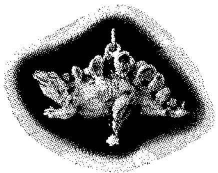

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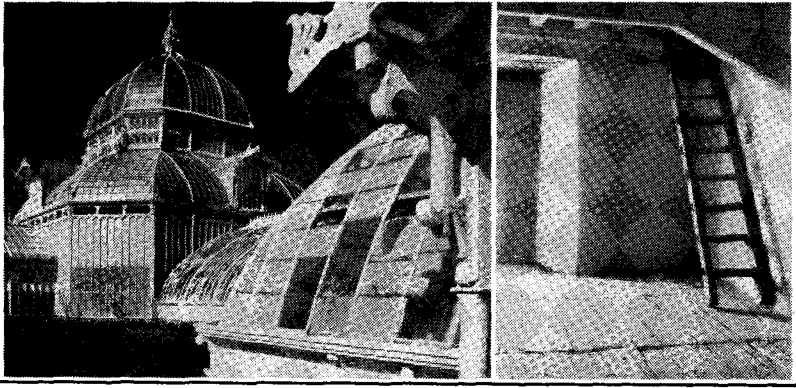

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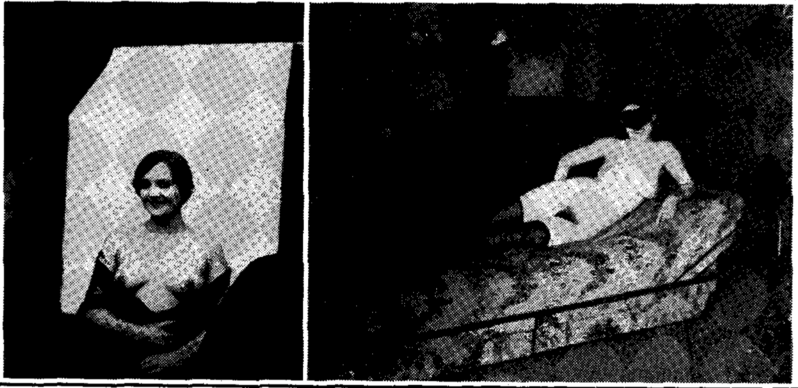

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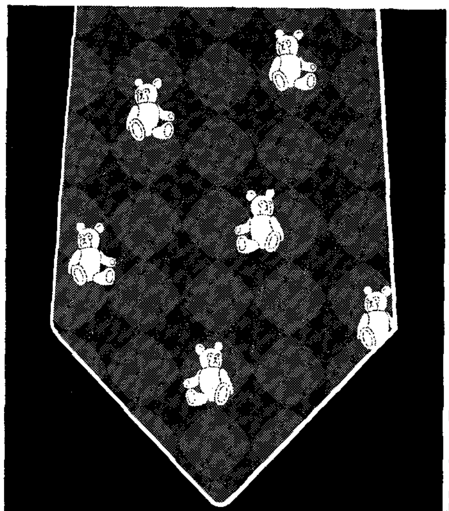

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theless dwelt on Carey's lack of support for capital punishment. In late October, a poll revealed that the voters were intent on the tax question, just as they had first indicated. Fifty-three per cent now listed it as the most important issue, and the ramifications had apparently been sorted out to Carey's advantage. Fifty-one per cent of those who called it most important now supported him, while only thirty-seven per cent backed Duryea. The crime problem was now listed as of first importance by only twenty-five per cent of the voters, while concern over the death penalty was down to fifteen per cent. Apparently rejecting this evidence, Duryea bore down on crime and the death penalty more heavily than ever in the last few days before the election, implying in one commercial that Carey was, in effect, responsible for the deaths of two New York City policemen. Duryea won the support of most of the police unions in the state, and nearly all of them mentioned the death penalty in their endorsements. Some Carey backers, including Coretta Scott King, the widow of Martin Luther King, Jr., cited his opposition to the death penalty as the reason they were for him. In the end, however, Carey won the vote of not only the liberal *Times* but also the *News*, a strong supporter of death in the electric chair, the paper's most famous editorial on the subject having run under the heading "Come Back, Little Hot Squat." By Election Day, there was a growing sense at Carey headquarters that the death penalty was not this time an issue on which the voters were ready to accept or reject a governor of the state.

During the campaign, capital punishment was most often treated as a partisan question, because of the opposing positions of the Democrats and the Republicans at the top of the state tickets, but this was not always an appropriate tactic. Campaigning on Staten Island in mid-October, Carey had kind words for longtime State Senator John Marchi, who has made a career of taking stands that confound those who know exactly what to expect of a Republican-Conservative Italian-American from Staten Island. After Proposition 13 passed in California last June, Marchi denounced it as "an exercise in public irresponsibility." And at every opportunity he has led the fight against the death penalty in Albany, telling his colleagues, "You know in your hearts it's a grisly business," and reminding them, "If you're rich, you'll never burn in this state." Carey congratulated the

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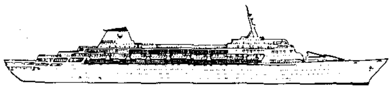

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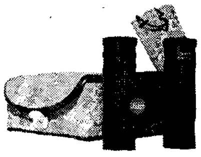

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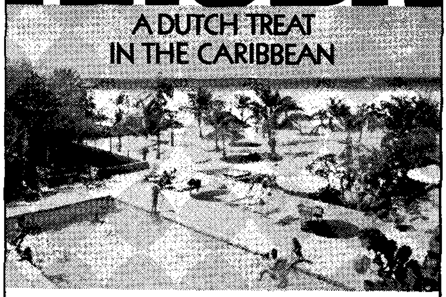

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citizens of Staten Island on having such *an able and courageous representative* in the State Senate. This view was naturally dismaying to Marchi's thirty-year-old Democratic opponent, Robert Gigante, who supports the death penalty. One of Gigante's responses was to pull youth. He pointed out that he had been eight years old when Marchi first entered the State Senate, and maintained that Staten Island needed new blood in Albany. On November 7th, Marchi was the winner.

ANOTHER candidate who pulled youth during the campaign was Representative Bruce Caputo, the candidate for lieutenant governor on Duryea's ticket, whose congressional district lies partly in Westchester and partly in the Bronx. One of the reasons Duryea had chosen him as a running mate was that he might be counted on to appeal to his fellow Italian-Americans (particularly, perhaps, the women voters among them, since he is a handsome thirty-five-year-old bachelor), for Italian-Americans are the largest ethnic group in the state. After Carey, in his speech accepting the endorsement of the Democratic state convention in June, boasted of having spent four years turning the state around after "the wretched record of Republican recklessness over sixteen tax-ridden, debt-ridden years," Caputo announced that nobody should go blaming him. When the alleged Republican depredations began, he said, "I was in the eighth grade at P.S. 8 in Yonkers." In fact, when they got under way, in January of 1959, Caputo was in the tenth grade at Deerfield Academy, in Deerfield, Massachusetts, but Deerfield does not play so well at campaign rallies. Caputo's official campaign biography did not mention Deerfield at all, reporting his education before college (Harvard, though it did not say he was Porcellian) as "Yonkers public schools." It mentioned the fact that he served four years in the Legislature; the first two of those years were in the Republican regime that the Democratic candidate was laying into. The biography did not note that by religion he is a Dutch Reformed Protestant (which may have come as a surprise to Duryea), but it did list among his civic credits the Catholic Interracial Council of New York. Asked early in June how he felt about the rigors of a long campaign, Caputo said that there would be no problem about stamina, because "I'm running against two old men," meaning, presumably, Carey, who is fifty-nine, and Cuomo, who is forty-six.

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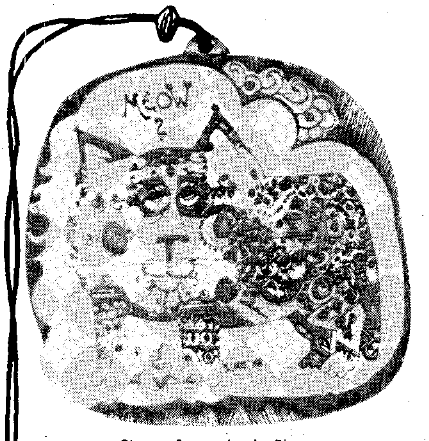

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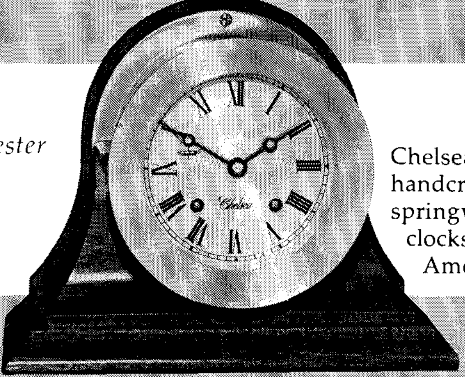
(Duryea's official biography described him as "a vigorous fifty-six." In October, he had a birthday and doubtless became a vigorous fifty-seven.) Caputo proved to have some drawbacks as the Republican ticket's Italian-American. In one debate on the abortion issue, which is believed to loom especially large among voters of Italian heritage, he sounded quite frivolous. Asked at what point he believed a fetus began to resemble a human being, he said, "To me, being a bachelor, a fetus doesn't look human until about the fourth year." It was also recalled that when he was sworn in as a member of the House of Representatives, in January of 1977, and all the other House freshmen were surrounded by swarms of friends and relatives, Caputo was unattended, explaining, "I'm all alone." Not many of his compatriots were moved to respond to the campaign appearances of the pleasant, well-tailored, unattached young man with fervent cries of "Now, *that's* Italian!"

In a more traditional mold was Mario Cuomo, the Italian-American candidate for lieutenant governor on the Democratic ticket. Cuomo, a rather rumpled man, married and the father of five, who had as the theme of his last year's mayoral race a series of commercials stressing his pride in his immigrant descent ("We are the children of giants"), lives in a Queens neighborhood a few blocks from where he was born—in an apartment over his father's grocery store, in which he worked after school. For Cuomo, the events of November 7th had a special significance. Although he has been considered an important New York political figure since the early nineteen-seventies, when he played the role of mediator in a number of critical community disputes, Cuomo had never won an election. His present job, secretary of state in Albany, is one to which he was appointed by Carey. A 1973 attempt to run for mayor came to nothing, and in 1974 he was defeated for the Democratic nomination for lieutenant governor by Mary Anne Krupsak, whom he replaced on the Demo-

Judith Shahn



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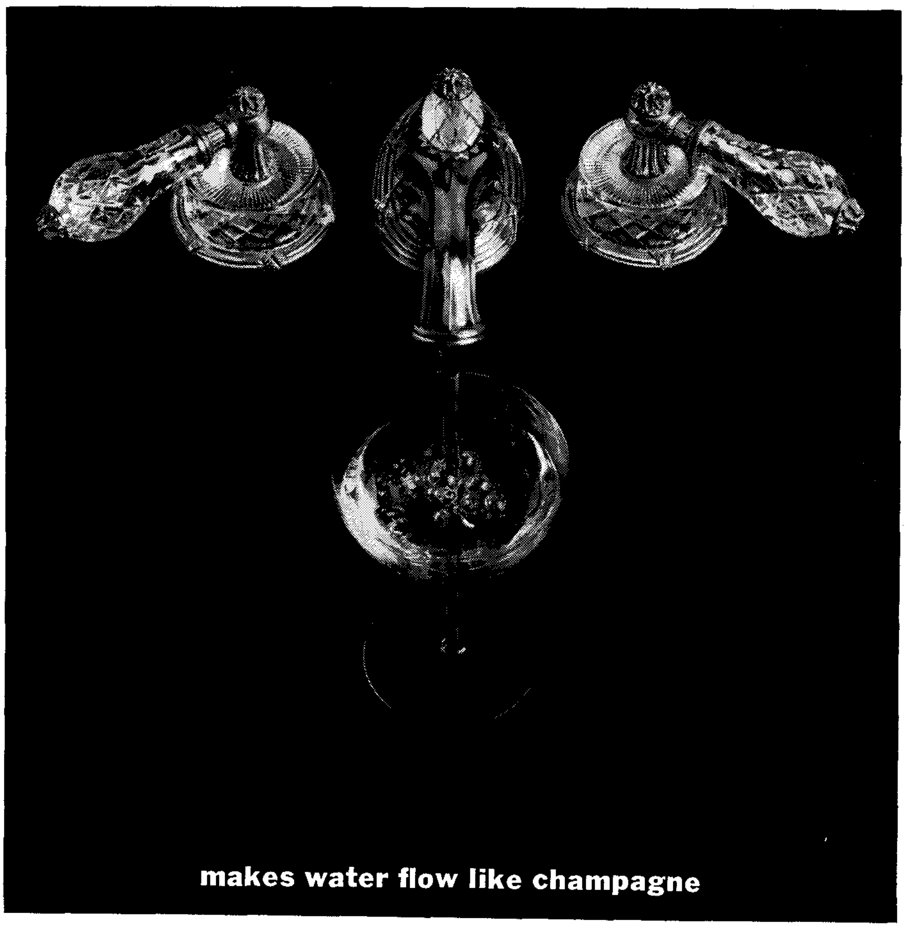

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cratic ticket four years later. In his most recent losing contest, however—his loss to Koch in last year's mayoral race, during which Koch referred jeeringly to his never having been elected to anything—Cuomo received 587,257 votes. There is no doubt that he was a helpful factor in assuring Carey's three-hundred-thousand-vote plurality this month.

THIS year's election was the first in nearly a generation in which Arthur Levitt wasn't on the ballot for state comptroller and Louis Lefkowitz wasn't running for state attorney general, both men having reluctantly announced their retirement last spring. Levitt, a Democrat, who is seventy-seven, and Lefkowitz, a Republican, who is seventy-four, had seemed to have permanent custody of their offices, and they were also the two biggest vote-getters in state history. Each drew over three million votes in 1970, and in 1974 Levitt topped that with over three million three hundred thousand. At the 1974 Republican state convention, Roy Goodman, a state senator from Manhattan, made a ceremonial reference to a possible victory by the Republican nominee over Levitt. Waves of laughter rolled through the convention hall. In 1970, Levitt's opponent was Edward Regan, who is now the county executive of upstate Erie County. "If Arthur Levitt had died, I wouldn't have won," Regan said last June of the 1970 election. "People would have gone in and voted for him." The Republicans decided this year that Regan deserved another shot at it, and he was named to oppose the candidate designated by the Democrats at their state convention, City Comptroller Harrison Goldin. In the 1978 race for state attorney general, it was the Democratic candidate who was having a second shot at it. Running against the legendary vote-puller Lefkowitz four years ago, Bronx Borough President Robert Abrams had unexpectedly won nearly forty-five per cent of the vote.

On the question of whether huge political popularity is transferrable, the results in New York this year proved contradictory. Lefkowitz campaigned hard for Michael Roth, a former chairman of the State Liquor Authority, who was the Republican candidate to succeed him. In the final days of the race, the Republican nominee spent a hundred thousand dollars just on radio and television commercials that featured Lefkowitz urging the voters to support Roth. "Bobby Abrams would

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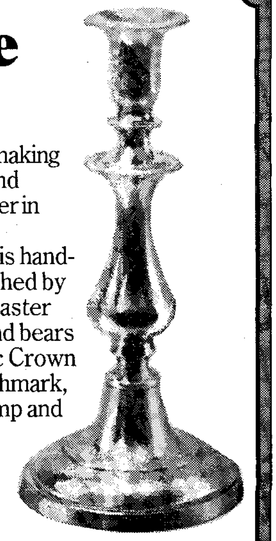

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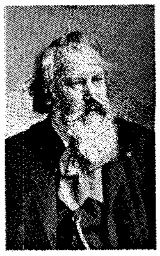

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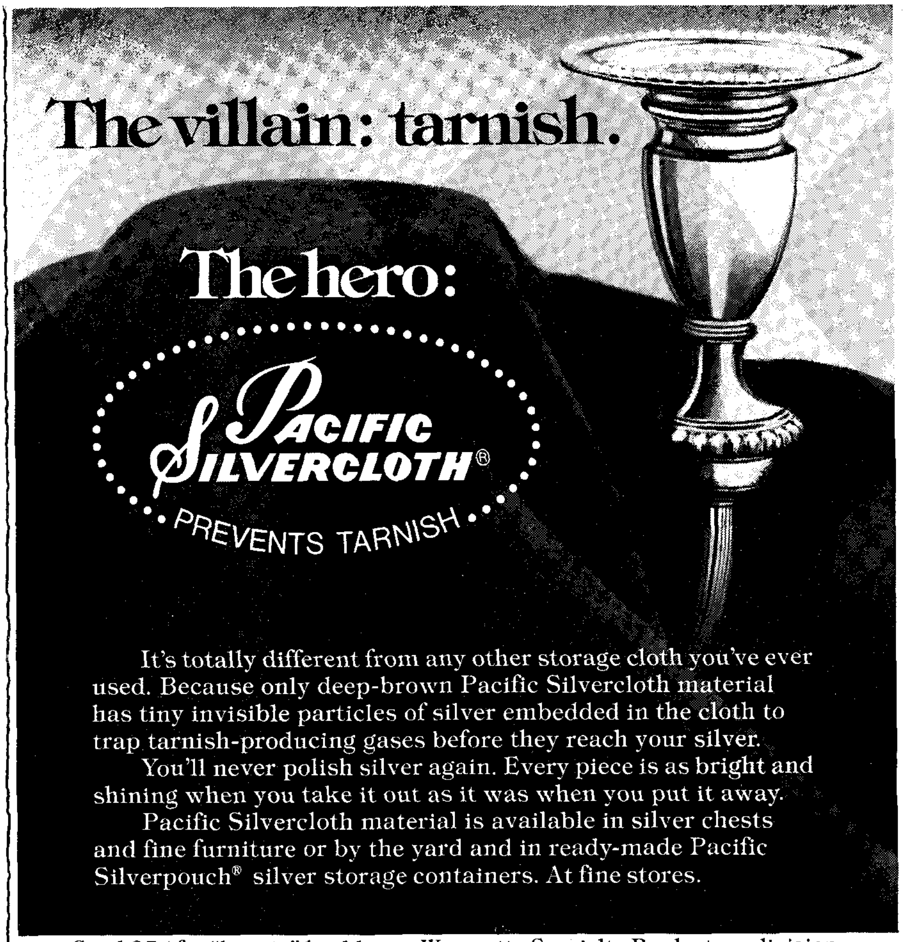
eat Mike Roth alive" had been the prediction at the Republican state convention by Westchester Assemblyman Joseph Pisani, who wanted the nomination himself. On Election Day, Abrams' fifty-four per cent of the vote made a nice political helping and gave Abrams the distinction of being the first Democratic state attorney general in thirty-six years.

Regan had been especially welcome on the Republican ticket, because he was its only true upstater (the other three statewide candidates came from suburban counties) and its only Irish Catholic, credits that he stressed throughout the summer. Later in the campaign, however, he had something else to talk about. A major credential was being withheld from his opponent: the endorsement of Goldin's fellow-Democrat Arthur Levitt. Earlier in the year, Goldin had had the temerity to take issue with some reports put out by Levitt's office. Levitt had retaliated, and for a time the public could well have got the impression that a large share of the energies of the city and state comptrollers was being devoted to auditing each other's audits. Levitt also made no secret of his resentment of statements by Goldin indicating that he would run for the state comptroller's office before Levitt had announced that he was relinquishing it. Levitt first endorsed a possible challenger of Goldin in the Democratic primary, but the challenge failed.

In recent years, Levitt had conducted himself as if he were an independent power, far above politics. In fact, he had first won the comptrollership as a product of the Brooklyn Democratic machine, and in 1961 he had run unsuccessfully as the clubhouse candidate for the Democratic nomination for mayor of New York. Despite this long Democratic history, a few days before the election Levitt authorized the Regan camp to send out a press release quoting him as saying, "Ned Regan has the character and integrity to succeed me"—a statement he declined to make about Regan's Democratic opponent. Last year, Goldin, running for reëlection as city comptroller, took eighty-four per cent of the vote, said to be the largest margin won by any citywide candidate in this century. This month, he lost to Regan by a two-per-cent margin, and Levitt described himself as "greatly pleased." Goldin will now serve out the remaining three years of his term as city comptroller, and at forty-two, six years younger than Regan, he will undoubtedly be looking ahead to another election. Headlined



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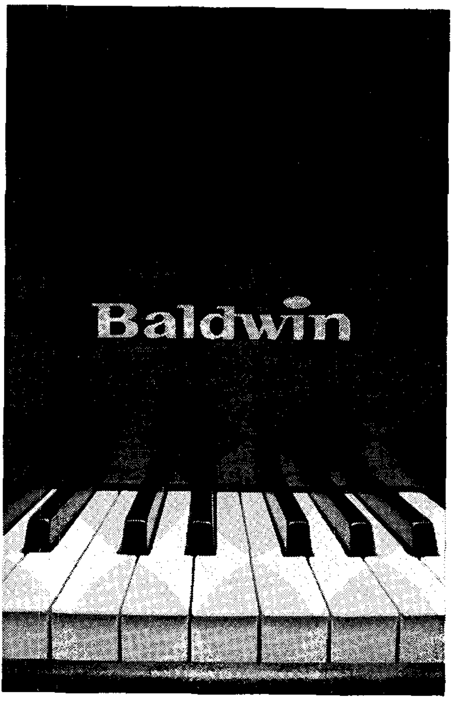
charges of a certain unreliability in the figures put out by the state comptroller's office under the management of the man who defeated him seem inevitable, and in return there may well be headlined Regan exposés of the inefficiencies of the city comptroller's office—all this at a time when it is critically important for Washington to be persuaded that New York State and New York City are in sound fiscal hands.

ALTHOUGH he would never have been caught saying so out loud, at least one New York State Republican leader may not have been entirely depressed by the election results. After the Republicans lost the governorship and control of the State Assembly in 1974, Duryea, formerly the Assembly speaker, was reduced to minority leader of that body. Since then, the state's most powerful Republican has been Warren Anderson, the majority leader of the State Senate, whose role would have been distinctly secondary, of course, if Duryea had won the governorship. In 1975, when New York City was about to go under financially, Duryea took the position that this was a downstate, Democratic problem. It was Anderson who, concerned with the threat to the state's fiscal future, pitched *in and helped Carey steer through a* reluctant State Senate and Assembly the legislation and grants of state fiscal assistance that Washington required to be in place before it would agree to the seasonal-loan legislation that tided the city over until this year's loan-guarantee bill was enacted. (Despite Duryea's claims of interest in the city—and its large bloc of voters—during the recent campaign, he voted against virtually every one of the critical bills.) Last winter, Anderson announced that he was considering running for governor himself, but he was unable to raise enough money. Early in May, he withdrew, leaving Duryea a clear field. A few days before the election, as the encouraging polls rolled in, Carey remarked that he had been very lucky in the Republicans' choice of his opponent. "How could I have run against Warren Anderson on the issue of having saved the city?" the Governor asked. "He worked as hard to save it as I did." Carey's mellow view of the man who remains the state's most powerful Republican may not last out the first week of the legislative session next January, but in their anger during the campaign at what they regarded as candidate Duryea's political low blows and his rewriting of recent Democratic his-



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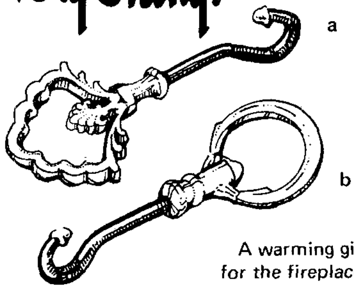

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tory in the state, some Carey staffers recalled with satisfaction the Governor's comment last winter on the two top New York Republicans. Asked about Anderson, Carey said, "He's a thoroughbred." He added, after a moment, "The other one's a quarter horse."

"THE Democrats will fall like Munchkins," State Senator John Calandra, the Bronx Republican boss, said gleefully last June, when Carey's political prospects looked so dismal that a *Times* editorial described him as "bleeding from every pore." That was not the way things worked out here (or, for that matter, in Oz, where the Munchkins were saved by Dorothy and her friends and presumably lived happily ever after). "CAREY'S VICTORY RAISES DEMOCRATS TO THEIR HIGHEST PEAK IN DECADES" read a *Times* headline two days after the election. Caputo's seat in the House of Representatives went to a Democrat. Of the eighteen members of the House who represent any part of the five boroughs, only one is now a Republican: William Green, who last February won the Manhattan seat vacated by Koch, was reëlected this month. In the Legislature, the Democrats won an additional seat in the State Senate, reducing the Republican margin to thirty-five out of the sixty members. In the State Assembly, where the results of some races are not yet official, they are likely to end up with eighty-six members, the Republicans with sixty-four.

Among the new faces in the Legislature, however, both Republicans and Democrats, there are believed to be several who are ready to vote to override a Carey veto of a new death-penalty bill. Last spring's session in Albany marked the second time in two years that the Legislature had passed a capital-punishment bill and a Carey veto had then been narrowly sustained. Such a bill will certainly be introduced again, despite David Garth's statement the day after the election that the results "destroyed the myth of the death penalty," in the sense that opposition to it was politically fatal—a view that was echoed by Carey. (In the 1977 mayoral election, Garth directed Koch's campaign, which emphasized the compatibility of the candidate with the will of the electorate on capital punishment. This year, he had charge of Carey's campaign, which emphasized the courage of the candidate in defying the will of the voters on the issue.) A *Times*-CBS News poll after the election showed that although seventy-nine per cent of those who voted

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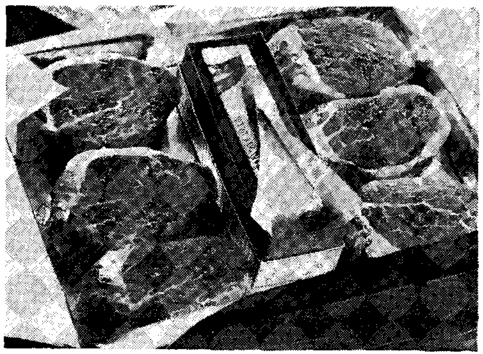

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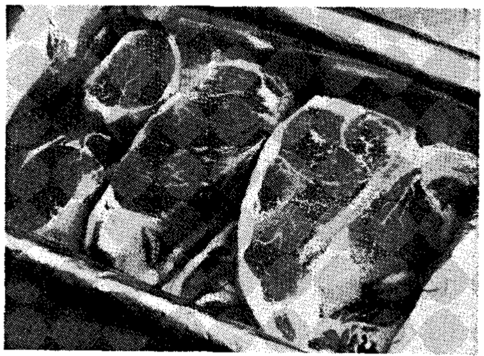

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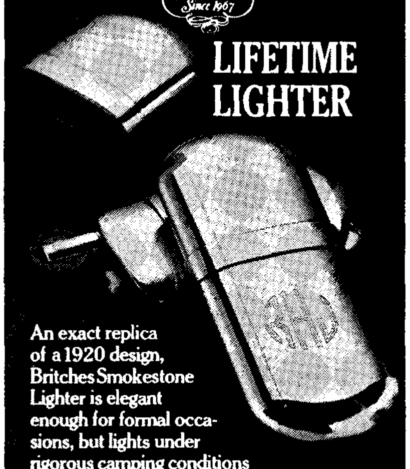

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for Duryea were supporters of the death penalty, so were fifty-five per cent of those who voted for Carey. During the Albany debate on the override last spring, however, the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association bused a thousand senior citizens to the state capital to help the union lobby for an override. The message was "It's not too long till November," and one of those besieged by the elderly visitors was Assemblywoman Mary Rose McGee, of Suffolk County, who opposes the death penalty, and who resisted the lobbying and voted with Carey. Although the P.B.A.'s gubernatorial candidate, Duryea, was beaten this month, the reminder that Mary Rose McGee also went down to defeat will no doubt make opponents of the death penalty quite nervous in the Albany debates next spring.

A Washington *Post* article before the election described this state's gubernatorial campaign as personifying "politics without joy," but on November 7th there was, of course, great joy in the Carey camp, just as there had been after the primary, when the often dour Governor was photographed dancing a jig with one of his twelve children. What persist in the mind longer than the antics of the winners on Election Night, however, are the grim faces of the losers as they see ahead of them, after the long, punishing campaign, the process of adjustment to defeat, to, in some cases, being out of office entirely after a lifetime in politics, to painfully paying off the vast debts that are the certain penalty now for seeking almost any office, successfully or not, and to trying to heal the wounds that are left by so many political contests. After a bitter primary for an Illinois congressional seat last spring, it was six months before the loser, Roscoe Cunningham, could bring himself to say a good word for the man who had beaten him, and then he put it this way: "I hereby retract all the nasty truths I uttered about this man during the primary. I find it easy to support Dr. Crane. After all, I was trained as a lawyer. I can defend almost anything." —ANDY LOGAN

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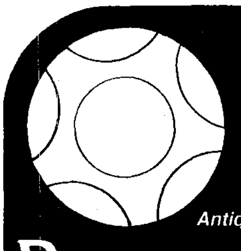

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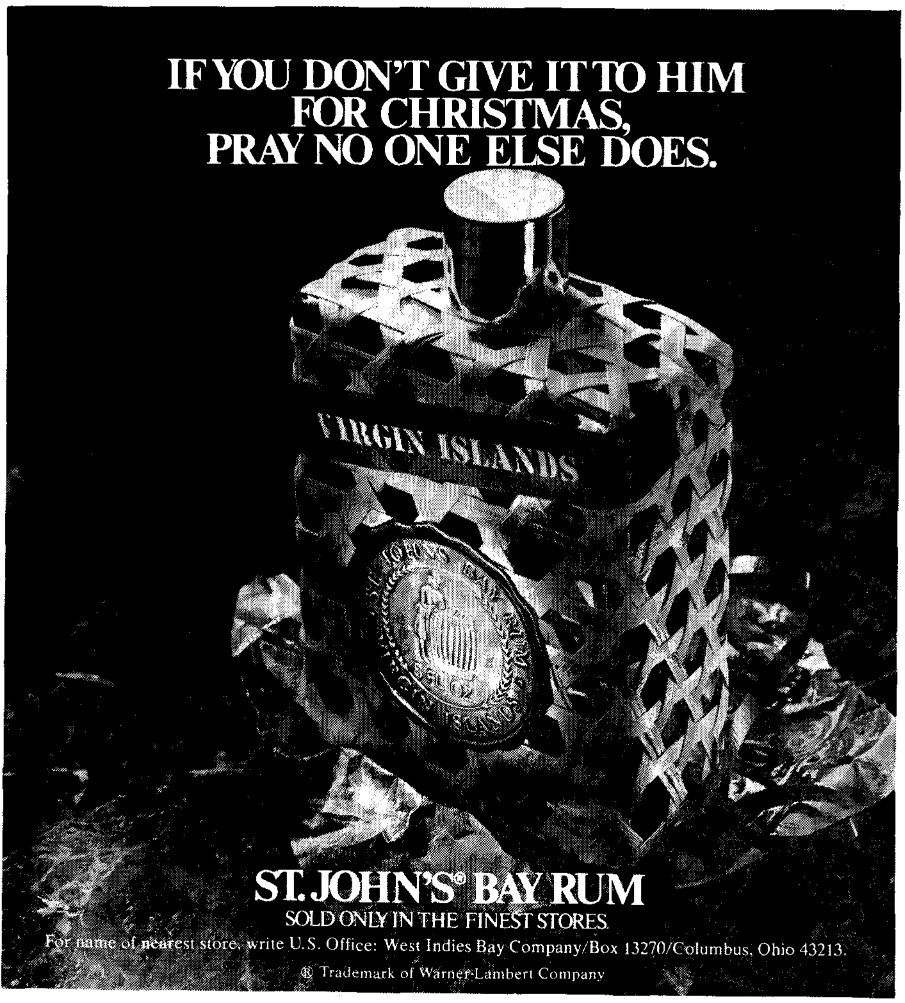
JAZZ

Tommy Flanagan

THE jazz nascence that took place in Detroit and its environs in the forties and early fifties produced four remarkable black pianists—Hank Jones (b. 1918), Barry Harris (b. 1929), Tommy Flanagan (b. 1930), and Roland Hanna (b. 1932). All have leaned on each other and on generally shared idols. Jones and Flanagan admired Fats Waller, Art Tatum, Teddy Wilson, Nat Cole, and Bud Powell. Flanagan also learned from Jones, and Jones in later years probably listened to Flanagan. Harris admired Powell and Flanagan, while Hanna admired Flanagan and Erroll Garner. All four remained more or less hidden to the public until recent years: Jones as an accompanist for Ella Fitzgerald and as a studio musician; Flanagan as an accompanist for Tony Bennett and Fitzgerald; and Hanna and Harris as industrious sidemen. Jones, who is just six years younger than Teddy Wilson, is their doyen. His touch is pearled, and his improvisations are spun out of long, willowy single-note melodic lines that reflect Wilson's fluidity and grace and Powell's harmonic advances. His single notes are unfailingly polite and his harmonies cast soft light. Homogeneity itself is his style. Harris must have passed through Jones' benign influence, but when he was a teen-ager he fell under the spell of Powell and Charlie Parker, for he constantly and brilliantly applauds their wheeling, irregular, slightly acidulous melodic lines. Harris's phrase endings tend to wilt and fall away, as if they were being blown out of hearing, and the rest of his attack, lacking dynamics and silence, often drones. Bebop players equated silence with weakness. Hanna is a buoyant, resplendent pianist. He uses a great many chords and baroque melodic lines, and he likes to keep coming to climaxes. His melodic surges continually ascend and descend, and as each breasts a hill Hanna celebrates with a crescendo. Jones, Harris, and Flanagan are cool players, but Hanna toils at his large, gleaming, gabled structures. Flanagan plays with nicely controlled passion and with considerable wit. He sparkles like his old idol Nat Cole, and he is surprising and indefatigable. He shares Wilson's delicacy and logic and Tatum's touch and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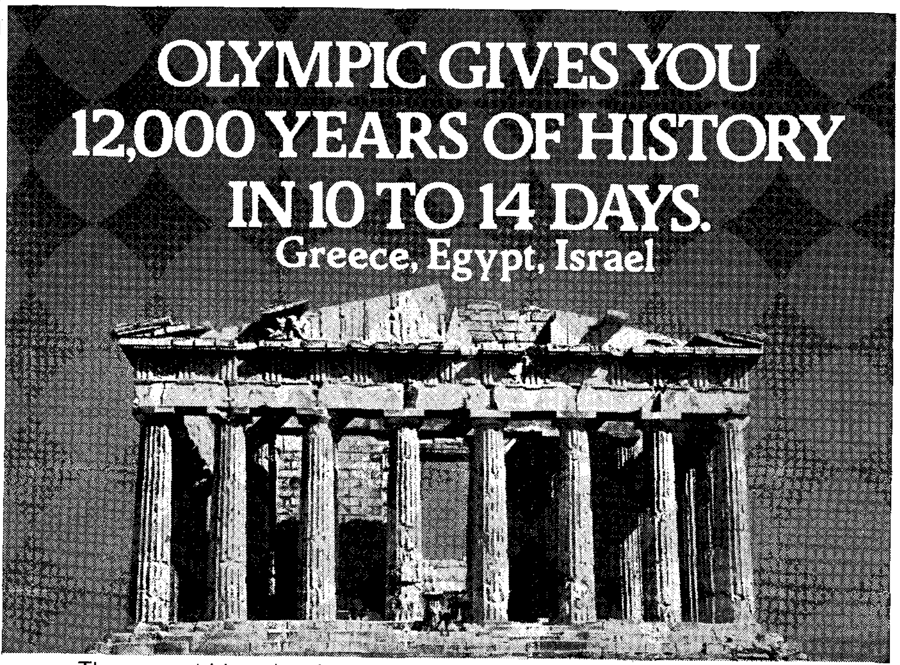

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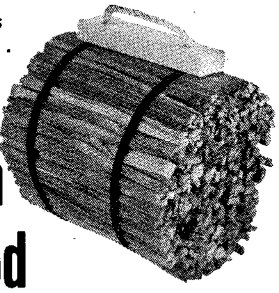

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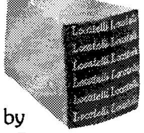

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technique, and he clearly admires Powell's circuitous melodic inventions. He ranks with the other brilliant Wilson-Tatum-Cole disciples—Jimmy Rowles and Dave McKenna and Ellis Larkins—but he is more consistent. It is rare to come away from hearing Flanagan without something new and ingenious.

Flanagan looks Edwardian. He is of medium size, and is mostly bald, with a hedge of whitish hair at the back of his head. A luxuriant mustache and glasses balance the hair. He has a quick, diffident smile and a soft voice. He does not like to talk about himself, but when he does he fashions each sentence as if it were part of a solo. He is a shrewd, kind man who speaks well of many of the pianists around him—Herbie Hancock, McCoy Tyner, and Cecil Taylor, the last of whom "plays with beauty." Not long ago, Flanagan talked of his life and his playing. "I was born in Conant Gardens, on the northeast side of Detroit," he said. "I was the youngest of five boys and a girl. They still live in Detroit, some of them in the house where we were born. My father was eighty-six when he died, last year. He came from near Marietta, Georgia, and he moved to Detroit just after the first war. He was a letter carrier for thirty-five years. He had great spirit and humor, and he showed us all the things of how to be a good person. Dad and I looked like each other. He was bald, and I lost my hair early, so we looked alike a long time. My mother passed away in 1959, shortly after I moved to New York for good. She came from Wrens, Georgia, and she was Indian-looking and only about five feet two. During the hard years of the Depression, she sold dresses for a mail-order company, and then made patchwork quilts from the samples of fabric the company sent her. She really encouraged me on the piano. She taught herself to play, and when she heard me imitating my older brother, Jay, who also plays piano, she gave me lessons. Later, I studied with Gladys Dillard, who's still teaching in Detroit. She taught me the correct pianistic attack—how to finger correctly and use the tips of my fingers. My mother was always interested. When I put on an Art Tatum record, she'd listen and say, 'Is that Art Tatum?' That made you feel good. I also listened to Fats Waller and Teddy Wilson, but Hank Jones, a more modern Wilson, made a lot of sense to me, and so did Bud Powell, whom I heard with Cootie Williams in Detroit. Powell was the kind of player who made you say right

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away, 'What? I never heard that before!' And there was Nat Cole. The meaning and the force and the swing—he had that appeal. The pulse, the driving voice of his piano. He made his notes bounce. My older brother introduced me on the scene, helped me get my feet. I had my first job in a club when I was in high school. I was too young to mingle between sets, so I'd go in the back and do my homework.

"For a long time, mostly when I was accompanying Ella Fitzgerald, I never thought I had enough technique for a soloist. But then I found I liked to put myself out there. I always feel after I solo that maybe I should have worked it out more first. I always hear so much space that I could have filled in. The piano takes care of itself when you play it, so I think in terms of horn lines a lot. Also, if I have my eyes closed I see the keyboard in my head and I see what I might want my hands to do. Improvising gives you a great sense of freedom. When you find that out—that you're making your own song—you can go on endlessly. Of course, you learn something each time you play the same song—particularly if you play it in a different key. That sharpens your wit, makes you play better, keeps you away from the clichés."

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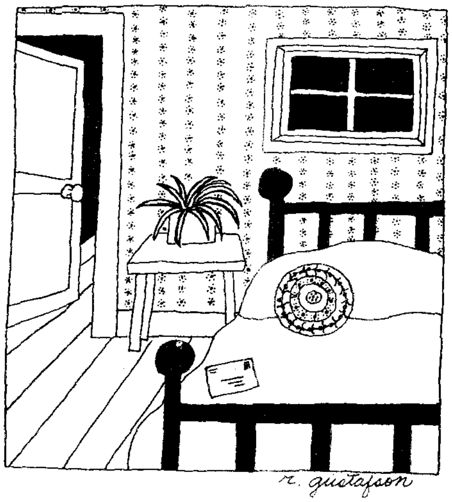

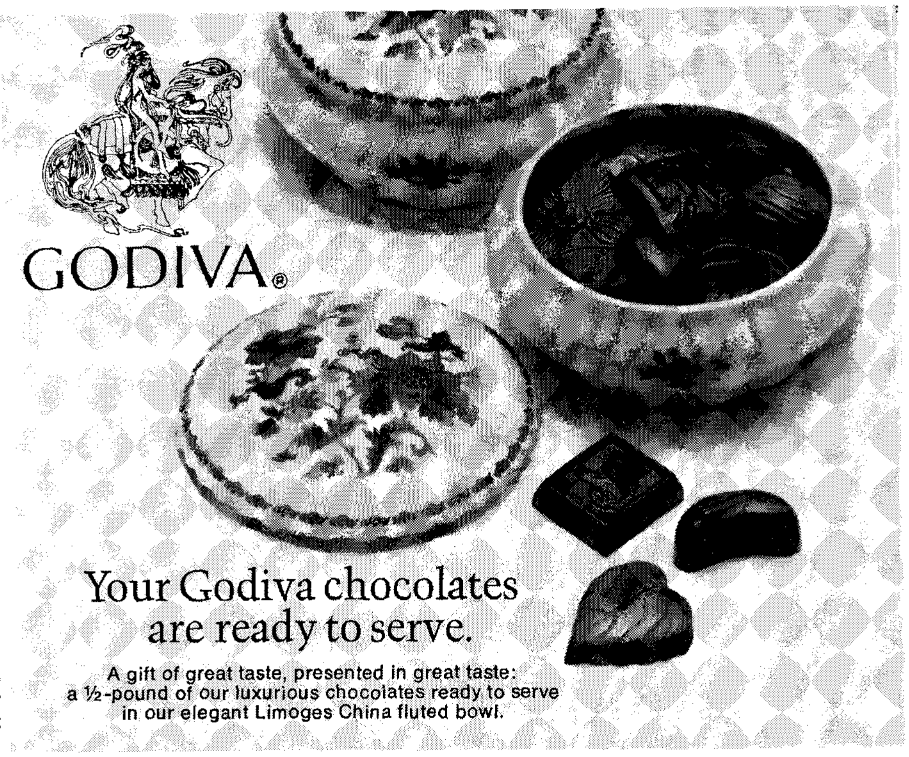
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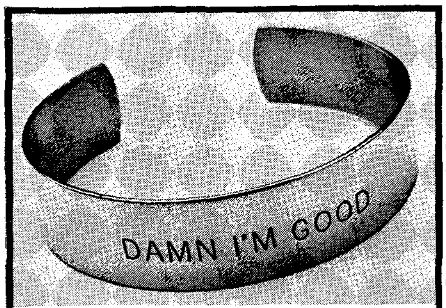

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doing—working outward from within his materials, rather than the far more common reverse—soon becomes clear. He often states the melody with dissonant, levering chords played offbeat or staccato. Never decorative, they are fresh and manipulative, and reveal both a respect for the melody and an intense desire to alter it. He breaks the chordal flow with careering single notes on the bridge of the first chorus, and fashions variations of his opening chords for the final eight bars. Then he slides into full improvisation, with his racing single-note patterns, which come in non-stop Art Tatum arpeggios, done with a salute and a smile (Flanagan loves to put patches of other pianists' playing on his solos, so that one comes upon Teddy Wilson runs and Thelonious Monk seesawings and George Shearing sotto-voce grace notes); his ascending runs that break off, regroup, break off, regroup; his interval-filled descending figures that suggest someone going downstairs three steps at a time; his charging, highly rhythmic phrases whose accented first notes make the succeeding notes *snap*, double-time phrases that race ahead to clear the way, and legato phrases that form sauntering rear guards. Then, in the last chorus, Flanagan returns to his ingenious chording, taking the song out jubilantly. First-rate improvisation suggests that if one looked at the sheet music one would find the notes the soloist has just played. That's what Flanagan does.

Having at last resigned as Ella Fitzgerald's accompanist, Flanagan has decided to go out on his own, and this is fine news, for his work with the singer generally prevented him from appearing in New York more than once a year. (What finally drove him to his decision was two days last summer in which, on tour with Fitzgerald, he went from Provence to Newcastle upon Tyne to Provence to Wolf Trap, Virginia.) He has just finished engagements at Michael's Pub and Bradley's, and on November 20th he starts two weeks at the Bemelmans Bar. Unlike many jazz musicians, Flanagan comes through equally well in person and on records. In recent years, he has made four recordings on which he is the leader, and all of them have surprises. The albums are "Eclypso," made early in 1977 with George Mraz on bass and Elvin Jones on drums (Inner City IC 3009); "Tommy Flanagan 3," done in the summer of 1977 with Keter Betts on bass and Bobby Durham on drums (Pablo 2308-202); "The Tommy Flanagan Tokyo Recital," done in 1975 with Betts and

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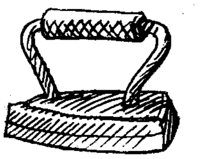

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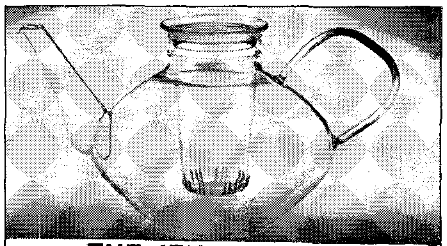

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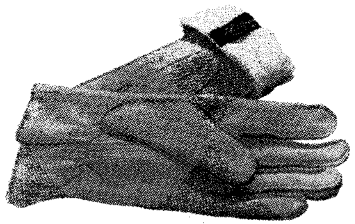

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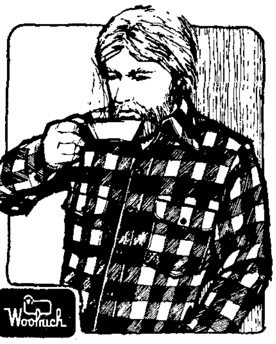

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Durham (Pablo 2310-724); and "Something Borrowed, Something Blue," made in January of this year, with Betts and with Jimmie Smith on drums (Galaxy GXY-5110). Flanagan is in fine form in the first album, but he tends to rein himself in in favor of his sidemen, who are given generous space. "Something Borrowed, Something Blue" is a peculiar effort. Flanagan plays electric piano on two numbers, and Thelonious Monk's "Friday the 13th" is spiffed up with a ground bass, a back beat, and shuffle rhythms, as if an attempt had been made to popularize it. The title song, with its attractive descending melody, is Flanagan's, and it implies that he should write more music. The "Tokyo Recital" album is exceptional, even though the bass and drums are atrociously overrecorded. It has a seven-minute "Caravan" surrounded by towering dissonant chords; a "Chelsea Bridge" full of jagged ascending arpeggios and crystalline Debussy single notes; and a "Take the A Train" that closes with a series of wild, witty four-bar exchanges with Durham. (The record is made up largely of Strayhorn tunes, and also includes "The Intimacy of the Blues," "Something to Live For," "All Day Long," and "Daydream.") The "Flanagan 3" record, done at the Montreux Festival, is also worthwhile, especially for a loose, stretching performance of "Easy Living," which Flanagan likes to play. When he settles into tempo, he gets off a rising-falling upper-register run that catches the light like diamonds.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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to love to let the waves come over her.
She talks some sense into herself. Sleep.
Sleep, it is much too late
for children. That sinks in.
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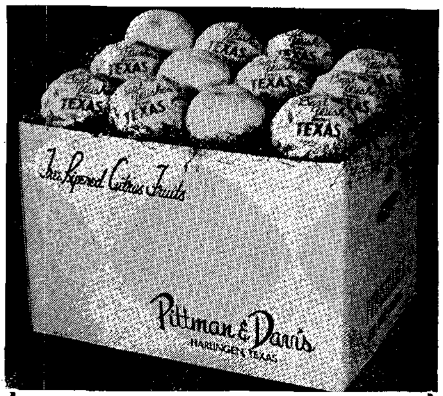
from all attachment she feels
the first of the starfish touch.

—HEATHER MCHUGH



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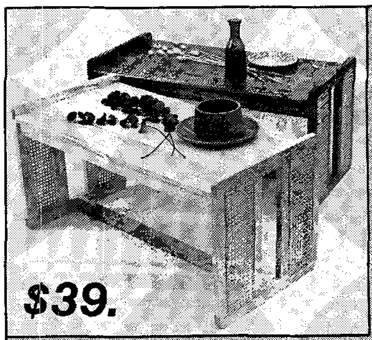

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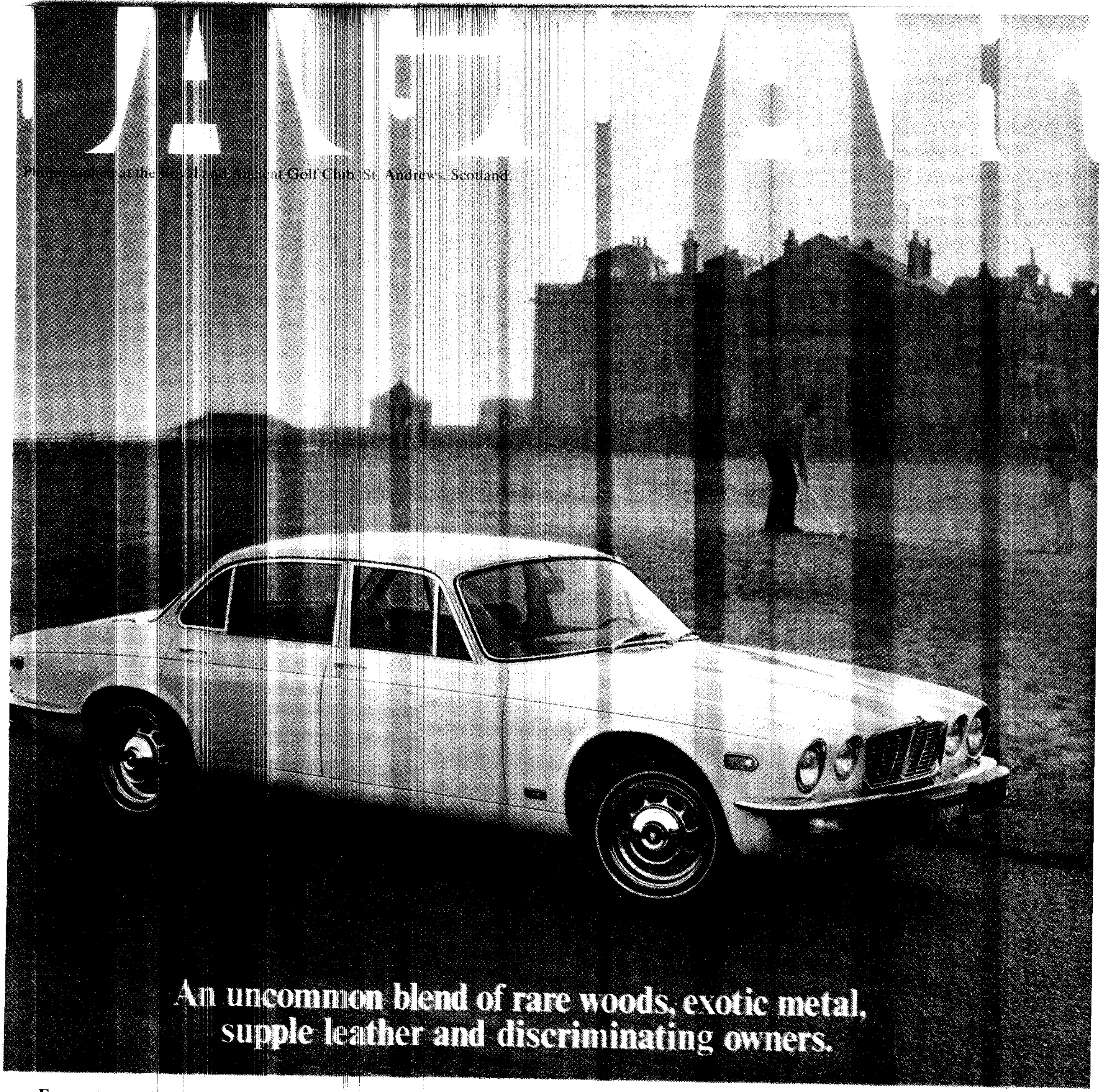

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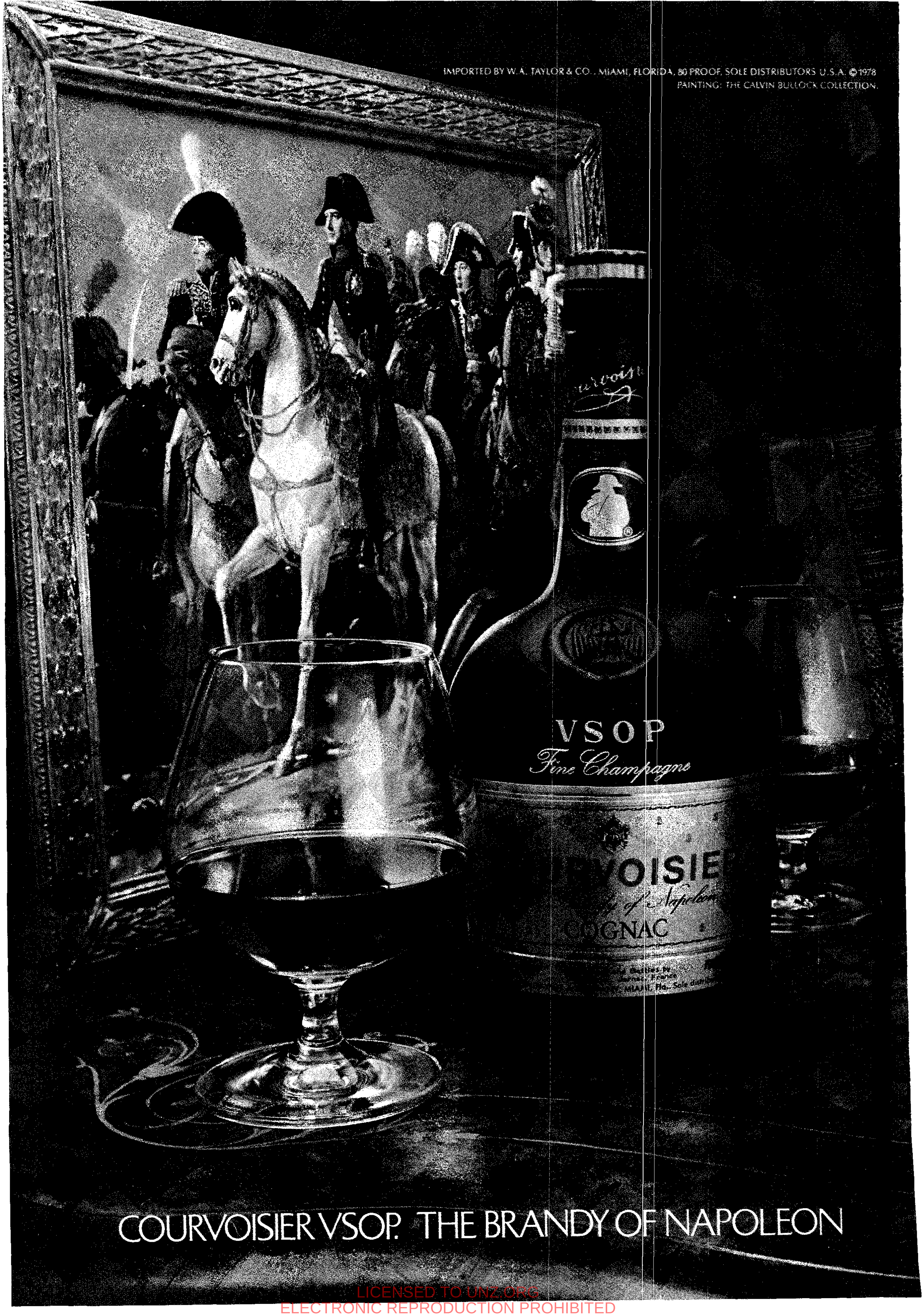
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AFFAIRS OF STATE

NOVEMBER 9

THE function of a political party, Ernest Barker wrote in 1942, is to serve as a "conduit or sluice by which the waters of social thought . . . are brought to the wheels of political machinery and set to turn those wheels." In this country, where the modern political party was invented, the waters of social thought have seemed recently to be flowing, or trickling, through other channels—ad-hoc or ad-hominem groupings, political-action committees subsidized by labor or by industry, and organizations quickly put together not by politicians but by publicists handy with computers and in possession of mailing lists. The decline of the party system is not to be attributed to the rise of these new institutions and mechanisms; they are more a consequence than a cause of the decline, which began almost a half century ago, when American politics, like almost everything else, was being nationalized and, with patronage and other favors coming mainly from Washington, the power of the state and municipal machines began to diminish. Radio and then television accelerated the process: Why be shaken down at the clubhouse when one can sit at home and hear what the leaders have to say? Education has also had a good deal to do with it; millions of Americans have been taught in high-school civics courses that parties are corrupt, and often corrupting, forces. And people who regard themselves as well informed and thoughtful have a natural tendency to resist organization of any sort and to develop the Common Cause mentality, which often seems intent not merely on sanitizing and tidying up the system but on taking the politics out of politics. Moreover, a party system, and especially a two-party one, requires something like a parity of strength—competition enough to make victory seem a feasible goal and to give the voter a feeling that his vote matters, that there is at least a chance that his voice will be heard. It has been years since anything like real competition, except for the Presidency, existed between our major parties. What we have is a party-and-a-half system, and, despite some Republican gains, including the stunning turnabout in Minnesota, our one-half party seems on its way to becoming a one-third or a one-fourth party. This does not mean that the Democrats are becoming stronger, even in relation to their enfeebled historic rival; if anything, they are losing ground faster than the Republicans. In 1976, twenty-five per cent of those who voted on Election Day identified themselves as Republicans; on Election Day this year, twenty-four per cent did so. Two years ago, sixty-five per cent of those who voted in the South and fifty-five per cent of those who voted in the West said they were Democrats; this year, according to a New York *Times*-CBS News survey, the figures had dropped to fifty-eight and fifty-one per cent.

In "Where Have All the Voters Gone?: The Fracturing of America's Political Parties," a trenchant study of recent developments, Everett Carll Ladd, Jr., writes, "While their capacity to organize the government has never been what the 'responsible party government' advocates have wanted, what little mortar parties once provided is now crumbling. Party is less relevant to the governing process in the U.S. today than ever before; as a result, government has lost an instrument for harnessing . . . its diverse and centrifugally inclined parts." The crumbling of the mortar seems inevitable, but more of it held this year than many people had expected. What are known as the single-issue constituencies—the voters who are for or against a candidate on the basis of where he stands or has stood on a particular issue, such as abortion or the Panama Canal or capital punishment or homosexuality or gun control—were larger and busier than in any previous election, but there seem to have been relatively few cases in which they made the difference between victory and defeat. (It has been estimated that the largest single-issue constituency, after the Howard Jarvis, or anti-tax, movement, is the one on abortion, and that it consists of six to eight per cent of the electorate, more or less evenly divided between those for and those against; in many elections, three or four per cent can be decisive. And in New York, the vote of the Right to Life Party may have been large enough to give it a line ahead of the Liberal Party on the voting machines in the next election. This is a status symbol by which political organizers seem to set great store.) An Illinois Democrat and advocate of gun control, Representative Abner Mikva, who had a very close call two years ago, this year was singled out for defeat by the National Rifle Association and was almost written off by the Democrats. He survived, as did a number of candidates who shared his view. In Iowa, the anti-abortion organizations seem to have been mainly responsible for the defeat of Democratic Senator Dick Clark, and they may have played a part in the losses suffered by the Minnesota Democrats. But two Republicans—Senators Charles Percy, of Illinois, and Howard Baker, of Tennessee—who were heavily attacked for having voted to ratify the Panama Canal treaties won reëlection, Baker by enough to be in the running for the 1980 Presidential nomination. In New York, Perry Duryea, the Republican gubernatorial candidate, sought to turn the election into a referendum on capital punishment, which he favored and Governor Carey opposed, but it did not work. In Illinois and Tennessee, the Republican organizations functioned in a more or less traditional manner, as did the Democrats in New York.

The Republican gains in the House and Senate and in governorships were about half of what has in the past been considered a normal showing for the opposition party in a mid-term election. If the process had worked as it once did, the gains might have been more than twice what they were. The Republicans under Dwight Eisenhower took some staggering losses in 1954 and 1958, and regained nothing when he ran for a second term, in 1956. Eisenhower was about the most popular of modern Presidents, and Carter, though his standing in the polls has improved since the Camp David summit talks, is among the least popular. (Had Camp David been anything but the success it was, he would have been unwelcome in the retinue of most Democratic candidates.) Both the Eisenhower and the Carter experiences show how irrelevant the Presidency has become to other political institutions. In the circumstances, the Republican performance this year was more impressive than most of the handicappers expected it to be. And the Republican National Committee established a strategy that may slow the rate of erosion. It spent two million dollars on candidates for state legislatures and

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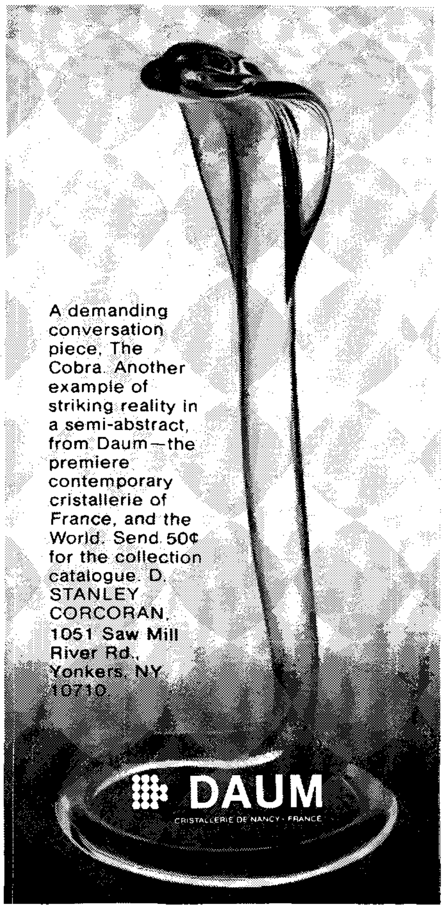
more than five hundred thousand dollars on candidates for statewide offices. The thought behind this was not only to develop new leadership in the states but to make it more difficult for the Democratic majorities to control the redistricting procedures that will follow the 1980 census. In statistical terms, the effort didn't yield much: it moved the Republican total from thirty-two to thirty-six per cent of the seventy-five hundred state legislators. But the Party gained control of legislatures in at least eight states, and will thus be able to draw lines in ways favorable to future Republican candidates for Congress. And six new governorships may do a bit to bolster morale.

In partisan terms, the Republican gains in the House and the Senate are almost insignificant; the Democratic majorities are, in numbers, still overwhelming. But partisan terms are largely beside the point—especially in the Senate. What is likely to be important is not that there will be three more Republicans next year but that six liberals on whose support, particularly in foreign policy, Carter has been counting heavily will no longer serve, and that the conservative contingent has been considerably strengthened. If treaties with the Soviet Union on strategic arms had been presented to the Senate this year, they would have faced stiff opposition; if they are presented next year, the opposition will be much stiffer. Senator Clark, the victim of the anti-abortionists, was a close student of African affairs and the most articulate and persuasive supporter of Carter's and Andrew Young's policies. He has been replaced by a senator critical of those policies—critical, even, of the amount of time and attention Clark paid to African affairs—and that critic, Roger Jepsen, will be joined by others. Though it will be of little solace to the State Department, a vociferous critic of the Carter-Young view, Governor Meldrim Thomson, of New Hampshire, was another loser. Thomson, an eccentric figure who once proposed that the National Guard be trained in the use of atomic weapons, was hailed by South Africans as an authentic spokesman for the American view of their country. His departure, though, may have a political effect in another area: he will no longer be ringmaster of the New Hampshire primaries.

It is in many ways regrettable that the terms "liberal" and "conservative" have come to bear the connotations they do, in both domestic and foreign policy. What does ideology have to do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with "fiscal responsibility"? And when national security is involved, there can be no such thing as a liberal or a conservative foreign policy. What is either liberal or conservative about disarmament or nuclear proliferation? Or the Panama Canal? It happens to be a fact, though, that those whose views on domestic policy can be described as liberal—i.e., receptive to change and to an expansion of the meaning of the "general welfare" clause in the Constitution—are mostly in agreement on foreign policy, and those who tend to resist social change tend to be in opposition to the liberals on military and diplomatic strategy. There are exceptions—Senators Henry Jackson and Daniel Patrick Moynihan stand mostly with the liberals on domestic matters and mostly with the conservatives on foreign policy—but it is generally the rule that those who favor government intervention in economic and social matters pursue a "soft" line in foreign affairs, while the "hard-liners" favor a more limited use of federal authority at home. This has not always been the case. In the debates that preceded our entry into the Second World War, the interventionist side was a mixture of conservatives, liberals, and radicals, and so was the non-interventionist side. There were all shades of ideology in the Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies, and also in the America First Committee, where Norman Thomas, the Socialist leader, shared platforms with anti-New Deal industrialists from the Middle West. It was the Cold War that brought under one roof those who regard the word "spender" as an epithet but hold that money is of no concern when it comes to weapons systems, and brought under another roof those who think that public money is well spent on most social projects but often take an almost isolationist view of our role in world affairs.

There is a certain consistency in some of this. The fiscal conservatives want us well armed against Russian power; the spread of Russian power brings to an end all argument about government spending. And it is logical to hold that if we take a more modest view of our own power and devote less money to increasing it, there will be more money available to eradicate poverty at home and to redress social grievances in general. But the problems of the Carter Administration and the Ninety-sixth Congress have almost nothing to do with ideology or the Cold War. If an equitable and enforceable treaty on strategic arms can be negotiated, it will have no effect on

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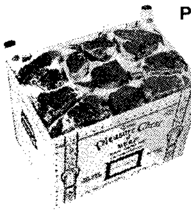

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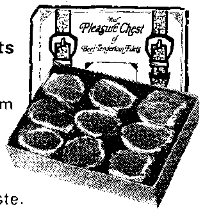

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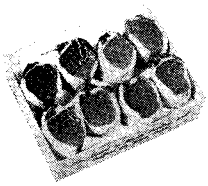

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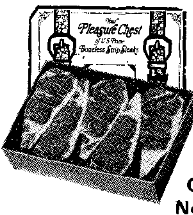

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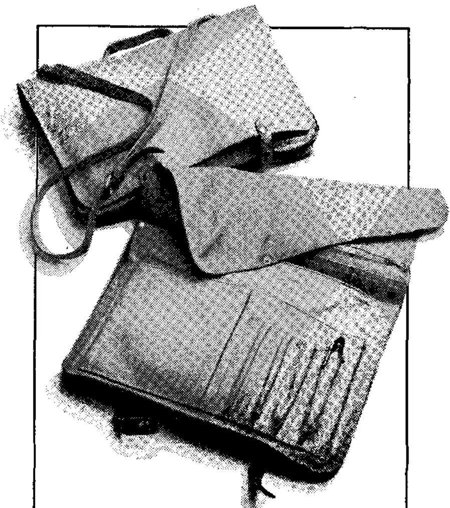

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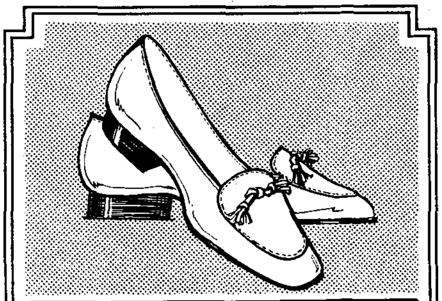

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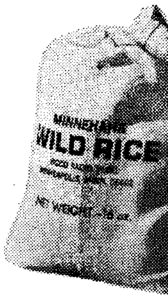
the balance of military power; if it is not equitable, it will not, or should not, be acceptable either to liberals or to conservatives. There was no discussion of the matter anywhere in this fall's campaign (or, if there was, it did not come to the attention of any of the major news-gathering organizations), yet it is clear that a SALT II treaty is going to be opposed—is already being opposed—by conservatives who have not seen it, and is going to be supported by liberals who are no more knowledgeable. (There is certain to be a large distinction between seeing the treaty and understanding it; not many people in the country can grasp the arcane calculus of strategic weaponry, and few of them are in the Senate; in the end, the power to ratify or not ratify will in fact be exercised by engineers and military planners.) In the Middle East, ideology is somewhat more relevant—there are Marxists there, and Russian arms—but it has little bearing on the central question, which is how to avert another war. The President achieved a dazzling success at Camp David, and is evidently doing quite well in seeing to it that Menachem Begin and Anwar Sadat will have earned the Nobel Prizes they are to receive next month. But the price of the success will be heavy in political terms and in financial ones. By giving his approval to the military regime installed by the Shah of Iran, he has undercut his human-rights rhetoric. He has praised the Shah for steps that will make an already authoritarian and oppressive government even more oppressive, though just possibly a bit less corrupt. And he and Congress are already being dunned by Begin and Sadat. Begin wants the United States to help Israel build airfields in the Negev, to compensate for the dismantling of Israeli bases in the Sinai; the cost could run into the billions. Sadat wants no less than a Marshall Plan for Egypt—funds for the rebuilding of its decrepit cities and the development of a modernized agriculture and industry. This great enterprise will soak up between ten and fifteen billion—current estimates are almost certainly on the low side—which is less, Sadat's ministers explain, than the amount they rejected when it was offered by their former Arab allies as a quid pro quo for repudiating the Camp David agreements. And if an agreement on the future of the Palestinian Arabs is ever reached, they, too, will surely ask us to match or exceed the generosity we have shown the Israelis and the Egyptians. The economic price



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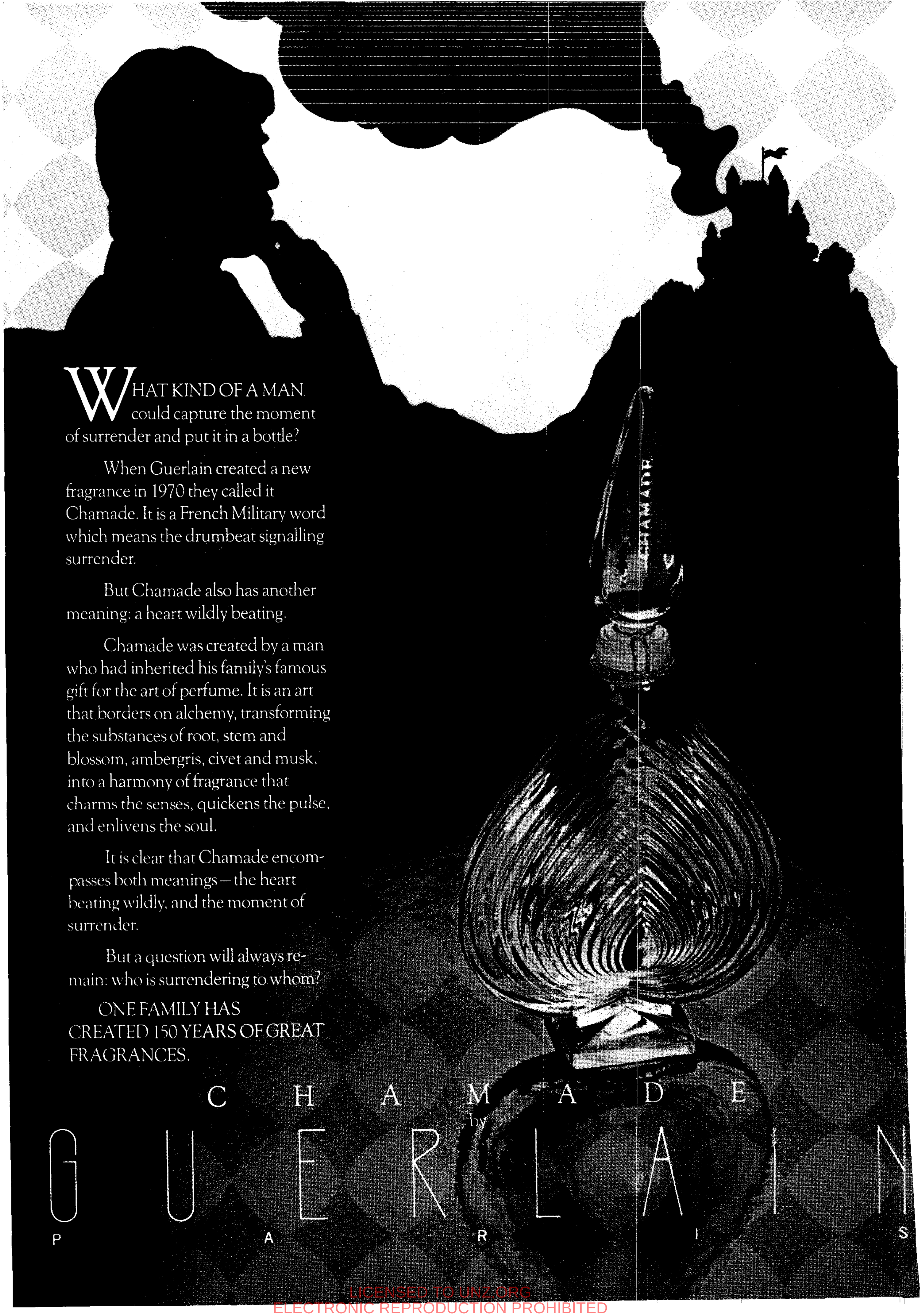

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of peace in the Middle East will be immense, and we are likely to be deafened by the fire of the ideological artillery at home.

Carter, most commentators have been saying, has been assessing the country's mood as increasingly conservative, and has accordingly moved to the right himself. This seems to be the case, though it can be argued that his recent economic decisions were more a response to voices in Zurich and Bonn and Tokyo than to those in Minneapolis or Houston or Los Angeles. With the dollar in trouble almost everywhere, and with hardly anyone listening to his exhortations on cutting down our oil imports, he no doubt felt that he had to do what he did and not pay much attention to whether the masses were marching to the right or left or down the middle or anywhere else. Whether what he is doing, or hopes to do, will match the mood of the people is a vexing question. There can be no doubt but that more people nowadays describe themselves as conservative and that everyone is outraged by taxes. But most surveys show that the deepest economic concern is not so much over taxes as over inflation, one large cause of which is, of course, government spending at all levels. Yet, according to Professor Ladd, who cites studies made by Potomac Associates, a research firm in Washington, and by Daniel Yankelovich, of New York, there is no single program, including welfare, on which a majority does not want spending either kept at its current level or increased. As de Tocqueville and many other close observers of American society have been telling us for well over a century, it is very difficult for anyone to be a true conservative in this country. The expansionist urges that led us to California and beyond have for more than a century led us to be expansive in industry and commerce and education. We measure growth not only by the gross national product but by the proliferation of causes that we regard as altruistic, and that we rather cheerfully finance by the taxes we grouse about having to pay. Minnesota may have unseated some big spenders, but candidates who supported the Kemp-Roth Bill, which would cut federal income taxes by thirty-three per cent, did no better than those candidates who dared to criticize it as inflationary.

Just about every candidate this year was talking taxes and inflation, but from this it cannot be concluded that the two issues gave the campaigns a common theme. Everyone was against

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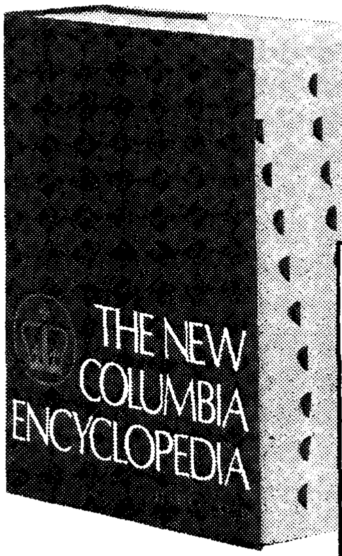

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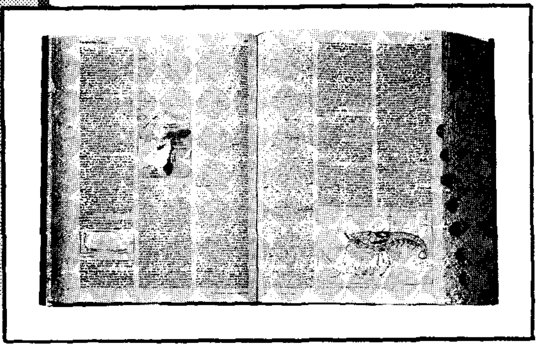

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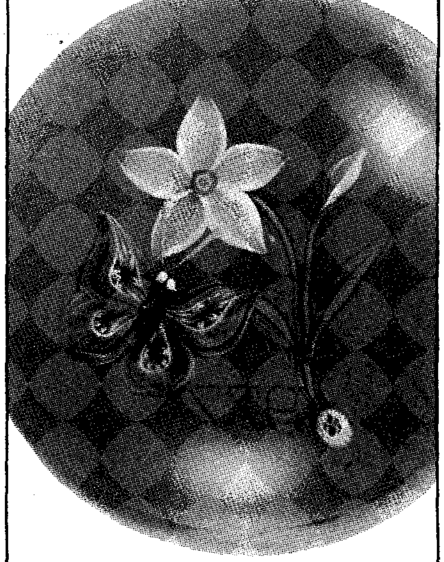

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both, and beyond that no one had much to say. Taxes and inflation generate more frustration than fervor; in political terms, they do not lend themselves to dramatization or to symbols. The only person who played anything like a leadership role was not a politician but an elderly entrepreneur, Howard Jarvis. The Californians who voted for his Proposition 13 were not opposing or endorsing any party or any candidate. (Jarvis himself spoke well of both the Republican Evelle Younger and his Democratic adversary, Governor Edmund Brown, Jr.) Their cause, as they seemed to see it, was not so much political as apolitical or anti-political—they were simply taking matters into their own hands and enacting a law themselves—and it is not surprising that when it came to choosing candidates the electorate seemed to have other things on its mind. In this sense, the 1978 elections were unlike any other recent ones. There were no issues like civil rights, Vietnam, or Watergate, and no national figure to be repudiated, as Lyndon Johnson was in 1968 and Richard Nixon in 1974. In the circumstances, the voting pattern, if there can be said to have been one, was bound to be erratic. In Pennsylvania, the voters returned to the House one man under indictment for accepting bribes and rejected another man who was similarly in trouble with the law. In New Hampshire, they turned out both the scourge of the liberals, Governor Thomson, and Thomson's leading adversary, Senator Thomas McIntyre. In Michigan, the analysts say, Senator Robert Griffin lost to a Democrat because he had once announced his retirement and then changed his mind. Politicians do that almost as frequently as actors—or, one might say, other actors—do, and if they are popular, as Griffin seemed to be, they are generally applauded for it. The case against Senator Wendell Anderson, of Minnesota, was that, as Governor, he had arranged to have himself appointed to Walter Mondale's seat in the Senate. That, too, is hardly without precedent. It is nepotism in its ultimate form, but morally it is not easily distinguishable from the kind that put Edward Kennedy in the Senate and made him the most admired politician in the country today.

—RICHARD ROVERE

●

Pity the poor Florida lizard.
What a letdown it must be for a cousin of the once-mighty dinosaur to be reduced to catching flies and revolting housewives.—*Monte Basgall in the Miami Herald.*

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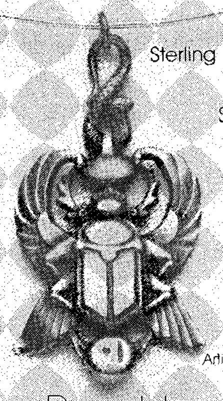

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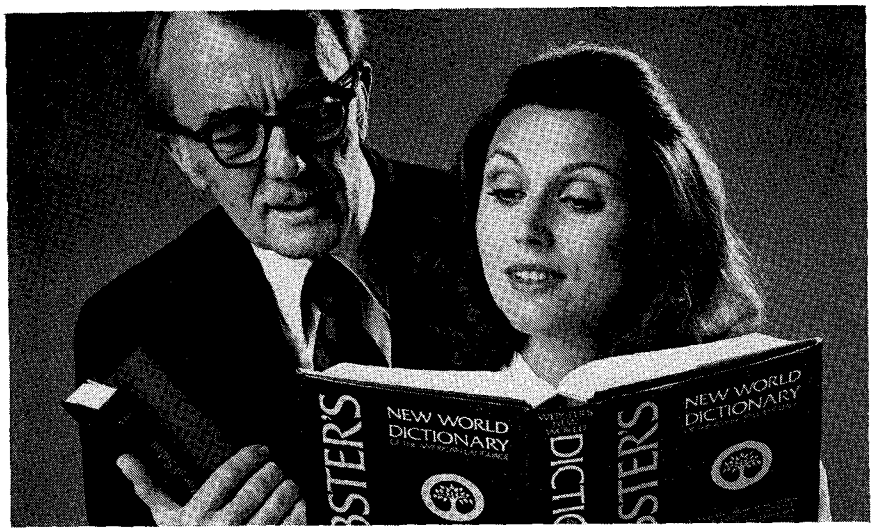
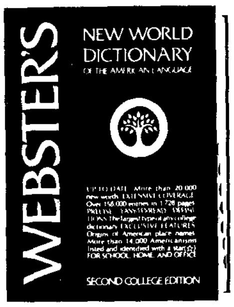
FOOTBALL

Decisions, Decisions

THE exhibition staged in late September by Yale and Brown, both of them in a state of buoyant good health, suggested to any number of us how things would go in the Ivy League this fall: Yale would come in first, Brown second. That same September day, Pennsylvania was put down with such emphasis that its putter-downer, Dartmouth, seemed the most likely third. All this although Dartmouth would be operating without certain of last year's eminences—Oberg as running back and Nadherny as receiver and Lowery as kicker. But Teevens, who most of last season had been alternating with Ferraris at quarter for the squad, burgeoned forth this year as the definite first-stringer, and Dufresne replaced Oberg, Shula replaced Nadherny, and Sawch replaced Lowery. The results of this efficacious transformation are now a matter of record, and Yukica, in his first term as mastermind since his return to Hanover, has done well indeed—Dartmouth 31, Brown 21 last Saturday, for example, in a match that just about ceded the League title to his covey of athletes. It was a rifle match between Teevens and Whipple, the Brown quarter, and a grand one: Teevens was never intercepted, and Whipple not until very late in the day, when desperate measures were needed and were taken. At that, Dartmouth broke what had appeared to be a lasting 21–21 tie only when, in the fourth quarter, two scraggly Brown punts offered opportunities—and it used them to perfection. And Yale? It tooled along magnificently this year until an outbreak of physical ailments dampened its backfield momentum. The one matter that now needs explaining is how it was that Harvard, not at all as well manned as Dartmouth, managed to top it earlier this fall—a feat of unsolvable black magic executed by this commentator's favorite necromancer, Restic, Harvard's head coach.

An account of what went on at West Point over the weekend merits attention. The first play in the fourth quarter—an Army pitchout—gave Army the touchdown that finally caught up with Boston College and put Army ahead, at 29–24. Then Army intercepts a pass at the enemy eleven, fumbles the ball away on the next play, and allows the foe to drive to the Army





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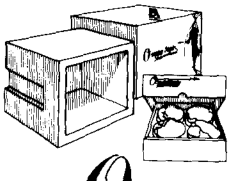

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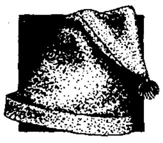

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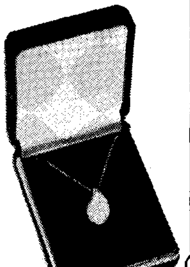

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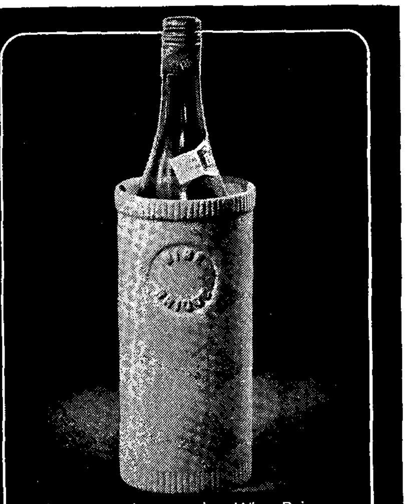

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forty-three. Army then drives to the enemy twenty-four and fumbles the ball away once more. Boston College drives to the Army fifteen and fumbles the ball away itself, but slams into Army so hard that Mulrane, at quarter, takes the ball into his end zone, twenty-three seconds before time runs out, for a deliberate safety: Army 29, Boston College 26. Twenty-three seconds left as Army makes the regulation free kick after a safety, but the foe runs the kick back to the Army forty-eight. Sixteen seconds to go as an enemy pass takes the ball to the Army ten. An unsuccessful second pass uses up all but three seconds, and a try at a field goal, likewise unsuccessful, yields the ball to Army. Boston College, which has not won a match this fall, is so down on its luck that it carries eighteen freshmen on its varsity roster, and seven of them were starting players on Saturday. The coach, also in his freshman year, is Chlebek, who had dropped below this narrator's horizon since, quite some years past, he was discarded as reserve quarter *by the Jets while they were* dickering to sign up some guy from Down South—Joe Namath.

Pennsylvania's luck reached the vanishing point on Saturday: Running into the Harvard line, and around it, nearly at will, it was ahead by 13–0 before the Restic luck took command and Harvard went ahead, at 17–13. Pennsylvania slammed down to the Harvard four as time ebbed away, only to see Roland, at quarter, bowled over for an insurmountable loss as he held what could have been the winning touchdown in his hand. Princeton, guided this year by one more freshman coach, Navarro, had next to no luck against Yale, for the twelfth time in a row, and went down, though gallantly, at 23–7. And Columbia, against whom scoring absolutely at will has been the name of the game this past month, went down, 35–14, against Cornell, whose Holland, running out of the tailback spot, picked up three more touchdowns and enough yardage to put him past the eleven-hundred mark this year. Holland, now a graduate student but (by a quirk of the rules) still eligible, is, as we all know, a transfer from Michigan—far outside the seemly Ivy League, in which eleven hundred yards a season simply is *not done*. —J. W. L.

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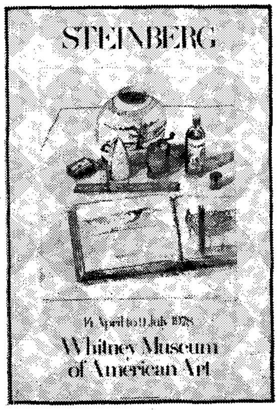
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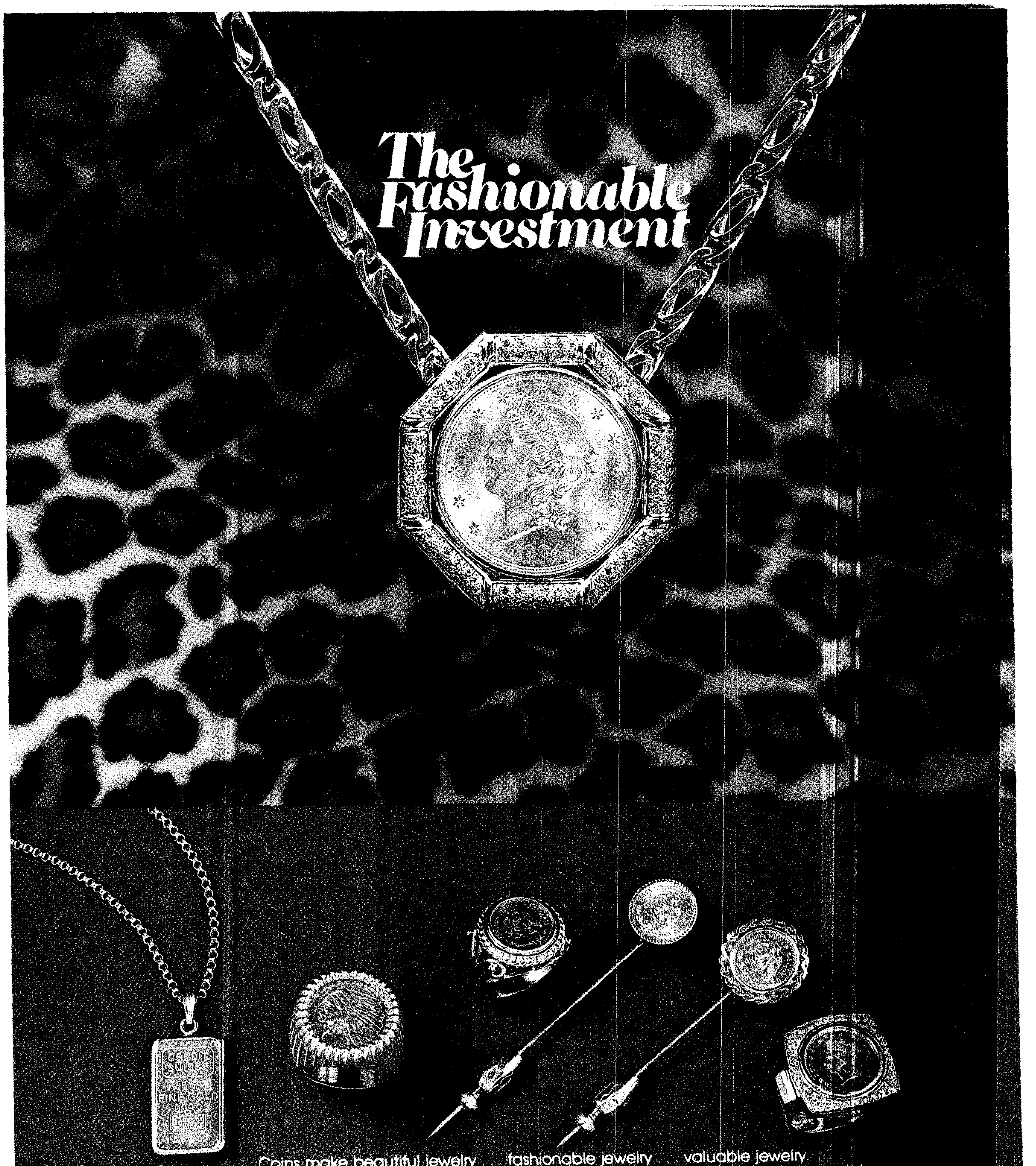

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BOOKS

Soul Expeditions

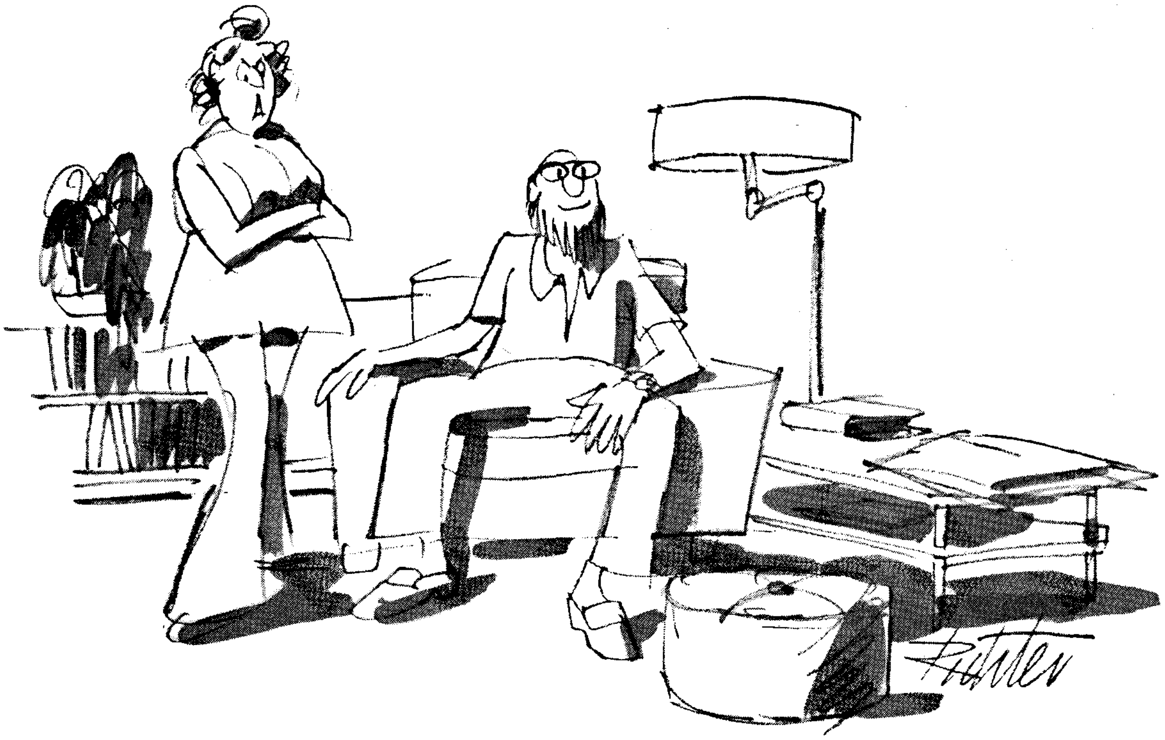
IMPS, dybbuks, and other transmigratory souls are no strangers to the works of Isaac Bashevis Singer; indeed, they have come to seem as much a part of his Polish streets or upper-West Side kaffeeklatsches as his characters' worn suits and Yiddish newspapers. His latest novel, "Shosha" (translated from the Yiddish by Joseph Singer; Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $8.95), is more evocatively otherworldly than usual, however, and I'm not sure if that is because many of the people in it are, in part, reincarnations of characters in Singer's earlier works or because any description of the lives of Warsaw Jews in the period just before most of them were killed is so fraught with pathos that it is inherently a bit ghostlike. But if the ghetto and all other manifestations of Polish Jewry have vanished, the forty-odd years that separate Singer from the life he is writing about have happily not dimmed his memory of it. His descriptions of the shabby street he grew up on and the cheder he studied in are as precise as pins. Even if Singer were not the superb writer that he is, one would be grateful for the privileged view of history that he continues to pass on to us. One can only guess at the satisfaction it must give a man who was raised, as he has said, on "three dead languages"—Hebrew, Aramaic, and Yiddish—to win the Nobel Prize for Literature.

Like most of Singer's novels, this one was first published in serial form, in Yiddish, in the newspaper the *Jewish Daily Forward*. Its title there was "Soul Expeditions," which was, I think, more apt than "Shosha." Shosha is a backward young girl whom the narrator knows in his childhood and encounters again in later life. Though she is central to the story, she is only one of many characters who step forward, reveal their natures, and then recede into the background behind the narrator—the familiar skeptical young writer who drifts in and out of many of Singer's best tales. His name here is Aaron Greidinger; he is known to his family as Arele and to his older friends as Tsutsik (the Yiddish word for "puppy"). Although she was considered a "little fool" and he a prodigy, Shosha was his closest childhood friend. They lived in the same dilapidated building. His home was a place of worship and study, the gloomy domain of his pious, humorless father, a rabbi. Both home and father are unflattering versions of Singer's own home and father. The memoir "In My Father's Court" depicts Singer's father as a remarkably good, if unworldly, man, and the family's apartment as a community oasis where disputes were settled and strangers always found a welcome. But here the father is merely forbidding, and the apartment is joyless:

> We had almost no furniture. The walls were lined with books from floor to ceiling. My brother, Moishe, and I did not have toys. We played with my father's volumes, with a broken pen, an empty ink bottle, or pieces of paper. Our living room had no sofa, no upholstered chairs, no chest of drawers—only an ark for scrolls, a long table, and benches. People prayed there on the Sabbath. My father stood at a lectern all day long and looked into large books that lay open in a great pile.

Shosha's apartment, by contrast, was almost hedonistic, and Aaron's happiest childhood hours were spent playing with her toys, eating her mother's stews and cakes, telling stories that would have been considered frivolous at home, and admiring the family's bedspreads, embroidered pillows, and brass and copper pans. This pleasure dome apparently saved him from being yet another of those sombre little boys—described with great feeling both by Singer and by Isaac Babel—who are doomed to spend all their waking hours in shadowy rooms, their faces touched by the sun only when they cross the street for lessons or errands.

The friendship is broken up by the First World War. Greidinger's family moves away from Warsaw and becomes dispersed. Sometime during the rather casually dismissed decades between the wars ("Years had gone by, and I didn't know where"), his father dies, and his brother becomes a rabbi and moves with their mother to Galicia. By now (the year seems to be 1933 or 1934), Greidinger has cut off his earlocks, knows of Darwin and Spinoza and Dostoevski, has wandered around the muddy hamlets of Poland supporting himself as a Hebrew teacher, and has become a writer. Eventually, he finds a job in Warsaw as a translator and proofreader. The money that this work brings him is barely enough to pay for an uncomfortable rented room,



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but it provides him with access to the Warsaw Writers' Club (a place that seems to inspire irritability and affection in equal parts whenever it is summoned forth in Singer's stories) and with time to ponder his favorite subjects—"God, providence, time, and infinity"—with a small group of intimates. The king of Greidinger's little world is Morris Feitelzohn, a flamboyant middle-aged Writers' Club habitué: "If one combined Arthur Schopenhauer, Oscar Wilde, and Solomon Maimon, one might end up with Morris Feitelzohn." Feitelzohn has single-handedly conceived most of the Hebrew terms for modern philosophy, he has seen and rejected most of the world, he is the author of a widely unread work called "Spiritual Hormones," and he enjoys great success with women. He is, of course, a familiar figure in the Singer repertoire—the lofty, slightly seedy genius who loves to discuss the world's misfortunes and his own as if they were some kind of cosmic joke. Like the aging actor Jacques (né Jankel) Kohn in Singer's story "A Friend of Kafka," or the penniless hedonist Dr. Beeber in the story of that title, Feitelzohn dresses like a dandy and claims to be irredeemably bored with the world, even though he spends the greater part of each day describing its foibles with zest. Like Kohn and Beeber, Feitelzohn is also inclined to cap his headiest rhetorical flights with an offhand "Maybe you could lend me five zlotys?" These cranky scholars—who combine bluster, erudition, inverted ambition, naïveté, and frailty with an elusiveness that makes them seem obscurely criminal—are to me the most irresistible of all Singer characters.

Through Feitelzohn, Greidinger meets Celia and Haiml Chentshiner, a rich, eccentric couple who have known each other since childhood. Celia was an orphan who was raised by Haiml's family. Although Haiml is in his late thirties when we meet him, he speaks in a shrill, childish voice, bursts into tears when things go badly for him, and lacks "the dexterity to cut a slice of lemon." Celia, who admits to being erotically aroused by "literature, theatre, music, even accounts in the newspapers," cuts Haiml's hair, trims his nails, and protects him from the world. For grownup sex, she turns to Feitelzohn, and on occasion to Greidinger. Like several other characters in the book, Celia is often moody and intermittently suicidal. Somehow, her melancholia is affecting—probably because one knows what luxuries feelings of that kind were to seem after

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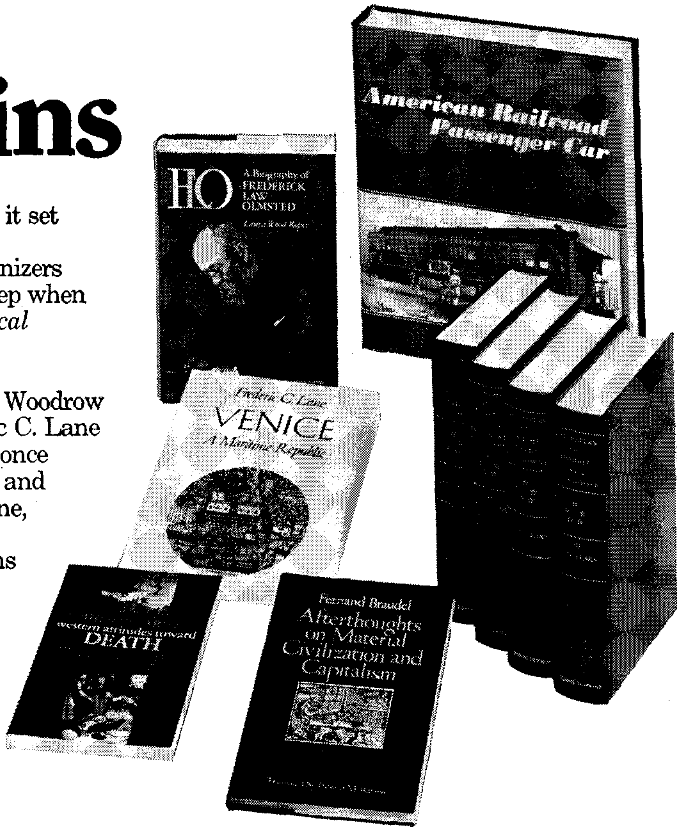
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the war started. Greidinger's small, bosomy mistress, Dora, is another Singer favorite: the self-deluding ideologue. Dora is a fervid Communist who believes that all hope for the salvation of the world resides in Moscow. She is disabused of this idea when a friend returning from Russia confirms the rumor that émigrées like her usually end up being thrown into prison, supposedly for being Trotskyites. But Dora's passion for "hollow slogans" and "bombastic clichés about the 'happy future' and the 'bright tomorrow' " outlives all disillusion. She ends up seeming as endearing as she is comical, because Singer endows her with a great deal of generosity and kindness to counterbalance her silliness.

There is very little plot here, but what there is involves Shosha and a winter-summer couple from America, Sam Dreiman and Betty Slonim. Betty is a chain-smoking, wraithlike actress who thinks that everyone is against her. Sam is a kind, vulgar entrepreneur who adores her and is determined to find a play that will establish her as a star. He is so eager to get on with this plan that when he meets Greidinger, who happens to be working on a dubious-sounding play about a nineteenth-century girl who becomes a rabbi and is possessed by a dybbuk, he hastily advances him money and urges him to get it ready for the stage. In time, it actually reaches a stage, with Betty as the girl, but it flops in rehearsal. All the women in the book, including the rosy country girl who cleans his room (good-hearted shiksa servant girls are among the few Gentiles who ever sneak into Singer's work), are sexually attracted to Greidinger. But though he describes his romps with gusto and is invariably curious about them, there is something aloof, almost Hippolytus-like, about his role in these relationships.

One day, however, while wandering with Betty through his old childhood neighborhood, he finds himself drawn to the building that he knows Shosha moved to. To his amazement, he discovers that she still lives there with her mother and is as beautiful, innocent, and removed from the world as she was when he last saw her. The story of this meeting and of Greidinger's and Shosha's subsequent courtship is told almost like a fairy tale, but it shares with Singer's most exotically mythical tales—such as "The Gentleman from Cracow"—a robustness that makes even the strangest details seem plausible. Some readers will, I am sure, find the relationship difficult to accept, but it is entirely in keeping with Sing-

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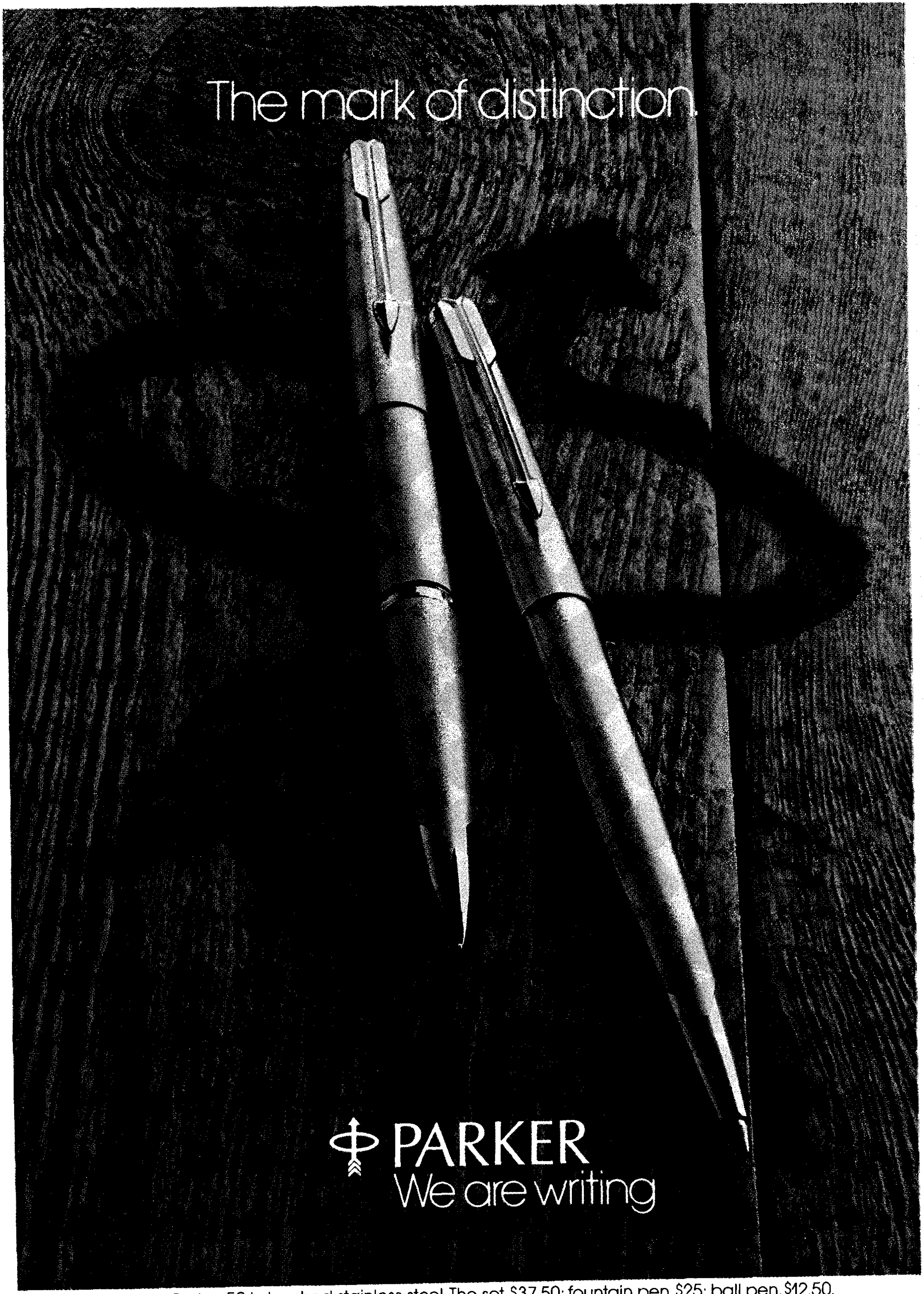
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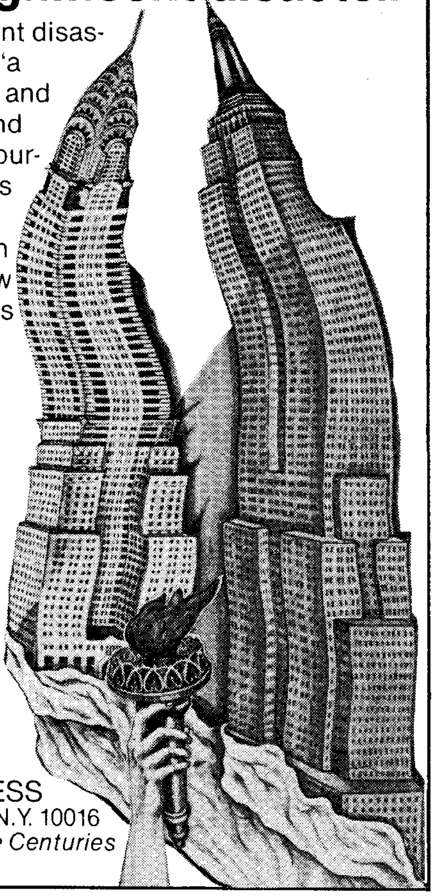
er's lifelong exploration of the capriciousness of the heart. In his stories, the take-it-or-leave-it manner in which strange relationships are presented is somewhat protected against speculation about the characters' motives by the stories' brevity. In the novels, one has ample time to ponder motives (here, for example, there is always the dim possibility that Greidinger chooses the girl as a link to a past he has almost totally rejected: "I had thrown away four thousand years of Jewishness and exchanged it for meaningless literature, Yiddishism, Feitelzohnism"), but speculation rarely gets one very far. With Singer, obsessive passions are meant to be self-explanatory, and, refreshingly, neither the mystical-romantic nor the Freudian viewpoint can gain even a toehold.

When the war finally comes, it sweeps all the people in the book away as if they were so much dust. The manner in which everyone died is recounted in a brief epilogue, which is set in Israel. The narrator, who fled Poland just as the war was beginning and eventually emigrated to America, is visiting Israel and chances to meet Haiml Chentshiner at a Tel Aviv hotel. Thirteen years have passed since they last met. Haiml is in his late fifties; Greidinger is forty-three. Shosha, we learn, suddenly collapsed and died as she was walking along on the road with Greidinger and other refugees fleeing the city. Feitelzohn and Celia died, equally mysteriously, in the Chentshiners' apartment. Sam died of a heart attack, Betty committed suicide, Greidinger's family perished in the Russian forests, and Dora just disappeared. "Crushed," Greidinger says of her, "either by the do-gooders or by the do-badders."

Singer has always kept his stories about pre-Second World War European Jews matter-of-fact and unsentimental, and this factual tone gives his work an emotional force that is unequalled, I think, by any other writer who has taken on the subject. He has an extraordinary gift for letting large matters seep into small events, and for making ordinary gossip, or, as his characters would call it, schmoozing, into an art. In this book, and especially in the narrator's description of how he felt as the country was about to fall and before he knew he would escape, Singer seems to be schmoozing from Olympus:

> The sky was summery blue, the trees on both sides of the street were lusciously green, the ladies wore the latest styles . . . Although I was doomed, I



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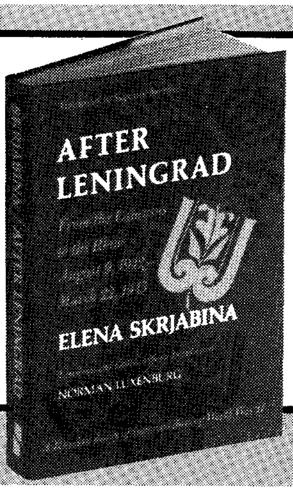

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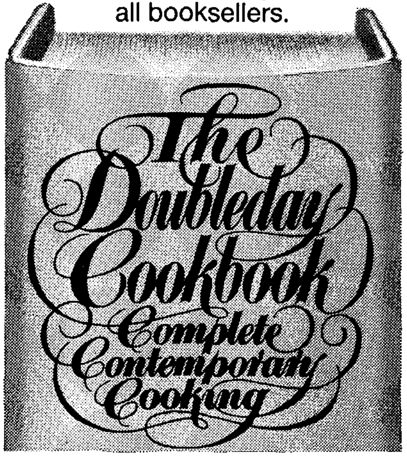

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too glanced at hips, calves, breasts, throats. The generations that will come after us, I said to myself, will think that we all went to our death in repentance. They will consider all of us holy martyrs. They will recite kaddish after us and "God Full of Mercy." Actually, every one of us will die with the same passions he lived with.... I went to a café. The smell of coffee and fresh rolls whetted my appetite. With my coffee a waiter brought me two newspapers. Marshal Rydz-Śmigly again assured the nation that the Polish armed forces had the means to repulse all attacks from the right and the left. Foreign Minister Beck had received new guarantees from England and France. The old anti-Semite, Nawaczynski, attacked the Jews, who, together with the Masons, the Communists, the Nazis, and the American bankers, conspired to destroy the Catholic faith and to replace it with pagan materialism... Somewhere I had had a trace of faith in free will, but this morning I felt sure that man possessed as much choice as the clockwork of my wristwatch or the fly that stopped on the edge of my saucer. The same powers were driving Hitler, Stalin, the Pope, the Rabbi of Gur, a molecule in the center of the earth, and a galaxy billions of light-years distant from the Milky Way. Blind powers? Seeing powers? It did not matter any more. We were fated to play our little games and to be crushed.

—LIS HARRIS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE HOUSES OF BELGRADE, by Borislav Pekić, translated from the Serbo-Croatian by Bernard Johnson (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $9.95). Arsénie Negovan, "the doyen of Belgrade landlords," is an eccentric seventy-seven-year-old semi-invalid (he suffers from a bad heart condition) who has not ventured outside his apartment since the day, twenty-seven years earlier, that he accidentally got entrapped, and rather sorrowfully battered, in a revolutionary street demonstration. Once, his trim, erect figure haunted government ministries, dominated the city's building trade, and hovered over trembling architects. Now he sits at his double-glass windows, reminisces about various members of his rich and powerful Serbian family, occasionally trains his binoculars on a government housing project that he finds detestable, and mostly thinks about the beauty and elegance of *his* houses—all of which have classic Serbian women's names like Christina and Theodora. Arsénie's wife and his lawyer have somehow kept him from learning that almost all his property has been destroyed by bombs or expropriated

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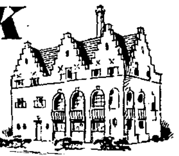

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or razed. Mr. Pekić is a former Yugoslav political prisoner who now lives in England. This book, his second, is a kind of comic paean to the platonic idea of a property owner—a man who believes that every property owner should "merge with . . . objects of commercial control into an indivisible whole—a unity of two otherwise opposite beings in which, as in ideal love, it would no longer be possible to distinguish possessor and possessed." An exceedingly charming book, written with great authority, sombre wit, and restrained anger, though the long and tender architectural passages frequently outshine the passages concerned with the merely human.

WRINKLES, by Charles Simmons (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $8.95). A portrait of a man (almost certainly sprung from the author) in his middle fifties who is separated from his wife and two daughters and is living alone in New York. It is told in forty-four vignette chapters, each of which examines (and reëxamines and examines once again) a subject or an attitude or a relationship—parents, school, religion (Roman Catholicism), friends, girls, games, books, illness, sex, military service, drinking, work, clothes, wrinkles—as experienced by the child, by the boy, by the adolescent, by the young man, by the now aging man, and as the same will be felt and understood by the man in the last years of his life. It is an extraordinary study—full-face, full-length, full-depth, full of meannesses and generosities and aches and pains and excitements and ambitions and apathies and confusions and dreads—and one in which every man (or woman) will catch a transfixing glimpse of himself.

GENERAL

WHEN LAGUARDIA WAS MAYOR: NEW YORK'S LEGENDARY YEARS, by August Heckscher with Phyllis Robinson (Norton; $15). In the public mind, Fiorello LaGuardia is the vigorous, incorruptible, enlightened politician to whom all big-city mayors hope to be compared—the endearing Little Flower who raced to local disaster scenes wearing his fireman's hat, and read the funny papers aloud during a newspaper strike. This well-researched book, which concentrates on the twelve years, from 1934 through 1945, when LaGuardia was New York's mayor, demonstrates that while he

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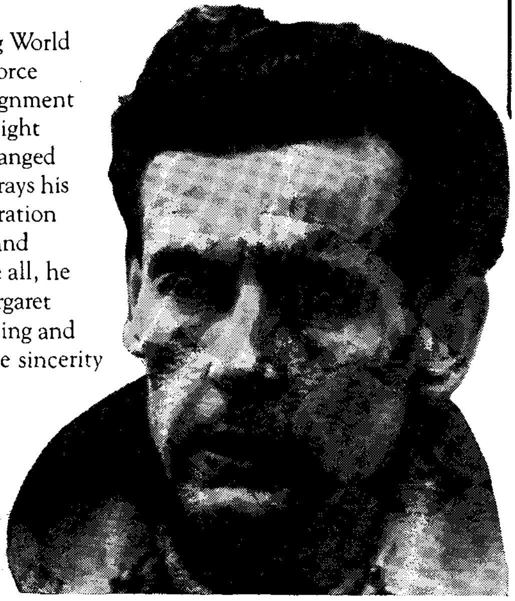

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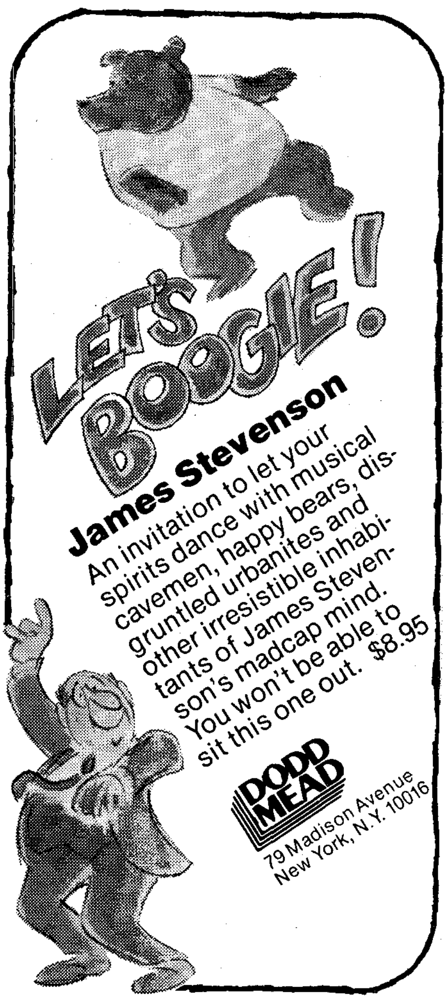
was both admirable and lovable, he was also petty, vindictive, self-righteous, often irrational, and on occasion as unprincipled as the Tammany sachems he had battled on his way to City Hall. His off-with-their-heads administrative style, which seemed entirely proper in one who was taking office in that Tammany-dominated world, was also his later style, when the heads were those of his own loyal followers. Although LaGuardia was among the earliest American political figures to go about the country denouncing Hitler, he never publicly acknowledged his own half-Jewish heritage, and when news came of his only sister, Gemma, by way of escaped fellow-inmates of hers in a Nazi concentration camp, his letters in reply, according to the book, were "noncommittal and would appear to have been drafted by an aide." Because LaGuardia was a far less simple and benign figure than the one celebrated in musical comedy and in political fable, this is an interesting book. However, the accounts of the old municipal wars of New York's so-called "legendary years" make dusty reading.

The Realists, by C. P. Snow (Scribners; $12.95). Portrait studies of eight novelists, whom Lord Snow holds to be the world's great masters of fiction: Stendhal, Balzac, Dickens, Dostoevski, Tolstoy, Pérez Galdós, Henry James, and Proust. Pérez Galdós? That is Benito Maria de los Dolores Pérez Galdós (1843-1920), Spanish dramatist and author of eighty or more novels, some of which, Lord Snow says with deliberation (and with a mildly reproving glance at those of us who have to be told), can be compared with Balzac's "and not be diminished by the comparison." These essays are wholly engaging: Lord Snow is a shrewd critic, alive to the imperfections of the masterpieces he discusses, as well as to the infirmities of character of their creators, and he never lets us forget that he is dealing with extraordinary human beings, all of whom, in one way or another, prevailed over circumstantial adversities.

The Evolution of American Taste: The History of American Style from 1607 to the Present, by William Peirce Randel (Crown; $15.95). A sophisticated account of the reasons that American things look the way they do. Mr. Randel, keeping in mind



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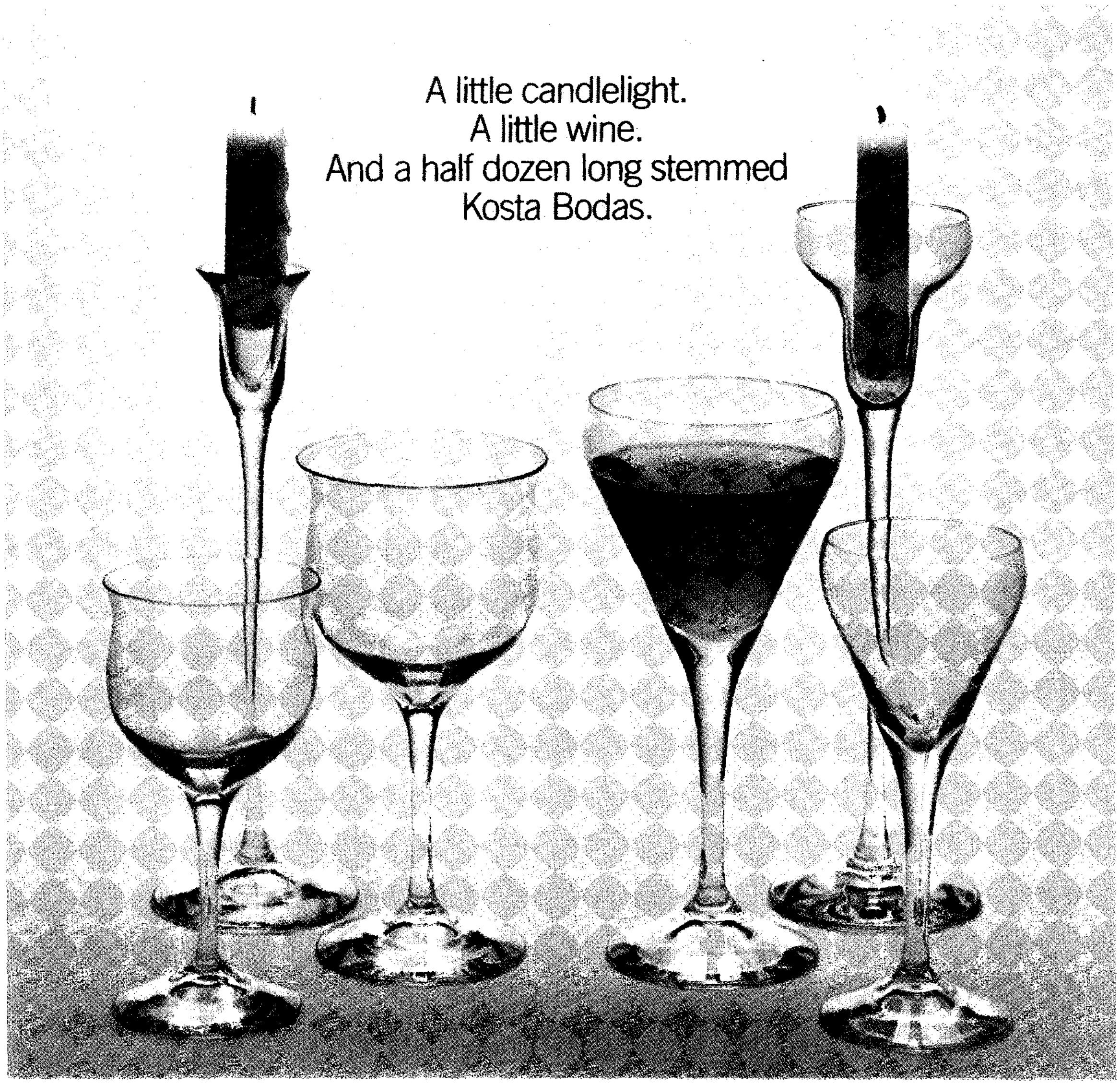
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enormous reaches of time and ranges of categories, shows the earliest European immigrants as unwilling innovators, forced by climate, say, to adopt new building materials or food products—and with every such alteration subtly changing the new Americans' tastes. This combination of laggardliness, adaptation, and invention is interesting and persuasive, as the author presents it in brisk words and well-chosen illustrations. We began to take off on our own peculiar flights in the late nineteenth century; since the Second World War, the author believes, we have had unparalleled freedom—in food and furniture, architecture and dress—to pursue our tastes. In fact, freewheeling eclecticism has become American taste.

NICHOLAS I: EMPEROR AND AUTOCRAT OF ALL THE RUSSIAS, by W. Bruce Lincoln (Indiana; $15.95). An American specialist in Russian history who is also a good writer tells about the thirty-year reign (1825-55) of the czar whose good intentions and unenlightened policies made him a founder, in a way, of Bolshevik policy. Nicholas suppressed one revolt against his rule in Poland in 1831 and another against the Hapsburgs' rule in Hungary in 1849, organized Russia's first truly systematic secret police and censorship, and maintained a paranoid vigilance lest Western ideas contaminate his subjects' minds. He knew that his empire needed improvements, but he had only the dimmest ideas about what they might be, and since he insisted upon sole and total power his reign offers, by negative example, the perfect argument against autocracy. Even so, Mr. Lincoln tells us, most of Nicholas's subjects regarded him as a good czar, because (a sad comment on his predecessors) he was predictable.

JAMES MCNEILL WHISTLER, by Hilary Taylor (Putnam; $22.50). A biography and critical evaluation that, for a change, concentrates on the painter—his artistic development, his ideas, his style—rather than on the social gadfly and waspish wit. Whistler's death, at sixty-nine, in 1903, coincided with the rise of the Post-Impressionists, and his reputation went into limbo. Dr. Taylor, an English lecturer on the history of art and design, reminds us that in the latter part of the nineteenth century Whistler was as much a revolutionary in European art as

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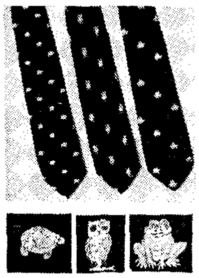

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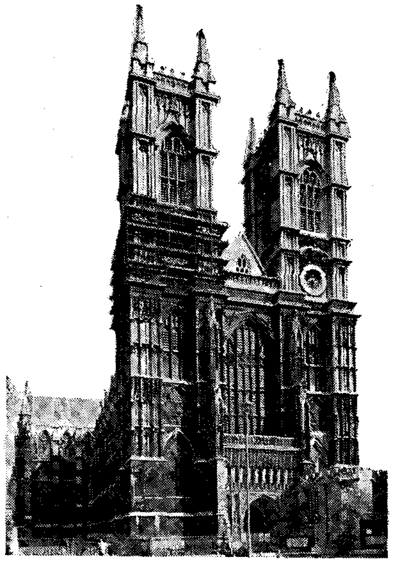

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Matisse would be fifty years later. It was Whistler who led the attack on literary painting and gave Victorian art its coup de grâce; perhaps more important, it was he, as much as any of his great contemporaries and friends—like Manet, Degas, and Courbet—who encouraged young artists to be independent in their thinking, to be themselves. Dr. Taylor's discussion of Whistler's pictures (there are many reproductions, in color and monochrome, some of works rarely seen) is intelligent and highly stimulating. This is truly a new look at Whistler.

THE COMPLETE GRAPHIC WORKS OF WILLIAM BLAKE, by David Bindman (Putnam; $45). Aside from the unavoidable problem of being impossible to hold comfortably for any length of time, this reference companion, which contains over six hundred and fifty illustrations and gives us each of Blake's printed designs, most in their actual sizes, is satisfying on every level. The pictures are straightforwardly and lucidly laid out, with adequate margins; the author's introduction, if not as free-spirited or assertive as one might want, is at least readable and informative; his identifying captions and his notes are unobtrusively yet accessibly tucked away in the back; and the reproductions, which are entirely in black-and-white, generally feel true—they are neither blurry nor too sharp. With its heavy, smooth, ivory-white paper, the catalogue has an understated luxuriousness. It befits the work of the single great English printmaker, one of the few of the world's artists whose prints—especially the dappled, dark, carpety-soft relief etchings of his early and middle years—are not only technically daring and innovative but memorable full-fledged works on their own.

NOTE: "Let's Boogie!," a collection of cartoons by James Stevenson, nearly all of which originally appeared in *The New Yorker*, has been published by Dodd, Mead ($8.95).

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JANET FLANNER

LAST week, at the end of a gentle, sunny day spent in characteristically witty, reflective talk with close friends and in an idyllic walk in Central Park during which she took in the autumn foliage with the eyes of a child and expressed astonishment and gratitude that it could be as beautiful as it was, Janet Flanner, at the age of eighty-six, died. The colors, the shapes, the sounds, and the textures of this earth, whether they were arranged by nature or by artists, enthralled her, just as words and the play of ideas enthralled her, and, finally and fundamentally, people, whoever they were. Her domain was spacious, and anyone lucky enough to come her way—friend, acquaintance, passerby—was warmly invited to share it. It is no wonder that she became a journalist, and that her journalism was transcendent.

On October 10, 1925, several months after the magazine was founded, Janet Flanner—under the name Genêt—wrote her first Paris Letter for *The New Yorker*. On September 29, 1975, she wrote her last Paris Letter. In the fifty years between them, she wrote more than seven hundred letters—hundreds of thousands of words—as our Paris correspondent: a journalistic effort without parallel. This might be a cheerless statistic were it not that each quality she had as a writer at the outset sharpened and deepened with the years. Her eye never became jaded, her ardor for what was new and alive never diminished, and her language remained restless. She was a stylist who devoted her style, bedazzling and heady in itself, to the subtle task of conveying the spirit of a subtle people. She loved the people of France among whom she lived so much of her life, and she loved no less the American people for whom she wrote. She was doubly, and openly, a patriot. True to her Quaker upbringing, whatever she wrote she imbued with moral concern. No matter how dark the prospect grew, she possessed an irreducible minimum of faith that somehow or other people would pull themselves together and extricate themselves from their predicament. She was an Indiana optimist perched in a small, cluttered room on the top floor of the Hôtel Continental in Paris, and when she looked down over her adored city she saw, even at the most unlikely moments, reason to hope.

Janet Flanner listened, as well, hearing vibrations too delicate for the ordinary ear, and recording them for the rest of us. Her estimates of people and events, her perceptions and illuminations, were rarely embarrassed by time. Her Paris Letters, which she supplemented prodigiously with scores of Profiles, Reporter at Large pieces, and letters from the various other capitals of Europe, constitute a vast contemporary report of historical events but of atmospheres, too, and of moods and states of mind. Her reporting methods were eccentric—seemingly haphazard. Facts came to her out of the air, and turned out to be the facts that she needed and that counted. As if by inadvertence, she wrote political, social, and cultural history of the first order. Disdaining ponderous analysis, she presented a running account of what was happening in France for half a century—and, along the way, she sketched memorable portraits of Mauriac, Cocteau, Gide, Valéry, Claudel, Malraux, Camus, Sartre, de Beauvoir, Colette, Sarraute, Gertrude Stein, Alice B. Toklas, Sylvia Beach, Picasso, Matisse, Utrillo, Braque, Léger, Stravinsky, Ravel, Poulenc, Milhaud, Piaf, Mistinguett, Josephine Baker, Yves Montand, Pétain, Laval, Daladier, Blum, Mendès-France, and, on the largest scale, the dominant figure of the era, de Gaulle. She caught history as it raced by and before others knew that it was history.

Silver-haired, highly charged, with virtuoso wit, with a strong, elegant face, with the diction and bearing of an actress in the grand manner, Janet Flanner was a stirring presence in any company. Her insistence, both as a conversationalist and as a writer, upon never saying anything in a predictable, or even a convenient, way, her compulsion to reach for unusual phrases and rhythms, reflected not simply a fondness for surprise and ornament—although that she had—but also a refusal to permit her thought to fall into molds or patterns. She had a dread of the commonplace, and she was a stranger to fatigue, boredom, cynicism. Nominally, she was a reporter, a journalist, but in the intensity of her response to what she observed, in her peculiar, all but explosive mixture of intuition and intelligence, in her imagery, in her verbal fun and audacity, in her inspired distillations, in her bizarre and marvellously controlled elisions, in her dependable gravitation toward the heart of the matter, she was a poet among journalists. She was also a tenderhearted, unstinting, protective, steadfast friend. Those of us who knew her well will miss her profoundly.

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